Liberty

THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

TWENTY CENTS • MAY 1950

Peace of Soul (condensation)

MGR. FULTON J. SHEEN

Page 83

The Greatness that Is America

GEN. CARLOS P. ROMULO

Page 24

How a lucky Accident Made Me HEAR AGAIN!

No Button Shows In Ear!

"My hearing loss used to make me terribly unhappy. Then one day, by a lucky accident, I discovered how to hear again from a little book. Now, thanks to a tiny electronic miracle, I hear with startling clarity! And it's so amazingly light, I hardly know I wear it.

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LIBERTY'S BIRTHDAY

On its twenty-sixth anniversary, LIBERTY magazine, more than ever before, is the magazine of a free people, and we plan to keep it that way

◆ On the tenth of May, LIBERTY will be twenty-six years old. In reviewing LIBERTY's growth since its birth in 1924, it strikes us, immodestly perhaps, that it is similar in more than name to the wonderful lady on our cover.

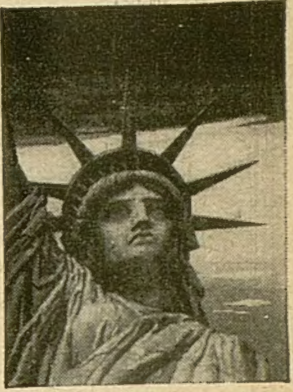
The Statue of Liberty was a spontaneous gift from one liberty-loving people to another; the French found in Americans the same passion for freedom that they themselves have always cherished. In 1865, Edouard de Laboulaye, historian and professor, first proposed the Statue of Liberty as a gift to commemorate the centennial signing of our Declaration of Independence. During the intervening years before the statue was finally erected on Bedloe Island, French people from every walk of life—children, laborers, teachers, farmers, the clergy, and government officials—contributed their money to finance the project.

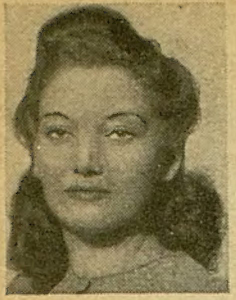
The French sculptor, Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, labored without recompense for eight years to create a monument worthy of the name Liberty. With his tools he carved a woman who, since 1885, has gradually become more than just a gift from France to America. Holding high her torch beside the "golden door," the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World is not only a symbol of American freedom, but a beacon to guide all the free men of all the world.

On a national scale, LIBERTY has had somewhat the same beginning and development. The magazine was begun in 1924 by men who believed wholeheartedly in this country, its opportunities, its freedom. They felt then, as we do now, that there was a need for a magazine to extol these qualities. They thought Americans who shared their beliefs wanted such a publication. The name Liberty was chosen from among hundreds of thousands submitted in a contest, because the publishers thought it the greatest name ever devised for a magazine. We still think it is. In fact, we believe it is the most precious word in the English language. Evidently other Americans do, too, because in all walks of life they continue to contribute the most valuable commodities of all—interest, enthusiasm, approval, and criticism.

During the years the staff of LIBERTY has undergone many changes, but always the aim has remained the same—to strive in every way to create a magazine worthy of the name Liberty, and more than at any time in our recent history there is need to bring home to the people of America that this great land is almost the only place on earth where liberty and freedom still exist.

LIBERTY, we say, then, on its twenty-sixth birthday, is more than ever the magazine of a free people.—THE EDITORS.





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"After only two months of N.I.A. training, I became a reporter on the Columbus Enquirer. In four months, I had two raises. Also I have over 75 'by-lines' to my credit, and the prospects of becoming City Editor look very promising."—Mrs. Marion M. Blondel, Columbus, Georgia.

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For a number of years, the Newspaper Institute of America has been giving free Writing Aptitude Tests to men and women with literary ambitions.

Sometimes it seems half the people in America who are fired with the desire to write have taken advantage of this offer to measure their ability.

What the tests show

Up to date, no one who could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to make up a successful author.

One aspirant has interesting ideas—and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination, but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack—yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior. In each case, success can come only after the missing links have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided—incomplete. It needs rounding out.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on journalism—continuous writing—the sort of training that turns out more successful writers than any other experience. Many of the authors of today's "best sellers" are newspaper-trained men and women.

One advantage of our New York Copy Desk Method is that it starts you writing and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week, you receive actual assignments just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily.

All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran writers with years of experience "breaking in" new authors. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. At the same time, they will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they sky-rocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of $25, $50, $100 or more, for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, hobbies, sports, homemaking, local, club and church activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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Liberty

THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

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COVER BY RIC GRASSO

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JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

◆ Our "pro-con" article on college drinking, ARE COLLEGE STUDENTS LIFTING THE ELBOW TOO MUCH? needs only one answer: It depends on what the student has in his hand at the time. Jack D. Zeldes, a junior at the University of Wisconsin proves his right to authorship on the "con" side of the issue with a glass of rich Wisconsin cow juice (we hasten to add there's nothing wrong with their beer, either!). Jack hails from Galesburg, Illinois, where he has been adding his talents to the Register-Mail since he was 14 years old. He is associate editor of the campus newspaper, the Daily Cardinal.

Herb Haessler

◆ D. E. Wheeler, who wrote the "pro" article on college drinking, tells us he has a "universal appetite for food, drink, and reading matter." But it's not his own opinions D. E. has put down; as a seasoned editorial man and writer, his views are always objective.

◆ When we asked Ellen MacGregor, author of SWEPT HER INTO SPACE, for a picture, she wrote: "To be in the spirit of the story, I really should have a picture of myself with either a cow or a space ship! However, I do have one taken last summer at the circus." We said "Fine" and here it is. This is Miss MacGregor's first story for adults—her other fiction is exclusively for juveniles. She tells us that the idea came from a news story, but that Miss Pickerell herself is directly out of space!

B. Ullrich

◆ Watch for our article by Arch Murray and Hy Turkin about the rookies who make those baseball dreams come true, in YOU CAN'T WIN WITHOUT 'EM. For good pre-summer fiction we're beginning a new suspense serial by Louis de Wohl, ON THE EDGE OF DOOM, and there will be another story about Vincent O'Toole, that fabulous magician.—**J.B.D.**

"But How Can EDUCATED People Be Catholics?"

Some "intellectuals" reject the Catholic belief in Christ.

Jesus, they say, was a mere man — not God. Some of them acknowledge that he was a great teacher and rank him with Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius and Moses. A few even claim that no such Person as Jesus Christ ever lived, and that the entire structure called Christianity is founded upon a myth.

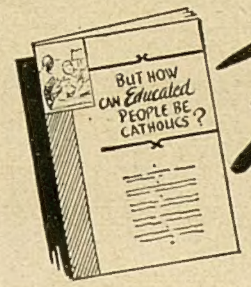
While refusing to believe the Scriptures to be of divine origin, some of these educated people embrace Christianity because they feel that its moral laws are good for society.

"The service of the Christian religion," declared one of these doubters, "and my own faith in essential Christianity, would not be diminished one iota if it should in some way be discovered that no such individual as Jesus ever lived." They are, in other words, willing to accept Christ's religion — but not Christ Himself.

It is ridiculous, of course, to suggest that the Catholic religion is the religion of the ignorant. For millions of educated people . . . and many of the world's most distinguished scholars, philosophers and scientists . . . have been devout Catholics. But discounting this fact, there is abundant evidence to support the Catholic teaching concerning Jesus.

It is to be found in the Four Gospels, in which the real Jesus is revealed to us. "But," argue some educated unbelievers, "you are assuming that the Four Gospels are an authentic recording of the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. We refuse to believe this."

The "intellectuals" are, of course, being anything but intellectual in taking this position. For there is more abundant proof of the genuineness of the Gospels than there is to support other historical records which scholars accept without question. References to and quotations from the Four Gospels date back as far as the first century of the Christian era . . . and are found in writings contemporary with the Apostles and the first Christians.


BUT HOW CAN Educated PEOPLE BE CATHOLICS?

Free

We will be happy to send you without cost or obligation, an interesting pamphlet explaining . . . Why you can believe the Gospels . . . How the Gospels were written . . . Who discarded the Gospels . . . Why educated and intelligent people should accept Christ and His Church. Write today — ask for Pamphlet No. L-17.

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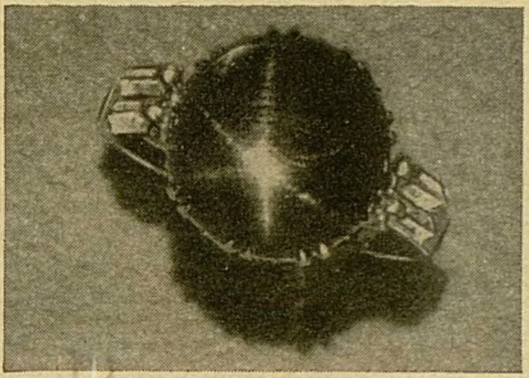
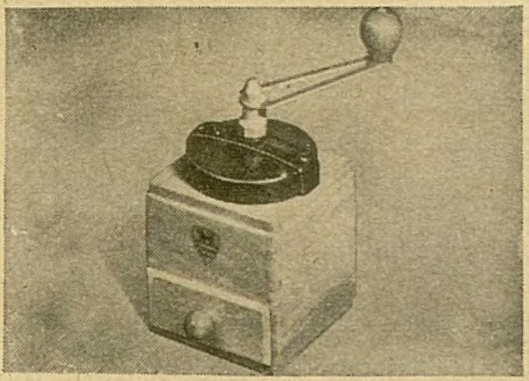
Liberty shops

We're looking ahead, as you should be, to Mother's Day and Father's Day, to high-school graduation ceremonies and to gala June weddings. It's the season for gifts, and you'll do well to shop by mail, through these columns

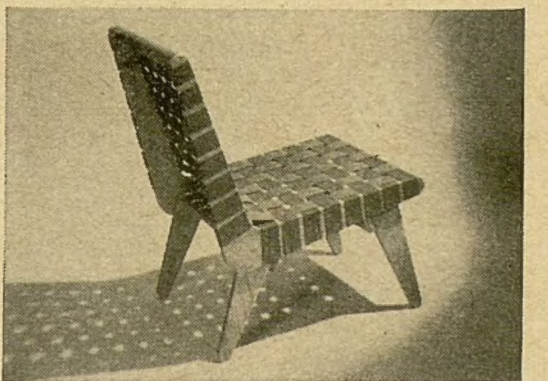
By EILEEN BURKE



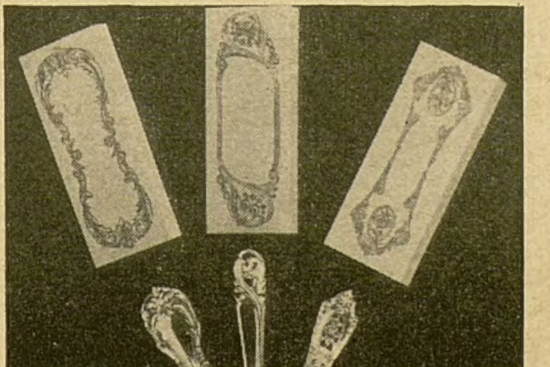
There's a make-believe star in this simulated sapphire mounted in sterling silver with rhinestone baguettes. If you look at the stone under a light, full on, you'll actually see a star. It's just in time for Mother's Day and, if you plan ahead, for June graduates. Be sure to include correct ring size when ordering yours. Hyde's, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.; $3.95 ppd. Tax is included.



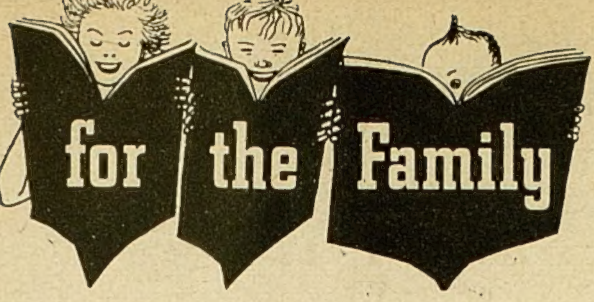
Grind your own coffee—so the experts say. This imported grinder of French hardwood insures absolute freshness and that's the basis of all good coffee. The mechanism adjusts to all grinds from very fine to very coarse. Holds enough for 6 or 7 cups. It's the gift a spring or June bride will long remember, and use. Jore Distributors & Co., Dept. BT, 17 E. 42d St., New York, N. Y.; $5.95 ppd.



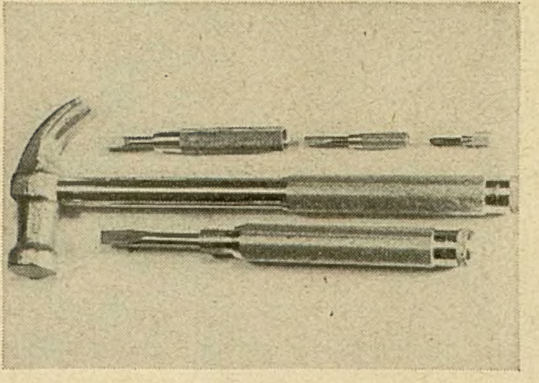
Prefab furniture for the modern-minded. This comfortable, versatile chair arrives "knocked down"; you assemble it in 1 to 3 hours. Birch plywood parts are ready for stain or lacquer; and the kit is complete down to the last screw, with clear directions. Your choice of gold, green, red, black, or gray in the 2" cotton webbing. Klaus Grabe, 730 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.; $13.95 exp. collect.



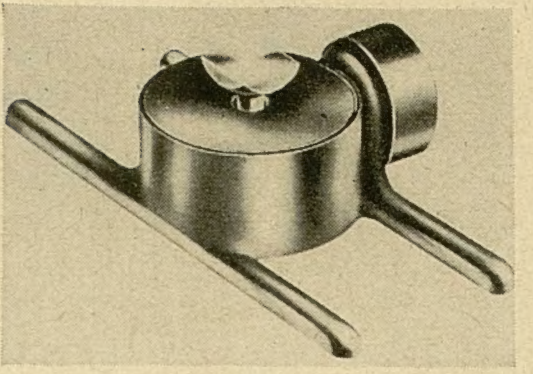
Entertaining for a bride-to-be, or celebrating your own anniversary? Mark this important occasion with these very special place cards, engraved in silver ink with the motif of the bride's (or your) silver pattern. Designs are available for all active patterns of well-known firms. If you're seeking a "different" gift, here it is. Traylor's, 818 17th St., Denver, Colo.; 1 dozen, $1.50; 2 dozen, $2.75; ppd.



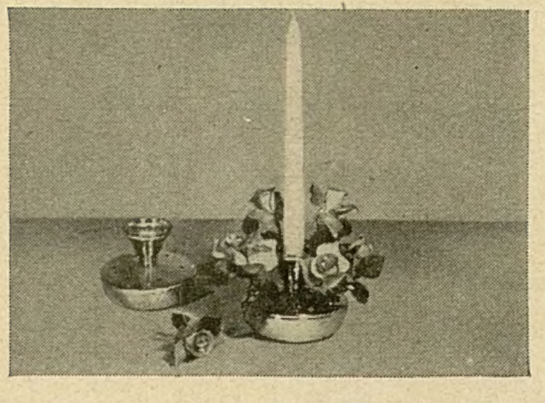
for the Family



Household handyman. Instead of pawing through a jumbled tool box, keep this combination hammer-screwdriver right at hand in the nearest kitchen drawer. Only 7½" long, it packs an efficient metal hammer and 4 screwdrivers in one tool. It's possible that the women will tackle minor upkeep and repair jobs if they're so equipped. Greenland Studios, 5700 Wilkins Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; $1 ppd.

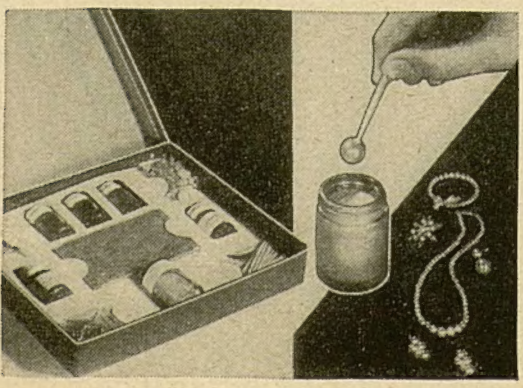


Summer's wonderful, but there's always the lawn to be watered. So it's not too early to check equipment: a new sprinkler might save work and water. The Tru-Square attachment fits all standard hose couplings and sprays water over a 1,000-square-foot area—while you rock on the porch. All-metal construction, finished in red or green. Glenway Products, 14428 Oxnard Blvd., Van Nuys, Calif.; $1.25 ppd.



Fashion a centerpiece around these handsome flower and candle holders. They're hand-wrought brass or copper, lacquered to prevent tarnishing. Flowers or greens are inserted through holes in the leakproof base which comes apart for watering and cleaning. You men might remember that table accessories are ever popular for Mother's Day. Elron, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; $5.95 a pair ppd.

The complete smoker. These miniatures of black iron, adapted from well-remembered pieces in Grandmother's farm kitchen, turn out to be a novel set of smoking accessories sure to start the conversational ball rolling. The kettle and coal hod, both 2" high, hold cigarettes and matches; their handles are brass. The skillets are ash trays. Grenada, 18 E. 41st St., New York 17, N. Y.; $1.95 a set ppd.



Vary your pearl wardrobe—or gift friends with your handiwork. And they'll be impressed when they see the earrings, pins, rings, and necklaces you've created with a Pearlcraft kit. The kit contains plastic beads, pearl essence in gold, azure, pink, and lustrous white shades; adhesive, mountings, and all material needed. Susan Smith Co., Box 3531, Merchandise Mart Sta., Chicago 54, Ill.; $2.95 ppd.

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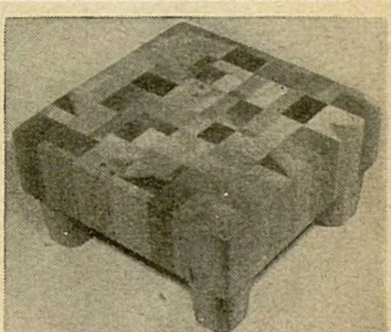

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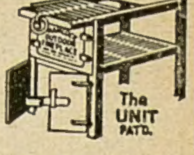
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June Home Section

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

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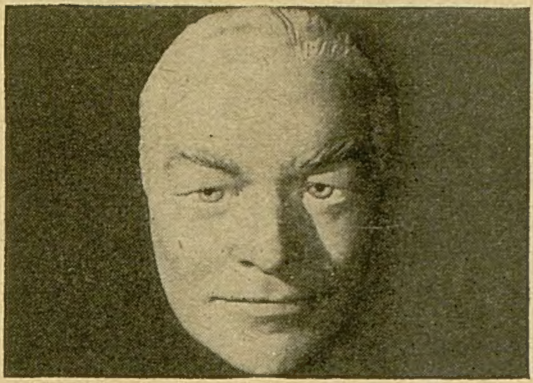
BERTELLE, Inc.
57 Wesleyan Avenue
Providence 7, R. I.

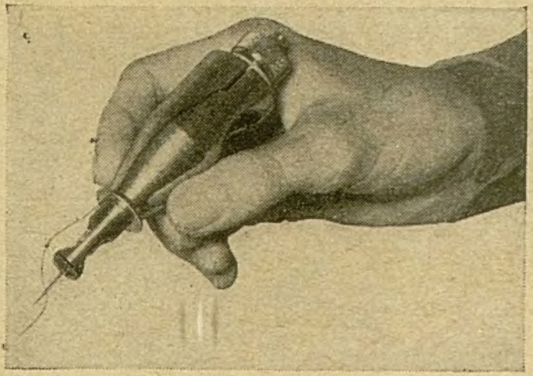
Liberty shops

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Hopalong Cassidy comes to life when your youngster dons this see-through, breathe-through flexible rubber mask which was molded right on the face of this idol of young America. Tough enough to withstand the abuse his fans will give it—even rolling up in pockets—it's comfortable to wear, and the lifelike colors survive washing. Playtime Toys, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; $1.98 ppd.



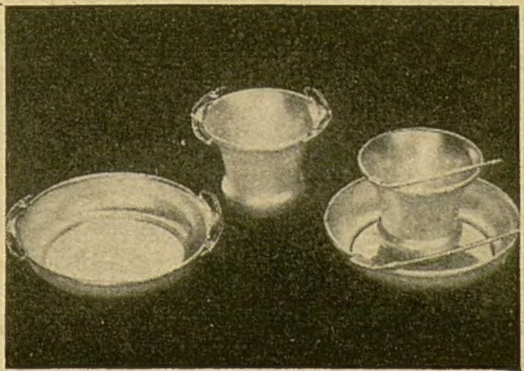
Have you discovered how much money can be saved by home sewing? If you have, you'll want a Jiffy Stitcher to give clothes that hand-made, instead of homemade, air. It's a hand-operated sewing machine with which you can do shirring, button-holes, smocking, appliqué work other decorative stitches, and professional hemming. Spencer Gifts, 31 Leeds Place, Atlantic City, N. J.; $2.95 ppd.

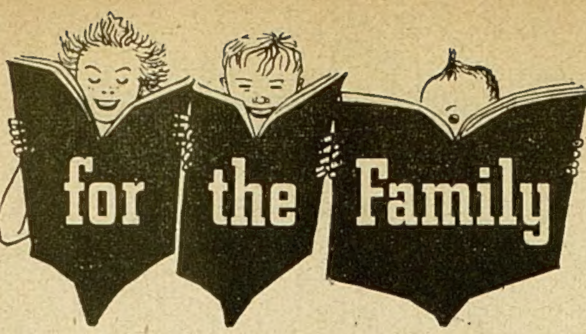


Spring housecleaning? When you do the kitchen cabinets, finish up with plastic Shelf-N-Edge, a combination lining and edging, to ease future cleaning. It's waterproof and color fast, and it lies flat, without curling. This fresh-looking ivy pattern comes in red or green; the rolls are 12′ or 30′ long and 15″ wide. Terrace Yarn & Gift Shop, 1 Winchester Terrace, Winchester, Mass.; $1.15 or $2.65 ppd.

Straight from Italy, as an example of the brilliant postwar artistic revival going on there, comes this glazed pottery sugar-and-creamer set, hand-decorated in blue and yellow flowers. The unusual pitcher, about 4″ high, will hold a small nosegay as well as cream; the shallow 4″ bowl serves candy or nuts as well as sugar. Charm Creations, 2 E. 23d St., New York 10, N. Y.; $2.75 a set ppd.

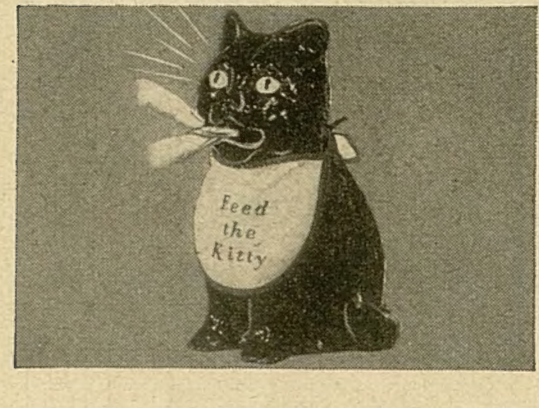
Silver — the most cherished gift. That's true with brides, and with mothers and fathers on their annual days. This cigarette holder and ash tray—heavy silver plate on copper—will please all of them. Your choice of carefully worked lace, leaf, horse head and crop, fish and tackle, or golf-club motifs; for bride, mother, or dad. Jamaica Silversmith, 79-30 164th St., Jamaica 2, L. I., N. Y.; $6 ppd.



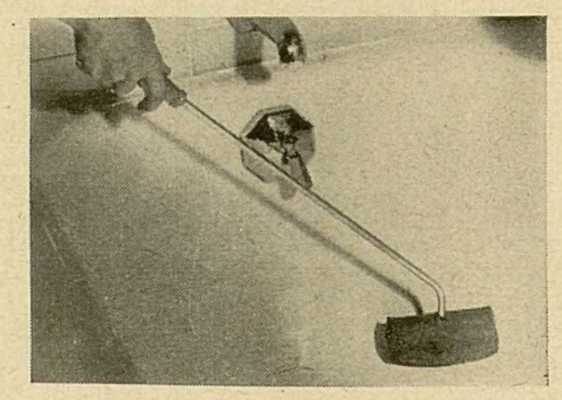


for the Family

Save time, save temper. Tangled cords, always a trouble maker in hand ironing, disappear if a Cord-Up is clamped to your board. The cord loops through the top of the 25″ cadmium-plated spring steel shaft which bends as you iron back and forth—and trailing cords no longer trip you up. When not in use, Cord-Up folds against the board. Cord-Up, 35d S. W. First Ave., Portland, Oreg.; $1 ppd.

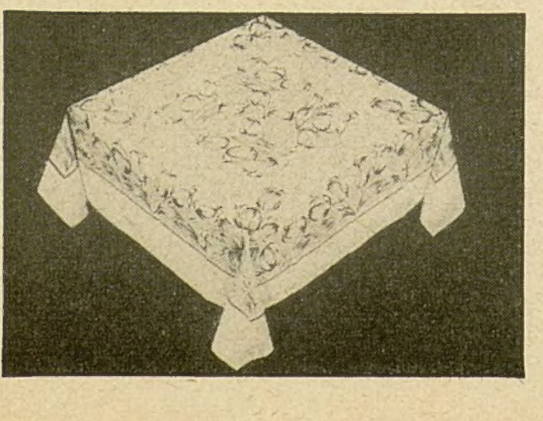


Feed the kitty—and have the children watch her grow into the wherewithal for their current hearts' desires, be they a baseball bat or new furniture for the doll house. With an amusing expression, Kitty "eats up" pennies, nickels, dimes, or quarters. She's made of sturdy inky-black plastic, sits about 6″ high, and her bright eyes glow in the dark. Jane Roberts, Box 392, Millburn, N. J.; $1 ppd.



Save your back and whiz through the bathtub-cleaning chore with a long-handled Tub-Master—today's version of the old-fashioned scrub brush. A sponge-rubber head, aluminum shaft, and plastic handle combine to make an efficient tool with which you can wheedle husband and children into doing their duty after bathing. Crane's, 419 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.; $2.25; extra rubber heads, $1 ppd.

Hundredfold return on favorite snapshots of the children or yourself. Photostamps can be reproduced from any photograph or snapshot, or its negative. In 100-stamp gummed, perforated sheets, they're handy for personalizing stationery and identification cards; amusing for use whenever a small picture is called for. Your snapshot is returned. Croyden Co., 516 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; $2 ppd.



Tulips will bloom for months in your dinette when the table is covered with this bright cloth coated with vinyl plastic. If you've seen such a cloth before, you know how they clean with a swish of a damp cloth, and how well they wear. This pattern comes in yellow, green, blue, or red; and in 2 sizes, 54″ by 54″ or 54″ by 72″. Unique Arts, Box 4, Kensington Station, Brooklyn 18, N. Y.; $2.95 or $3.75 ppd.

DAMP-CHAMP
DAMPENS CLOTHES WITHOUT SPRINKLING
Put clothes in; pour in water. In a few hours clothes are evenly dampened ready for perfect ironing; stay damp for days. Strong vinyl plastic. Won't stain, fade, stiffen or crack. Welded seams. Lasts for years. 18 by 36 inch. Blue, Green or Stainless Steel color. Postpaid. $1.50
Made, Sold and Guaranteed by
HUMPHREY-CALLANDER, INC.
618-46 West Adams Street • Clinton, Illinois

Exquisite Modern Ivy Pattern
DINNERWARE
Here's dinnerware so unusually fresh and charming your table will reach a new high in loveliness—so low in price your budget will hardly feel it.
It's the always-popular ivy pattern—enhanced with a distinctive gold band around the border—in the exciting new modern shape that blends so beautifully with both Modern and Traditional decor. Set includes 4 Dinner Plates, 4 Cups and Saucers, 4 Bread and Butter Plates, 4 Cereal Dishes. $5.95 Postpaid
Complete Open Stock
Mail Orders Filled Immediately
20 Pc. Set Only $5.95 Postpaid
HEMPSTEAD CHINA SHOP, Dept. L5, 264 Front St. Hempstead, L.I.

BANK ADDS 5c 10c 25c
Fun to save small change. Only bank with drawer like cash register. Automatically pops open at $10. Holds up to $50. Dial indicates exact total of deposits at all times. Handsome, rugged Styron and metal 6¾ x 7. Choose beautiful Lustre Black or Deep Maroon color. Letters and Dial in Gold. Send $3. Receive Bank postpaid.
$3 POSTPAID
Add 25c W. of Rockies
GUARANTEED
RAPAPORT BROS.
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Perfect miniatures in glazed ceramics
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PERSONAL BRANDING IRON

No doubt about who owns that rake, hammer, rifle or other borrow-able equipment when you've branded your own initials on them. Here's a unique way to identify–and *safeguard* your prized possessions–here's a wonderful gift for *every* home-owner, gardener, sportsman you know.

Individually cast in bronze with polished brass rod and attractive handle. Ideal for leather, wood, plastic, rubber. Indicate initials (Price includes 3 initials; extra letters 50¢ each) Allow 2 weeks delivery.

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Worth $10 $4.95

SEND NO MONEY Send name, waist size, 1st, 2nd and 3rd color choice, light or dark. Pay postman only $4.95 plus small postage. Or send money and save postage. We'll do our utmost to ship desired color. Money-Back Guarantee.

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your youngster will LOVE IT!

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164 Ellicott St., Dept. LB-5 Buffalo 3, New York

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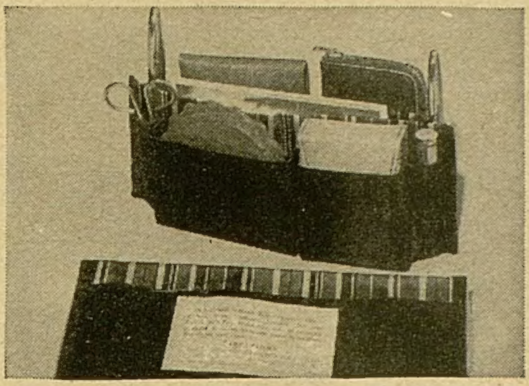
say

Arch Murray and Hy Turkin

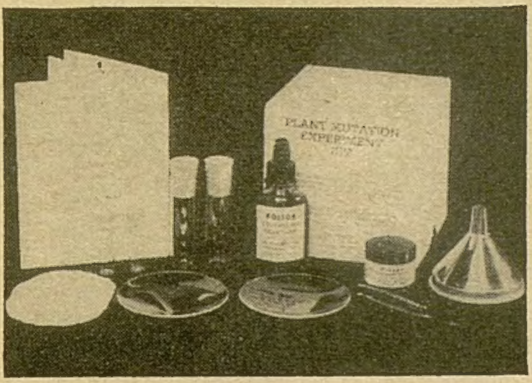
JUNE
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

Liberty shops for the Family

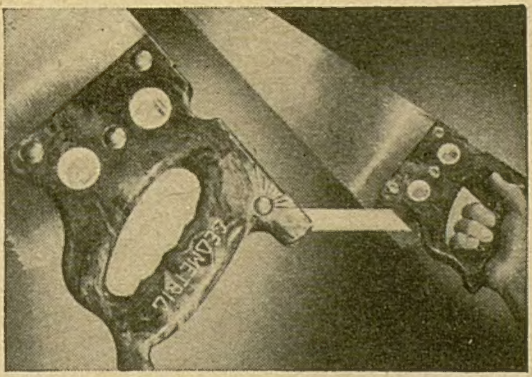


Let In-A-Purse organize your handbag. With 7 or 9 pockets, it holds everything from billfold to lipstick; and since it's only 3½" by 8½", transfers from one purse to another. Order in red, green, blue, brown, or black leathertex, or black taffeta with Roman stripes. It's a smart "little" gift, too. In-A-Purse Co., 4023 Cottage Grove Ave., Des Moines, Iowa; leathertex, $1; taffeta, $1.50 and $1.75; ppd.

Design a distinctive lamp by mounting figurines or accessories on Stand-A-Lamp. It offers base, standard, and wiring; comes in brass (4", 5", 6", or 7" rounds) or in wood in walnut, maple, mahogany, blond, or black finish (6½" square, 7" round, 6" by 8" rectangle). Order any height from 18" to 34". Royce Co., 1315 W. Florence Ave., Inglewood, California; brass, $7.45; wood, $4.45; ppd.



Adventurous gardeners, take note. You've heard of colchicine, the wonder drug, which causes mutations in plant cells and produces taller flowers and bigger fruits. Here it is, in a convenient kit, in solution or paste form, ready for your experiments. Tweezers and necessary materials are included—and you needn't be a scientist to follow the directions. Romaine B. Ware, Canby, Oreg.; $5 ppd.



This Geometric Layout Saw is a real find. Grouped on a Tenite plastic handle are level and plumb vials, protractor, and layout squares. Inch and metric rules are etched on the carbon-steel blade; and at the tip a surface incision point permits surface cutting without boring. In 8- and 10-tooth crosscut or 5½-tooth ripsaw blades. Geometric Saw Co., 147 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.; $8.95 ppd.

Tote salt and pepper safely in the Tote-Shaker, made to order for picnics, beach parties, and lunch boxes. There are 2 shakers with perforated tops and screw-on caps for filling, and a middle section into which the perforated tops screw. It's leakproof and compact. Fashioned of Tenite plastic, they're packed in sets of 5 in assorted gay colors. Totebrush, Inc., 2411 Clybourn Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.; $1 ppd.

Liberty

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

Puzzle 450 5/1/50

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Possesses a non-crackable mug
10 Scotch nuts
14 Healthy for our young Nathan
15 Filled with hops and fizz
16 It's green all the year round
17 Filled with hops and fizz
18 He benefited by the Diet of Worms
19 Is his face red!
20 What the pigs and weeds did—result: pigweeds
22 What the bunch of squares did while the rubes fiddled around
24 Garden spot of the Old World
26 This is The End
27 They're at their best with pains in the neck
31 What the average man seeks after gardening
35 Machinists' cry: - - - and get it!
36 Just an old cut-up
38 - - - - - got a fella with a big bella!
39 Saintly destination of man with seven wives
41 Children who do need a change
43 He dies for a living
44 Groucho Marx' mug holds a big one
46 They were born in Laban's room (Lebensraum. Get it?)
48 What to send for if your dogwood sickens (abbr.)
49 Bostonian D. A. R. (two words)
51 Quaketh in the booties
53 Work of a nice Cole Porter
55 Get this, wise guy, and you get the brush
56 Underground cells, develop into big reds (two words)
60 Place where life is pretty Erie
63 Juan's pot; has a big mouth
64 Where the skier met his downfall
66 A monkey sees, monkey does
67 Drossmaker
68 What the Wild Man was after a year of marriage
69 He leads a model existence
70 Has a non-rattling type of bean
71 Low-down places to buy your doghouses in a pinch (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Great mixer—Dumb Dora says he runs a farm
2 A beanie for Angel-face
3 Bull butter
4 Stressed it, strained it, then disdained it!
5 He scratches and scratches, and raises a crop of blisters
6 Cause of I-strain
7 A few points for writers
8 Greek edition of Terry and the Pirates
9 Literary dry cleaner—takes out all the dirty spots
10 Approached the Brink and took off with the $1,500,000
11 How it is 250 miles in the wild blue yonder
12 State of the Western Man
13 Elevated by a couple of highballs
21 Tahw .rD llykeJ was ni eht rorrim
23 What the neighbor's chickens did for my garden
25 Wind-up at the post
28 The queen's fighting iron
29 It marks the end for the Greeks
30 Kept Jr. in stitches
32 This would be a nice branch to establish in Europe
33 Oh, slush!
34 These little creeps are terrific garden helpers, but take a lot of dirt
37 Big developments at the Pentagon
40 Mechanical malice aforethought
42 After dinner, New Yorkers spend $6.60 apiece to sleep in them
45 Nox
47 What Pudd'nhead was filled with
50 After three days, Franklin said, they and fish stink
52 The D in a famous Democrat
54 Bible reader's direction
56 Guy who gets there late when you come early and vice versa
57 Another fella getter
58 Personal zipper
59 Well-known major
61 Pueit ni eht Dlo Tsew
62 Mable of World War 1
65 Letter from Pip

T	A	N	G	■	P	A	R	I	M	U	T	U	E	L
E	P	E	E	■	O	L	I	V	E	■	E	R	S	E
L	E	A	N	■	L	I	N	E	R	■	L	A	N	E
E	X	P	O	S	I	N	G	■	M	I	L	L	E	R
V	■	■	C	O	T	E	■	D	A	L	E	■	■	■
I	O	D	I	N	E	■	M	A	I	L	R	O	O	M
S	L	E	D	S	■	T	E	N	D	S	■	P	I	U
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April Answer

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9	■	10	11	12	13
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17				■	18					■	19			
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39			40	■	41				42	■	43			
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56	57	58					59	■	60			61	62	
63				■	64			65		■	66			
67				■	68					■	69			
70				■	71									

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

TED SHANE EXPLAINS HOW TO SOLVE COCKEYED CROSSWORDS. SEE PAGE 14

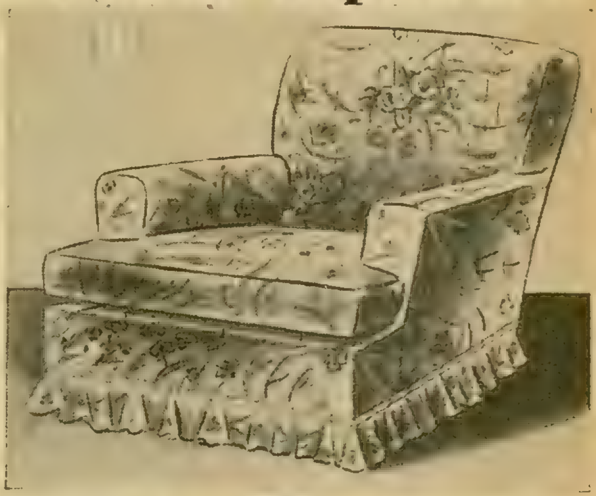
Make-up Cape

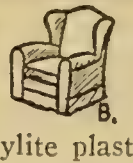
Smart as a whip and PRACTICAL! This charming cape is of heavy Vinylite plastic. Protects against spilled powder, creams and lotions. Rose pink with pretty floral collar. Generous rip-proof pockets hold all the accessories you need. When travelling wrap all your cosmetics in it. Perfect for you, and makes a smart gift.

Only $1.95 each post paid. Order NOW supply is limited. Money back guarantee! Use coupon below.

• • • • • • • •

Plastic Slipcovers





Heavy Vinylite plastic with guaranteed rip-proof heat sealed seams. NOT JUST DUST COVERS, but beautifully fitting *tailored* slip covers in lovely floral patterns, with Wine, Gray or Green background, can be used with or without cushion cover. Guaranteed fade-proof.

Chair $4.00 each (50¢ EXTRA with cushion cover)

Sofa $7.45 each ($1.50 EXTRA with 3 cushion covers)

Measure back width for size and give width, approximate style (A. B, or C) and color desired. Order now, "freshen up" your home for spring and summer. Money back guarantee.

Free—lovely wallet or cosmetic bag with every purchase.

AMERICAN PLASTICS CO.
Box 25 Arnold, Pa.

Send me ☐ make-up capes.
Send me ☐ chair cover. ☐ Sofa cover in this color (check one).
☐ Wine ☐ Gray ☐ Green Back width is________ inches. Style ☐ A, ☐ B, ☐ C.
☐ I enclose check or M.O.
☐ Free Wallet } check one
☐ Free Cosmetic bag } check one

My money is to be refunded immediately if I am not completely satisfied.

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WISCONSIN

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CHILD PLAY EQUIPMENT
SHUFFLEBOARD-RIFLE RANGE

Lake Nokomis with 43 miles of shoreline and many islands is in the heart of the big game and fish country. A fisherman's paradise and an ideal spot for rest or play. 337 miles north of Chicago on the Milwaukee Road and U. S. 51; it's easy to reach by road or rail.

Yes, DEER TRAIL LODGE offers a host of year-round indoor and outdoor sports and diversions for *all* the family, *all* the time . . . in fair or rainy weather. Deluxe accommodations, superb home-cooked meals, main lodge or cabin privacy; all sports equipment furnished. Haven for Honeymooners and "2nd Honeymooners", camera fans and sportsmen. Make this a vacation you'll never forget . . . make it a DEER TRAIL LODGE vacation!

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Rubber HEELS & Soles
"FINEST MADE"

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First U.S. service of this kind got started in Los Angeles area Oct. 1947. Get yourself, or for a stamp collecting friend, an attractive souvenir envelope flown in the first flight—properly marked by P.O. Dept. Only 25¢ each or 5 *different* covers for only $1.

We offer an introductory group of 8 all different U. S. First Day *or* First Flight Covers (please specify) for only $1.00. Your money back if not fully satisfactory.

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VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Word from Dr. Gay

BILOXI, MISS.—Since the medical profession considers it unethical to publicize the activities of individual physicians, I feel that you should publish a statement in your magazine to the effect that the article, Asthma Sufferers Breathe Again, by Margaret L. Smith (March) was not sponsored by the Gay Clinic or any of its staff. Also that the article was published without prior submission for approval by our clinic. The views of the author therefore do not necessarily represent those of this clinic.—*Elmer D. Gay, M.D.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Smith did not ask permission of the Clinic before writing the article because, as she said, she knew it would not be granted. She feels as LIBERTY does that Dr. Gay and his associates are too modest. Former patients are warm in praise of the Clinic.]

Just as a Friend?

ROANOKE, VA.—J. D. Ratcliff's article, Death: More Friend Than Foe (February) states that in thousands of cases people who have "died" from drowning or asphyxiation, and been revived, invariably report no anguish, no pain, and no terror. I would enjoy immersing the author's head in water for several minutes, to test him.—*Harold P. Driscoll.*

Wish We Knew!

TILLSONBURG, ONT.—
Who was the famous reader
Who said, quite out of breath,
"If I've missed this month's LIBERTY
Then I will welcome death"?
—*Jack Kilcourse.*

Beauty by Liberty

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—Last year I wrote LIBERTY for a pattern for the Horn of Plenty. Two dear old ladies from the Odd Fellows' home came down and, with the pattern Mrs. Wilkinson (LIBERTY'S Home Editor) sent me, made eight Horns of Plenty for centerpieces for a dinner at our church. It was beautiful.—*Ida L. North.*

A Thriller

LOS BANOS, CALIF.—The item in March Vox Pop about the snake running out of the ball pitcher's glove could be true. My ten-year-old girl rode three miles on the school bus carrying her coat on her arm. She came in and laid the coat down. I picked it up, giving it a shake. A two-foot ground rattler fell at my feet. At my scream my husband came running and killed it.—*Mrs. Gladys B. Rankin.*

On the Cuff

CHICAGO, ILL.—Attention, men only: turn down your trouser cuffs. Look at all the dust, hairs, papers, matches in them! Demand a new-style cuff, one that will be germproof. There are no cuffs on our skirts, no siree.—*Mary Barrett.*

Honest Confession

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Darn that Mrs. R. C. L. who wrote Vox Pop (January) about her husband spanking her! Mom used the idea last night when I came in around 3 A.M. for the third time in a week. Here's one girl that got spanked—and deserved it!—*Jean Jackson.*

Swear In Everybody?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Could not all native-born American children swear to the oath of allegiance to the United States of America, and be given a Certificate of American Citizenship individually? During the war, would-be war workers had great difficulty securing records of their birth or certificates thereof.—*Joseph A. Saracini.*

Three-Man Success Story

SPOKANE, WASH.—We read Mrs. S. N. Denham's letter in February Vox Pop. We are three boys, aged 10, 11, 14, and we've been doing odd jobs for three years. We even tried baby sittin', but that's not so hot. We've bought two card tables and eight folding chairs for games. We had our own Christmas money and gave our dad $114 to build a room upstairs. We still have a little money in the bank. It's fun.—*Marvin, Clifford, and Laurance Ferguson.*

HE CONFOUNDS THE WEATHER EXPERTS

By EDMUND CHRISTOPHERSON

READING TIME 5 MINUTES George J. McCormack, white-haired 63-year-old Fair Lawn, New Jersey, amateur weather predictor, thought it strange that every month he got a contribution of two dollars from a horse-happy mechanic he knew.

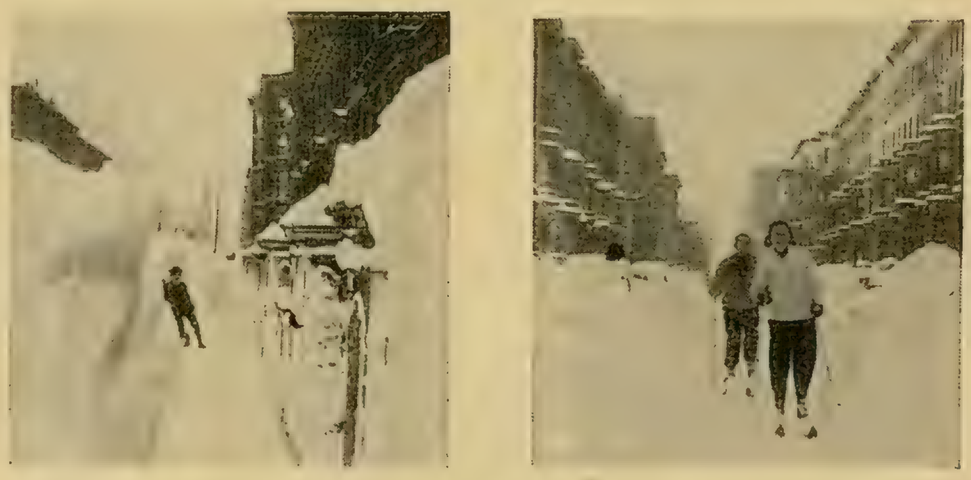
"How come?" McCormack asked him one day.

"Why, Doc," the man answered, "I'm betting on your predictions, and I'm winning right along."

Weather-prophet McCormack is the town's top celebrity. In the morning, when he leaves his suburban home to catch the seven-o'clock bus for New York, neighbors look to see if he's equipped with umbrella and rubbers. Strangers write for his advice on planting crops, building barns, picking fruits, anticipating storms, etc. A Wisconsin mother phoned, asking him to choose a sunny day for her daughter's wedding. Last spring a committee for the town's Jubilee Celebration asked about a suitable date for the swimming meet months beforehand.

In February, 1949, a newspaper called to find out when he was planning his vacation. "It's going to be awfully hot this summer," he said, "so I'm going away for the first two weeks in August. I'm taking my wife to New Hampshire, where it'll at least be cool enough to sleep nights." By the time August rolled around, the reporter and other sufferers in New York's torrid canyons wished they'd planned likewise.

NEW YORK 1888 NEW YORK 1947



White-haired George McCormack was a weather prophet without honor—until he predicted the greatest blizzard in the eastern states since 1888

In his long-range forecast for this coming summer, he says a line from Pittsburgh south to Savannah is critical for acute storms — squalls and electrical windstorms — particularly over southern areas. These storms will be scattered and sharp. Note especially June 23 and 24.

There should be a higher average of precipitation over the eastern third of the country, with mean temperatures cooler than last year's summer season. This will be more evident as the season advances.

Warm, moist air masses with frequent easterlies are interpreted for the Gulf states. This pattern tends to increase tornado activity in the Gulf areas.

For 35 years McCormack's hobby has been figuring out the weather. It all started when he picked up a secondhand copy of the Rev. Irl Hicks' Monthly Weather Almanac in a bookstore. Like the almanac maker, he became an astrometeorologist, working on the theory that the earth's atmosphere and its weather are directly affected by the position and movements of the sun, moon, and planets. Coupled with the weather and cyclic observations that orthodox meteorologists use, these planetary and solilunar patterns give him the bases for his unusually successful long-range predictions.

In the spring of 1947 McCormack found in his charts that the planet Uranus would be lined up over the eastern states at Christmastime. At this moment the moon would reach maximum north declination at the point on its orbit nearest the earth over this same area. This, he remembered, was the identical condition by which, 60 years earlier, British astrometeorologist A. J. Pearce had prophesied the blizzards that paralyzed the northeastern United States in 1888. And Pearce had made his predictions a year before the snowstorm happened.

This discovery made McCormack as happy as a housewife with a definite knowledge that the price of steak will collapse on Tuesday. As early as April, 1947, he wrote Ben Parry, head of the Weather Bureau's New York office, saying, "This winter will be one of severe cold and snowfall. Right after December 23 the forces are set for snowfall, with winds of high velocity to induce heavy drifting. I suggest you file this as a test."

McCormack said, "December 26 will bring advancing cold blasts from the interior. . . . Snow-removal equipment should be ready for record snowfalls . . . wind-drifted snow and hard-packed surface accumulation along northern highways throughout the winter. . . . Fuel oil and coal should be stockpiled against transportation delays."

The weather was prompt for its December 26 appointment. At 3:20 A.M. snow began to fall on the New York region in blinding-thick flurries. The city's life was stifled by a 26-inch-deep drifting cushion of white. McCormack's unnoticed prediction of months before turned into an all-time headline-making record.

The week after the snowstorm a girl reporter heard McCormack speak in Paterson, New Jersey, about weather forecasting. Her story brought more reporters, and over their morning coffee, newspaper readers from coast to coast learned about McCormack, world's champion blizzard guesser.

Today, in his spare time, McCormack puts out his long-range predictions in the form of mimeographed three-month forecasts. More than one hundred subscribers, including corporation presidents and dirt farmers, pay his fee of $10 a year, which seems nominal compared to other services which charge as much as an annual $400 for advance reports often a lot less accurate than McCormack's. ◆ ◆

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LIBERTY'S EDITORIALS

How Will Things Be in 1960?

★ There are now more than 150 million Americans. The census takers have just finished counting noses. The way things are going, there will be 14 million more of us by 1960—an increase as great as the total population of Canada.

Can we keep on feeding, clothing, and housing all these additional people? Can we, at the same time, retain our position of world leadership?

Our population doubled during the first half of the twentieth century, but we are more prosperous than ever. How, then, did we get where we are, and can we keep it up?

We did it by increasing output very much faster than population. During the past century, the national income increased 17 times, while the number of people who work for a living increased only about six times. And that wasn't done by speed-up measures, as in Russia. It was done by inventing, building, and using machines.

A hundred years ago we used tools to do only 6 per cent of our work. Today machines turn out 95 per cent of our goods and food.

During the same period the work week went down from 72 hours to 40 hours.

In spite of this, more goods and services became available to each American family. Output per work hour has gone up by 18 per cent each decade.

The Twentieth Century Fund has calculated that, if we retain and improve our machines, 60 million Americans will be at work by 1960, "turning out at least $1.61 worth of goods and services in an average hour's work, giving us a total national income of more than $190 billion with an average work week of 38 hours."

The Fund reports: "The whole tendency of our economic system is to bring up consumers from lower income ranges into higher. Over the years, fewer families are left in the lower income brackets and more get enough money to live comfortably. Our yearly income per household in 1960 is likely to average at least $1,000 more than we received in 1940."

According to these calculations of this private research outfit, Americans ten years from now could offer a consumer market that will be at least three-quarters bigger than during the boom year of 1929.

But is there room for all this expansion?

There's plenty of room. Some 27 million Americans have no kitchen sink, 18 million lack washing machines, 25 million have no vacuum cleaners, one million families need new homes each year.

Those are the long-range trends. So there's no need to get all worked up every time there is a quiver in the nation's economic barometer. We had a little slump last summer, and maybe we'll have another one later this year.

But our natural and human resources, our unequaled production machinery have remained intact through boom and bust. Our economic frontiers are wide enough to keep 150 million Americans prosperous, or 164 million.

Guard That Maraschino Cherry

★ Shake the moth balls out of that raccoon coat, jump into the Model T—the boys are ready to whisk you back into the daffy '20s!

The drys are on the march again. They're hankering for the eerie era of the late Mr. Capone and the speakeasy.

Recently they sought to turn back the clock with a Congressional bill, S.1847, that is supposed to "prohibit the transportation in interstate commerce of advertisements of alcoholic beverages."

Seems that the Man of Distinction and his "fellow conspirators" are allegedly turning us into a nation of tosspots. So the drys want to drive them underground, where that old bathtub gin is stored.

But they're wrong, any way you look at it. We're getting drier, not wetter. The country consumed 1.65 gallons of liquor a person in 1946. Two years later we were down to 1.17 gallons.

In the glorious days of dry supremacy the nation guzzled an average of 1.96 gallons in 1923, and 1.86 gallons in 1929. High taxes have already made possible greatly increased activities in the production of moonshine whisky. The alcohol Tax Unit has charged that bootlegging is now flourishing on a wider scale than at any time since prohibition.

The drys won't admit that you can't legislate moderation. It is human nature to hanker for the forbidden fruit, even if it's only a glistening red maraschino cherry at the bottom of a glass.

The drys have been pressuring the Senate's Interstate Commerce Committee for three years in a row, and they've got nowhere at jet speed. We'd like to see them spearhead a campaign to eliminate the wartime excise tax of three dollars a gallon—this *could* help to drive racketeering moonshiners out of business.

It *would* bring the tax down to only six dollars a gallon—still high, but not so high as nine.

★ The U. S. Employment Service says in its dictionary of occupations that a kiss-machine operator is someone who runs a contraption that wraps candy kisses.

Still, there's many a young fellow who may now pause while leaning over his best girl, wondering whether he didn't hear a whirring noise.

★ We've settled the problem of who should play Al Jolson in the next movie about his life: Al himself, wearing some disguise that will make him look like Larry Parks.

★ Police in Caracas, Venezuela, arrested fifty young men in one evening for flirting with the girls promenading around the city square. Probably whistling out of tune.

WE ARE STARVING OUR TEACHERS

America's future depends on the schooling our children get today. Yet we pay schoolteachers less than rat exterminators; less than charwomen and garbage collectors. In this article LIBERTY *presents the shocking truth about teachers' salaries*

By BENJAMIN FINE

READING TIME 14 MINUTES Let's begin by being brutally frank about it.

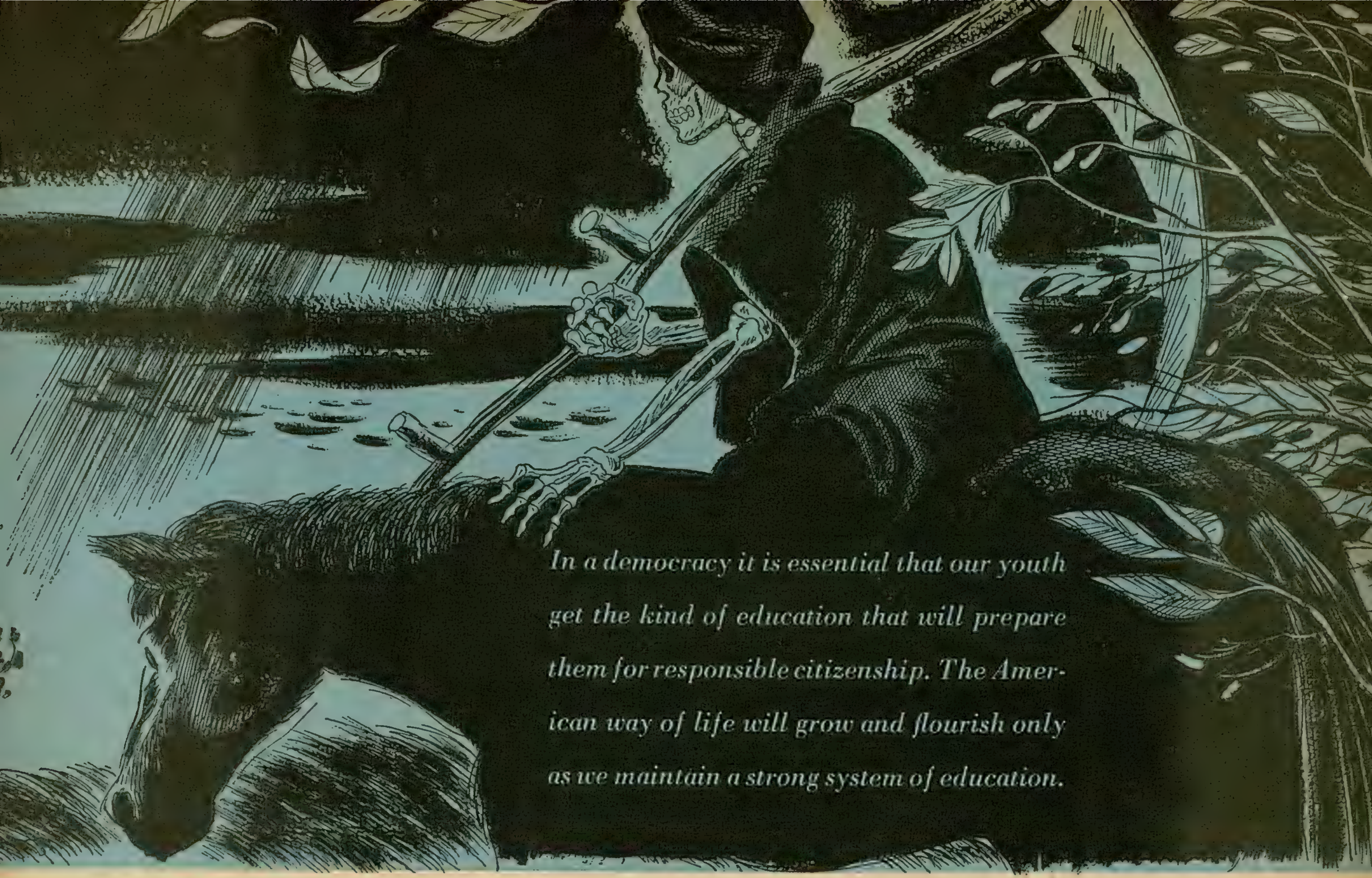
We are starving our teaching profession. We aren't paying our teachers a living wage.

Our teachers' low salaries have become a national disgrace. We are weakening our democratic way of life because we are unwilling to pay our teachers enough to make them want to teach. Hundreds of thousands of them are constantly in debt, trying to make ends meet. Many communities pay their garbage collectors more than their teachers. It is not unusual to find the street cleaners, prison cooks, dogcatchers, and comfort-station attendants getting more than teachers. Policemen, firemen, bus drivers, and other city workers are financial aristocrats compared to classroom instructors.

The average teacher today gets $2,880 a year—just about $55 a week. That sounds like a lot of money compared to her prewar salary. But inflationary costs have cut into her purchasing power. The $55 of 1950 is not worth as much as $40 was in 1940.

Two hundred thousand teachers in the United States make less than $35 a week now. Half this number get less than $30. Some teachers get as little as $10 a week! Could you hire a dogcatcher for that salary?

Here are some painful facts to mull over: Three out of every four teachers in Mississippi get less than $30 a week. One out of every two gets less than that in Kentucky, Arkansas, Georgia, and North Dakota. In ten states—Arkansas, Georgia, Kansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Dakota,



In a democracy it is essential that our youth get the kind of education that will prepare them for responsible citizenship. The American way of life will grow and flourish only as we maintain a strong system of education.

Drawing by Winfield Hoskins

South Dakota, Tennessee, and South Carolina—one out of every two teachers gets less than $35 a week.

But that isn't all. In a survey I made for the New York Times not long ago, I found that the minimum wages paid teachers are fantastically small. For example, some teachers are getting as little as $450 a year in Nebraska, $500 in Mississippi, $524 in Kentucky, $696 in Tennessee, $700 in Arkansas, and $900 in Alabama.

With the cost of eggs, butter, meat, and coffee being what it is, how can you live on $450 a year ($8.65 a week) or even $500 ($9.62 a week)?

"I can't hire a decent janitor for that," a school superintendent said plaintively. "How can I get a teacher to work at starvation wages?"

It just doesn't make sense.

Here's a letter that a teacher wrote his county superintendent:

"Dear Sir: I don't think I'll teach any more. I'm now earning $8.25 weekly. I can't get married on that. I reckon I'll go to work on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. They pay section hands $7 a day.

"If you can pay more, write me. I like to teach. If not, I'll be over Tuesday with the books and blackboard."

The implications are startling. From eight to twelve years of their formative period our children are in constant contact with their teachers. No one in our community—not even bus drivers, policemen, or firemen—plays such an important role in molding the minds of youth. The shape our country will be in tomorrow depends upon the schooling our kids get today.

I spoke to the chairman of the Board of Education in a small town not long ago. "What do you pay your teachers?" I asked. He called in the business manager, and was informed it was $25 a week.

"Why, that's impossible!" he exclaimed. "My office boy gets more than that!"

Teachers get less money than members of any other recognized profession. They are far below, in average earnings, members of the medical, dental, engineering, and law professions. They make less than the average newspaperman does, or the average truck driver. Oftentimes they make less than unskilled laborers; they rarely make as much as a carpenter, plumber, electrician, or bricklayer.

In 1948, for example, the average net remuneration in medicine was $11,300; and for civil engineers in private industry, $9,000. Dentists earned $7,039. The teacher's average salary in the United States for 1948 was $2,500, or less than a fourth of that of the medical profession. In 1948 all manufacturing employees earned an average of $3,040, compared with about $2,500 for teachers!

In New York City, building construction workers get more than $5,000 a year. Teachers start at $2,500, and reach $5,000, if they are lucky, after 15 years of service.

Maybe that is why most of the 75,000 teachers in New York State—where salaries are among the highest in the country—have to work on the side to supplement their income. Just listen: One man sold cemetery lots to pay his bills. Another took a job in a hotel, scrubbing floors. Teachers hold all kinds of part-time jobs: truck drivers, welders, shoe salesmen, florists, ticket sellers, real-estate salesmen, carpenters, milkmen, waiters, cooks, barbers, and chambermaids. Sixty former teachers in Chicago took jobs as waitresses or dice-game girls—and earned from $36 to $70 a week, plus meals.

Perhaps it's not bad to work in your spare time, but what about your professional growth? You just don't have time to serve as

(*Continued on page 72*)

LIBERTY SHORT SHORT

Neither the political dopesters nor the legislature could help the Governor decide—until a solemn-eyed boy called Rags came and sat in

THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR

By Clayre and Michel Lipman

READING TIME 7 MINUTES John Allison smiled tightly as he took Assembly Bill 2307 from the pile. The controversial Medical Aid legislation needed only his signature to make it law. Political dopesters were predicting that if he signed, he'd lose next November's re-election.

The dopesters could be right.

Opposition had been heavy in both House and Senate. The Liberals said it was makeshift. The Middle-of-the-Roaders called it Socialistic. The Don't-Change-Anything boys screamed it was hot from Moscow.

In Allison's opinion, 2307 was a good bill. It had rough spots, but they could be worked out in time. It would benefit many who otherwise couldn't afford proper medical treatment. Once in operation, most of those now against the bill would be won over.

Had this been the beginning of his term, Allison would have signed without hesitation. But with so few months remaining, the risk was too great. Oh, he *might* not lose, but signing 2307 would certainly cut his margin to the danger point. He knew without conceit that he was doing a good job. He was honest. Even his enemies admitted that. Yet sometimes he wondered if personal leanings did not—in a few instances at least—color his judgment. Not that he wanted anything for himself. It was only that one had certain loyalties and obligations to friends and party leaders who had worked so hard to see him governor. There were few men, he felt, who had won public office without making an occasional minor concession.

And now this Medical Aid bill.

His mind found the plausible reasons he would later incorporate in his press release: ". . . although agreeing in principle . . . certain features appear unworkable. . . . administrative difficulties in the present form . . . possibly undue expense . . ."

And yet—

His secretary, Miss Ramsey, came in.

"There's another school group here seeing the legislature in session, Governor," she said. "From Margate Elementary—graduating class. If you're too busy—"

Margate. A small town in the rugged north mountain region. The kind of poor, bare country in which he'd spent his own boyhood. "Oh, well, they won't take long."

Miss Ramsey showed the class in: about a dozen eighth graders and Mr. Beeker, their thin, apologetic instructor.

They had watched the assembly in session, Mr. Beeker said, and the Secretary of State had shown them the Great Seal and they'd inspected the portraits of all the governors.

"Yours isn't like you, much," the littlest girl piped. "It ought to be more smiley sort of, Governor Allison."

"It's supposed to look grave and statesmanlike, I understand." John Allison had never liked the picture and the child's criticism amused him.

One of the boys ran a finger along the edge of the big desk. "Golly, ain't *this* somethin'."

"Isn't," corrected Mr. Beeker, looking embarrassed.

"Yes," Allison said. "Quite a piece of furniture. Made in the woodworking shop of the state prison. The center is cork, and the edge is California redwood. Would you like to sit behind it?"

"Gee! Can we really, Mr. Beeker?"

"Certainly. Certainly, Charles. The Governor says you may."

Allison watched as each youngster sat down for a moment. A well-scrubbed, exuberant lot. He had seen so many school children sit in his chair. Some were shy, others bold; most wore wide self-conscious grins.

"Now," clucked Mr. Beeker, "have we all had our turn?"

"Rags hasn't," one boy offered.

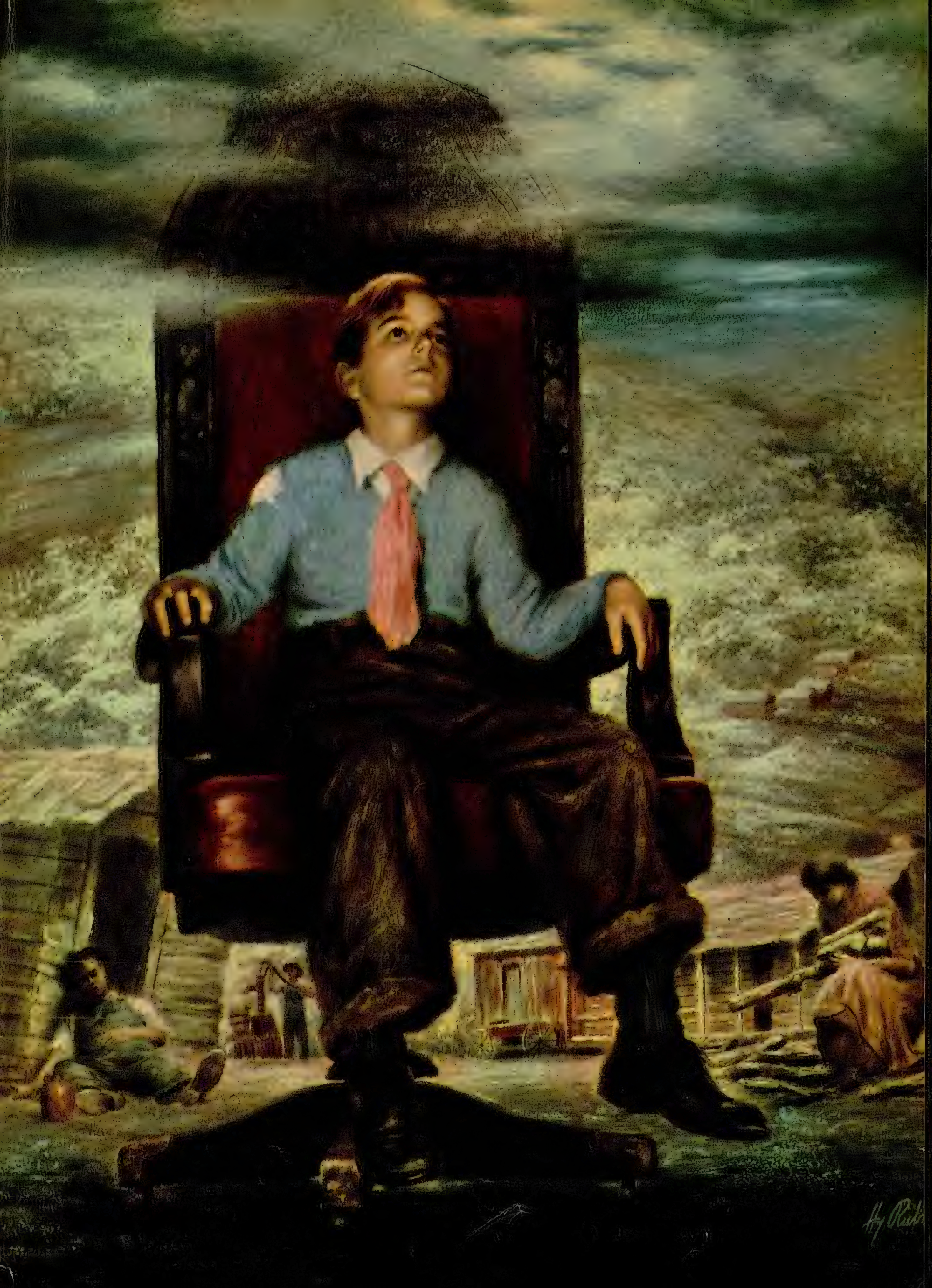
Allison started and glanced at the boy called Rags. There was no smile on his serious young face. He was as well scrubbed as the others, but the condition of his clothes showed the source of his nickname. Rags sat down and rested his forearms on the desk. *As though he belonged there,* Allison thought. *As though he'd sat there before. . . .*

None of the boy's classmates, no one of the hundreds who had passed through his office, had worn quite that expression. And Allison, staring, knew what thoughts lay behind the boy's darkly humid eyes, knew them in that curious moment, as well as he knew his own.

◆

They ate their lunches on the Capitol grounds. The boy's sandwich was stale, but he finished every crumb, thinking, thinking. He knew about state government from his civics lessons. The governor was the highest official. He didn't exactly make the

Illustrated by Hy Rubin



THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR

Continued

laws—the legislature did that—but he could do an awful lot for the people if he wanted to.

Joe McKinney nudged him. "Hey, Rags—you want halfa my orange? I got too much lunch."

"Uh-huh. Thanks." He ate absently, licking the juice from his fingers. A governor could make it so kids would never be called Rags. A governor could make it so they might have a whole orange sometimes.

After lunch they went to the State Library and the State Office Building, and the Courthouse where the Supreme Court sat. They took a bus to the Fort to see the historical relics. Then they took the bus back home.

It was later than usual when he trudged out the country road and turned in at the unpainted gate. There was no smoke from the chimney, he noticed; and unless Pop nailed a few shingles on the roof, they'd sure get wet in the kitchen this winter. His younger brother was round back, taking a half pail of slops out to the pig.

"Ho, Clem. Catch anything today?"

"Couple catfish. Hey"—Clem came closer and spoke guardedly—"Pop's been fired again. Got a bottle and he's in the woodshed, sleepin'—"

"Yeah. Well, maybe I can get a job with Jeff Peterson after school, cleanin' eggs." The fear did not clutch at him so fiercely because of the new thoughts that were teeming in his mind.

He went inside.

His mother was peeling a pan of small potatoes.

"Ma—you know what? We went to the Capitol today and I sat in the Governor's chair!"

"Git some wood in here 'less you want raw catfish and spuds for your supper."

He went to the shed. His father sat slumped in one corner, breathing heavily. The boy gathered an armful of wood and brought it inside. He stood looking out of the window, not seeing the peeling stained wallpaper, the broken paper-stuffed window.

"Some day, Ma—*I'm* going to be governor!"

She made a sound that might have been a laugh. He didn't know, because he'd never heard her laugh.

"Don't say anything now, Ma. You'll see. *I'm going to be governor of this state!"*

◆ The grave-faced boy in the Governor's chair rose reluctantly.

Strange, Allison thought, that the boy should also have been nicknamed Rags. He stood at the door shaking hands as the children filed past. Rags was last. He gripped the thin hand firmly and said, "Good luck, son." Dark eyes met his in what might have been a mutual promise. The door closed.

It had been a long time, Governor John Allison reflected, since he'd suppered on catfish and potatoes, and cleaned eggs after school for Jeff Peterson. A long way since Rags Allison had come down from the hills with his schoolmates to sit in the governor's chair and dream his dreams.

He stared at AB 2307, recalling his mother's words: "When somethin' wants doin'—do it!"

He remembered his own thoughts thirty years ago: *The governor could make it so kids would never be called Rags. He could make it so they might have a whole orange sometimes.*

The governor, he thought, had been forgetting some of the wisdom he'd had as a child. Wasn't he convinced that 2307 was a good bill? As for his reelection—well, he'd been a fighter all his life.

He picked up his pen and wrote his name firmly on AB 2307. ◆ ◆

WHAT LIBERTY MEANS TO ME

By *JOHN WHELCHEL FINGER*

President General of the
Sons of the American Revolution

The head of a famous patriotic organization warns that we have failed to face up to our responsibilities if we take our liberty for granted. For "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"

READING TIME 3 MINUTES May is a month that invariably challenges my conscience, that recalls with reverence the exalted deeds of the Founding Fathers, that questions our complacency regarding the road our country is taking. Memorial Day, on the thirtieth, recalls the early days of my youth when I visited our family graves with my elders and my youthful companions to bear flowers of remembrance for those who had given their lives that we might enjoy the rare liberties of this great land of ours—"My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

Should we not search our souls these days, when the very foundations of our country are threatened from within and without? Have I taken liberty for granted too long, without recognizing that it is my very own responsibility to do more about protecting it, guarding it, preserving it for my posterity? I have inherited liberty from a long line of American ancestors. I have read about "eternal vigilance," but have I applied this warning to myself and for my loved ones? Or have I been negligent, unaware that some day these very liberties might be denied me? Have I faced up to the responsibilities that go hand in hand with the liberties we associate with "our American way of life"?

I Am an American Day, May 21, has been set aside by the U. S. Congress as a day upon which we celebrate the privileges of American citizenship; a day when great and small gatherings welcome newly naturalized citizens; a day when the mass recitation of the oath of citizenship arises across the country as a single voice. I inherited this citizenship and for too many years looked upon it as a most natural possession. We who take pride in our membership in the Sons of the American Revolution, we who have authenticated the names and patriotic deeds of our Revolutionary forebears, we have erred most sinfully who failed to face up to the responsibilities of preserving that liberty, of passing it on to our children and our children's children undiminished in brilliance.

America's most famous bell, hanging in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, was wisely named the Liberty Bell. Abraham Lincoln, on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg, on November 19, 1863, so thoughtfully began his address with these words: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty." Patrick Henry ended his magnificent exhortation with that immortal sentence, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

Six years ago on I Am an American Day I heard Judge Learned Hand address the following patriotism to hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers gathered in Central Park. I shall never forget his ringing voice as he said: "Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women. When it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it; no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there, it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it."

Recently, in addressing the annual meeting of the American Coalition in Washington, I undertook to remind the representatives of its 83 member groups that the United States is a *republic,* our laws being enacted by duly elected representatives in both houses of Congress. I paid special tribute to the fortitude of those Representatives and Senators who have the courage and strength to resist the pressure groups attempting to destroy our time-tested system of free enterprise. We should all make an individual effort to let our legislators know that we stand back of them, to encourage their resistance against any and all efforts that threaten the liberty of the American people.

I repeat that May is the month of challenge to me and to you. What can I do about it and what will you? Few, if any, will know the true answer. But I dedicate myself to acknowledge that liberty has a price—a price that too many have paid with their lives. To such men and women I am indebted for my personal liberty. May God help me play my part. ◆ ◆

Photo by Elwood P. Johns

The author speaking at Constitution Day rites at the historic Subtreasury Building in New York.

THE PUNISHING OF EDDIE

By GARRETT OPPENHEIM

READING TIME 23 MINUTES Eddie the Arrow Man was four years old when Eddie Jungle-Spit came to live with him. The rain was loud outside; and inside, spilt water on the tablecloth was creeping softly toward the edges when the second Eddie arrived. He sprang full-blown from the fragments of a Bohemian glass fruit bowl.

Their mother had filled the bowl with white chrysanthemums from the yard. It was her last act before dressing and the first act in a long, rainy afternoon she had really enjoyed. Level lamplight pierced the red glass, diffusing color over the white cloth. Silver and crystal flashed with ruby pin points. Color—that was what Lynn Gabriel wanted so much.

The dress she chose was wine-colored. You are so beautiful, she whispered into the mirror; so beautiful it's a shame. Her gray eyes drank in the lovely reflection, the pale gold hair, the fragile mouth, then peered into their own depths, filling with sympathy. No one would ever value her so truly as the one lover from whom she was forever separated by the thickness of a mirror. She touched the cold glass and thought of her husband.

Leonard, looking at her tonight through the eyes of his guests, would be proud, awed, and afraid to touch. As if he could preserve this loveliness by keeping it under a glass bell, bringing it out only for display. Too scared to care for her as a person. There was little he did care for these days beyond the quantities of sore feet on which he was trudging to a dreary success in chiropody. And soon it would be too late.

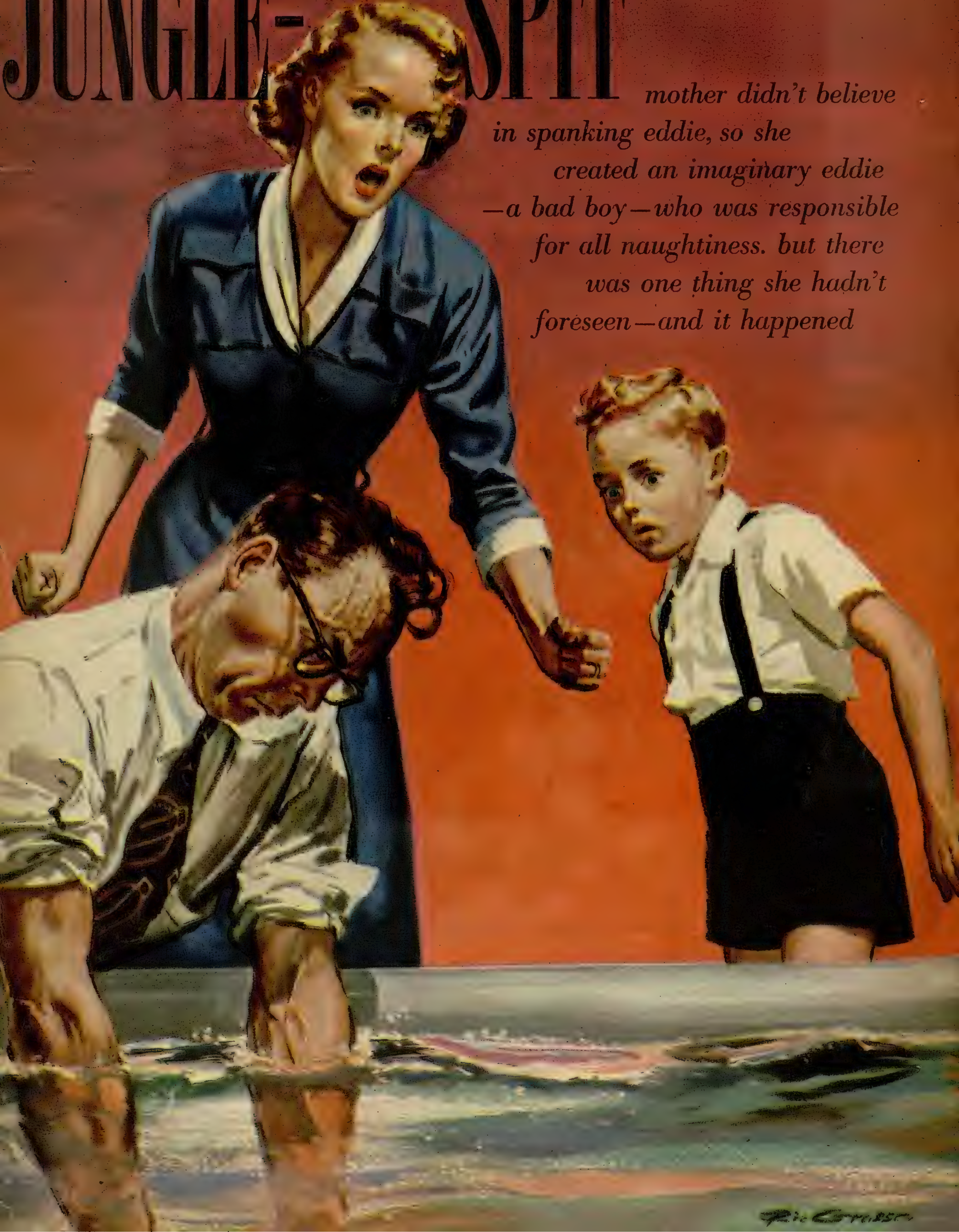
It would have been too late long ago if it hadn't been for Eddie. She smiled, listening to the rhythmic babble downstairs, where he was playing with his archery set. The child had eyes, beautiful flecked eyes, that saw her almost as she saw herself. But not quite. Every now and then his father looked at her out of those

(*Continued on page 66*)

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

JUNGLE-SPIT

mother didn't believe in spanking eddie, so she created an imaginary eddie —a bad boy—who was responsible for all naughtiness. but there was one thing she hadn't foreseen—and it happened



The Greatness that is America

By **AMBASSADOR CARLOS P. ROMULO**
President, United Nations General Assembly, Fourth Session

"It is not strange that the spirit of man should turn to this home of the free. For here, where freedom is the rule, the spirit cannot but thrive"

READING TIME 7 MINUTES It was July, 1946, and I was flying home to participate in an event to which all Filipinos had long looked forward as a fulfillment of history. In keeping with her promise to declare independent a territory she had occupied since 1898, America was to proclaim, as she did proclaim, the birth of the Republic of the Philippines.

We made the usual stop-over at Guam, just in time to listen to that awesome broadcast of the Bikini atom test. It was an explosion the force and intensity of which I shall never forget.

That was American material power—that is not equaled in any part of the world.

Two days later, on July 4, 1946, the Philippine Republic was formally inaugurated on the Luneta in Manila; and thereby ended a partnership of nearly 50 years between two peoples that is without a parallel in colonial history.

Moved beyond words, I watched the lowering of one flag and the raising of another. The Stars and Stripes was slowly coming down, and my own Sun and Three Stars, the Philippine flag, was rising higher and higher to flutter in the breeze. There was not one dry eye in the multitude of faces turned to that ceremony, and I knew then that even as Old Glory was going down for all time, it was not really going down. It was only being more firmly planted in the hearts of my countrymen.

That was American spiritual power, and it too is not equaled anywhere in the world.

I like to believe always that in this spiritual power lies America's true greatness, and that over and above her vast wealth of material resources, it is this power that is behind America's indisputable leadership in world affairs.

Soon, in the course of this latter half of our century, the Bikini episode will be read and reread by men everywhere, far into the future, as the act which made possible the continuity of human freedom for the Far East where, but a year before, the shadow of the Dark Ages had hovered over the land.

There, in that noble rededication to the ideals of the Founding Fathers, America furled her flag that a people she had helped on the road to democracy might take their place among the free nations of the earth. No other power had done so much for any people before.

And thus the precedent was set that broke all the odious rules of a colonial era. In the subject areas of the earth the birth of the Philippine Republic brought buoyancy to the human spirit, and although bitter fighting ensued for some time in certain sectors, good will had at last prevailed. Other new states have since emerged, and it is hard not to admit that the American example in the Philippines has borne fruit.

Subsequent events have shown the continuation of the benevolent policy exemplified by the establishment of the Philippine Republic. In the Fourth Committee of the General Assembly of the United Nations last year, the U. S. delegation took the side of the dependent peoples as against the interests of the administering powers. There was, to cite only one instance, the American vote in favor of hoisting the flag of the United Nations over the trust territories under the Trusteeship Council. Unimportant as that vote might seem, it cannot fail to reassure the dependent peoples concerned of the moral support of the international community. Henceforth, under the mandate of this community, there is no going back for those peoples on the road to self-determination.

It is clear to see that the American program of assistance for the underdeveloped areas of the earth is within the pattern set down in the Philippines. It is no secret of course that efforts are being exerted to discredit President Truman's Point Four as a dollar policy. No doubt dollars are involved—millions—but what program of human amelioration can be implemented without the aid of money?

The point is that money can be the means to worthy humanitarian ends. Among these are feeding the starved, providing work for the unemployed, opening up new sources of production, and raising the standards of living in lands outside the United States. The dollars will bring profit, no doubt. But so will they develop the backward regions of the earth to permit their peoples to rise to dignity and eventually play their part in the historical progress of the world.

Before the menace of totalitarian systems, it is dangerous to leave empty stomachs alone. This is why the United States seeks to combat poverty where it is most degrading. America is poised to use her material resources to provide the means for mankind to stand on its feet and save itself from the enemies of freedom.

American intervention in Europe, for instance, is aimed at putting that continent on a solvent basis so its peoples may be free (*Continued on page 78*)

* * *

Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo, president of the United Nations General Assembly, Fourth Session; his wife, Virginia; and two of their four sons, Gregorio (standing) and Roberto. Carlos, Jr. was in the Philippines, and Ricardo was ill when this photograph, the first to be published of these four together, was shot exclusively for LIBERTY.
Photo by Dick Wolters

ARE COLLEGE STUDENTS LIFTING

In this corner the PROS insist that tippling is not only on the increase in our colleges, but is rapidly becoming a major national headache

By D. E. WHEELER

READING TIME 7 MINUTES "So they carried off my hero and laid him in the cooler, a room reserved for those who couldn't navigate. He was the fifth to take the count before midnight," said the sylph on the window seat.

Between classes, a group of junior college girls were discussing their most recent dates. The pretty blonde was regaling them with her tale of a "plastered monkey" who had spoiled her last dance at a top university.

It started them all off on similar encounters. Most of these were wryly amusing, but others were embarrassing or mortifying. None of the girls had any objection to taking a drink themselves on occasion, but they were unanimous in condemning the heavy flow of liquor at college affairs and its unfortunate effect on otherwise very nice boys. After they had cited their worst offenders, and differed on which was the "wettest" college in their experience, they expressed their ideas on the general situation:

"What good are college rules anyhow? They're a laugh," said one of the group.

"Oh, everybody drinks, and why expect the boys to be dry?"

"*My* idea is for someone to start an A.A. for the stray lambs."

"Let parents set an example—I blame them in the first place."

"Hold on! I think it's up to the college heads."

"But how can they enforce what they don't practice themselves?"

The matter of this teen-age chatter is a familiar topic of the times, and not infrequently headlined in the news. Three tragic stories broke in 1949. A boy in Dartmouth died of injuries received from students who made the rounds of a drinking party. An Ohio State University freshman shot and killed a senior fraternity brother while drunk. At Cornell, a junior being initiated into a "drinking club" barely escaped an alcoholic death when he was forced to consume a quart of martinis in half an hour. The scandal resulted in the official banning of the club and others like it at Cornell.

Roused by a fatal happening of the sort, Elles M. Derby, president of Lambda Chi Alpha, one of the largest social intercollegiate fraternities, laid the responsibility on weak-kneed college administrators who consistently refused to face the fact of excessive drinking among students.

"Where have the college officials been for twenty-five years?" he inquired. "Everyone knows this type of thing has been going on for a long time."

Let us get at the roots. Reliable authorities warn us that two out of three Americans over 15 years old—or some 65,000,000 of our population—drink alcoholic beverages. Of these, there are more than 2,000,000 college students, three-quarters of them male. From arithmetical glimpses of these boys' participation in the national thirst, they rise as high as nine out of ten students on friendly terms with old John Barleycorn in many of our leading universities and colleges. "Friendly" means a minimum of beer or a maximum of hard liquor in a campus set-up.

If you doubt that from 75 to 90 students out of 100 drink in their junior and senior years, remember that youth will always go its elders one better when it comes to having fun, living dangerously, or trying new sensations, and alcohol represents all three! Also remember that social drinking has become a "must" today in our national behavior pattern, and youth, naturally imitative, likes to "belong."

That a large majority of male college students drink (with the girls coming up fast) is generally conceded, though the exacting academic mind demands proof in compiled statistics. While no over-all scientific survey has been made in the field to date, Yale is engaged on one whose findings should define and clarify the picture as now seen in limited polls that yield significant trends.

An example: In 1937, four years after the repeal of prohibition, there was an upsurge of public interest in such facts. The most important and comprehensive survey attempted at that time covered 1,475 colleges of every type. However, scholastic circles did not welcome such meddling. There were only 645 replies. Summed up, these definitely indicated "a great boom in student drinking," though the report slyly added, "A vast

(*Continued on page 70*)

THE ELBOW TOO MUCH????????

Far from being a problem, drinking on campus is sissy-britches stuff compared to the "dry" '20s, so say the CONS on this side of the house

By JACK D. ZELDES

READING TIME 7 MINUTES Let's get one thing straight. Many college students drink, but most of the two and a half million young men and women on the nation's campuses aren't drunkards.

Recent drunken brawls at some colleges, and slayings at one or two institutions have caused unfavorable publicity, as Dr. Raymond Walters, president of the University of Cincinnati, pointed out recently. "But that's not a true picture," he emphasized.

Dr. Walters, who during the course of each year visits scores of campuses as an inspector for the Association of American Colleges, believes that college morals are higher now than ever.

On the extent of drinking, educators at the Association of American Colleges, meeting earlier this year, disagreed. Most asserted that drinking parties were no more prevalent than they were years ago. A number believed that there was less drinking.

None thought there was more!

In fact, as one educator pointed out, drinking today is nothing compared to the days when it was against the Constitution of the United States to take a drink. Back in the roaring '20s, in the days of the hip flask and bathtub gin, a flagrant parade of drunkenness marched through the nation's campuses.

The collegians, as well as many other young people, aped the habits and behavior of their elders: they drank, and carried on in deliberate defiance of school regulations. In 1922 a doctor at the University of Wisconsin student clinic reported that the student body had blue Mondays. Despite the watchfulness of an overvigilant dean of men, the clinic reported that for the previous five years there was an increase in the number of excuses for sickness from classes after each weekend of social activity.

A former University of Wisconsin student, now a Wisconsin radio executive, recalls the days of campus prohibition:

"I came to the campus in the early '20s and remember, for example, going to a Madison doctor and asking for a medical prescription. After a long discussion he gave me one for a half pint of whisky. Later you could get such prescriptions by the bale."

A little later, prohibition hooch became easier and easier for college students to obtain. One operator had a delivery service which solved a lot of problems for the campus fraternity houses. One merely telephoned a number and, if you were known, a blue Chrysler roadster delivered the booze in a few minutes.

A one-time bootlegger boasts that "during the dry time I slept in every damn fraternity house on campus."

Today, this widespread type of uncontrolled, wild drinking has largely passed on with the tempo of the times. Drinking—mostly because you can drink now when you want to—has had the artificial glamor of prohibition days removed.

In some instances school administrators themselves aided greatly in the deglamorization. The presence of 3.2 beer at the University of Wisconsin Memorial Union, for instance, has tended to remove the artificial atmosphere of drinking. Students now sit together drinking beer, coffee, and soft drinks. As the Union director told the school's board of regents in 1948: "The bringing of liquor to the Union by individuals, with the resulting serious conduct problems, has virtually stopped. Whereas in pre-beer days the Union management always found dozens of empty liquor bottles under the tables after a party, today there are few found. Instead, beer and soft-drink glasses are on top of the table, presenting an open situation that can be effectively supervised."

Rarely are students drunk in the Union. It takes 50 of the Union's five-ounce glasses of 3.2 beer to give the alcoholic content that was in a pint of the 100-proof hooch a student carried in his hip pocket 25 years ago.

This "venture in moderation" has helped ruin the romanticized version of "going out on a binge" at the local speakeasies.

In an average month, beer sales run behind milk and coffee sales, and only a little ahead of soft drinks. The average monthly sales of 120,000 milk; 97,500 coffee; 36,000 beer, and 31,800 soft drinks show that students now take

(*Continued on page* 71)

Miss Pickerell was going to protest

to the authorities, but that was before

the strange contraption in her pasture

SWEPT HER INTO SPACE

By ELLEN MACGREGOR

READING TIME 17 MINUTES "What *is* that enormous metal contraption in my pasture?" asked Miss Pickerell, pulling back gently on the halter of the cow she was leading. "I saw it just now, when I came to take my cow from the barn."

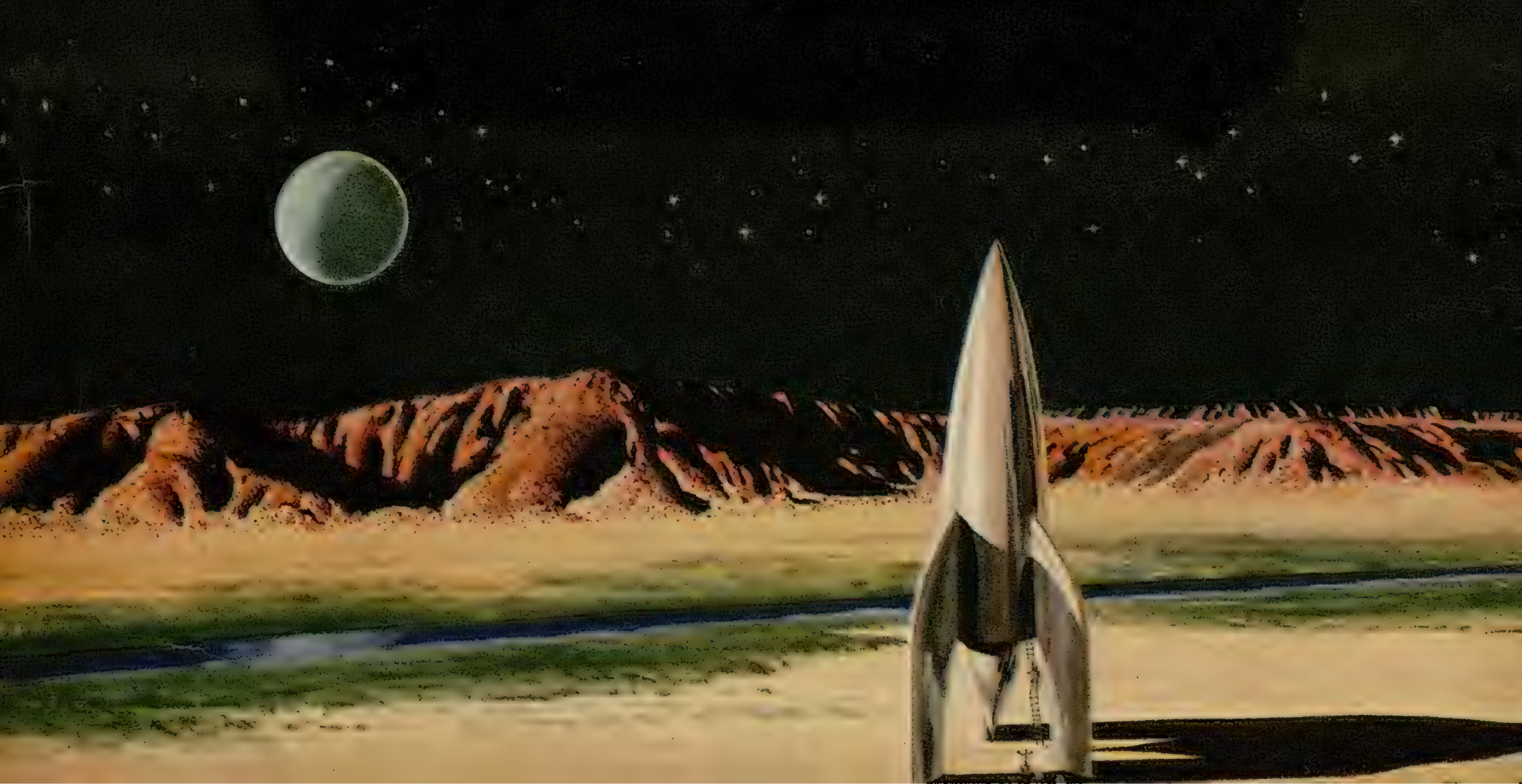
"That, ma'am," said the man who was barring the gate, "is a space ship." He touched his cap. "The preparations are secret and I have orders to allow no one to enter."

"Well, I like that!" said Miss Pickerell, advancing toward the gate. "This is my own pasture and I am going to put my own cow in it. Nobody asked me for permission to use this pasture in the first place. Tell them to go away immediately."

The man moved in front of her and spread his arms. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but the captain said I was to keep everyone away."

"Well, he can't keep me away. I own this pasture and I want him to get that contraption out of here. I don't want anything like that

Illustrated by Dick Dodge



SWEPT HER INTO SPACE

Continued

in there, scaring my cow. My cow is sick to begin with."

"The captain is busy inside the space ship, ma'am," the guard said. "He doesn't want to be disturbed for anything, because this is the day the expedition is to start."

Miss Pickerell tied the cow to a fence post with great angry loopings of the rope. "You get word to your captain that I want to see him immediately—up at the farmhouse. I can't wait around here all day. The state fair opens in a week and I have to have my collection of sea shells ready to enter. Last year I won first prize; have for every year of the fair, fifteen in all."

"That's very nice," said the man, still standing firmly in front of the gate. "I'd like to see them sometime. But I'm afraid the captain is much too busy to talk to you."

Miss Pickerell planted her sturdy shoes in the dust of the road and placed her arms akimbo. "You have him come to see me in half an hour, or I'll—I'll phone—I'll phone the governor, that's what I'll do. Maybe you think I don't know the governor! Once he stopped to see my collection of sea shells at the state fair. He even asked if I would let him listen to the roaring of the sea when he held one to his ear." She turned about and started up the hill to her farmhouse. Then she stopped and said, "My poor cow. She's sick. Lots of the cows in this part of the state have died, even, so many have been sick. I think my Bossy is going to die too, but I don't want her scared to death by that contraption in there. How did you get it in there in the first place?"

"We built it there," said the man. "No one seemed to be living in your farmhouse and it seemed like a good secret place to make our preparations. No one is to know about the expedition. The man who has put up the money for the ship and for the whole expedition insists that no one shall know about it. It might fail and he does not want his name known if it does."

"A fine thing," said Miss Pickerell, her eyes on the cow, who was painfully lying in the grass at the side of the road. "I go away for the summer the way I always do, to stay on my brother's farm, and when I come back, with my poor sick cow in her trailer, I find that my pasture has been taken over, without my permission even."

"We are very sorry, ma'am." The man looked over toward the little group of tents and sheds that surrounded the base of the enormous metal space ship shining silver in the early morning sun. "We won't be here to bother you much longer."

"You'd better not be," said Miss Pickerell. "I'll give you just half an hour. And now I haven't got any more time to waste. I'm going back up to the farmhouse to get my sea shells ready for the fair. That's why I came back at all. It wasn't good for my cow to travel in the trailer; but I just can't concentrate, with all my brother's children underfoot. Half an hour, now. Remember! Then I'm going to call the governor."

Miss Pickerell hoped she sounded as if she really would call the governor. She hoped she was scaring them badly enough to leave, because, of course, she was far too much in awe of the governor ever to call him.

◆ She spread her shells on the kitchen table and tried to concentrate on labeling and arranging them, but she soon found *(Continued on page 74)*

LABOR'S

READING TIME 13 MINUTES Many competent observers of recent and current history are convinced that Samuel Gompers, the late number one labor leader of this country, is destined to become enshrined in national legend as one of the popular heroes of this republic. In their special Hall of Fame they would put him in a niche alongside such men of destiny as Thomas Jefferson, Nathan Hale, Abraham Lincoln, and some of the more exalted characters of a Horatio Alger epic. Sam Gompers himself, were he alive today, might have enjoyed this gift offering to his vanity, but he would have kidded the shirt off any hero worshipers who attempted to attach a halo to his big bald head. For, much as he was a man of lofty concepts, much as he was dedicated to what was to him a great cause, he was entirely earthy in his approach, his manner and his tactics. With puckish humor he might even now question from his Valhalla whether those laying a wreath at the foot of his bronze statue weren't trying to give him a posthumous hotfoot.

Dignified but fun loving, Sam Gompers would not have been above such horseplay himself, for he loved a practical joke, if it was ingenious and funny enough. He was also a master at the barbed retort. For example, at an American Federation of Labor convention the extreme conservatives and the extreme radicals ganged up on him and tried to discomfit him before the delegates. Gompers noted, as he was chatting with a group before the hotel barbershop, that something was brewing. The storm broke later at the convention session when a delegate rose to a point of personal privilege to ask whether the president of the American Federation of Labor had not violated all union principles and ethics by patronizing a non-union barbershop. Who had shaved Brother Gompers that morning? he wanted to know.

Gompers permitted the delegate to cast his aspersions without interruption, and then responded with a full confession. Yes, he conceded, the charge made by the brother delegate was a serious one. He, Gompers, had sinned. It was true that he patronized a barber who was not a member of the International Union of Journeyman Barbers. He had been shaved by him only that morning. With contrite atonement for his sin, Gompers added that the non-union barber was a poor workman and had scraped and nicked him badly. Fortunately he learned the name of that barber. "I'll tell you who shaved me this morning," he said, and paused for dramatic effect. "His name is Sam Gompers."

This capacity for relieving tension with humor, for stabbing pompous earnestness

NATIONAL HERO

By J. C. RICH

with a thrust of wit, was one of the attributes that endeared him to his associates and disciples. Added to this were Gompers' intuitive understanding of the problems of the ordinary American working family, his sympathy for and sense of family relationship with ordinary working people, his natural bent to side with the underdog, and an innate sagacity which made him expert and resourceful in the difficult task of forging unity and agreement among diverse and conflicting groups. To this day, 100 years after his birth and 25 years since his death, he is still the personification of American trade-unionism to many in this country and abroad, still Mr. Union himself to every dues-payer and every student of our industrial history.

SAMUEL GOMPERS

To this day, 100 years after his birth and 25 years since his death, Samuel Gompers is the personification of American trade-unionism both here and abroad, and he is still Mr. Union himself to every dues-payer

Gompers put the stamp of his personality on American unions and established both a mode of procedure and a code of ethics for them. Despite occasional lapses from the norm and despite the overweening self-esteem that has overtaken some of the big shots of labor, American trade-unions are still essentially Gompers' babies—simple, plodding societies, shying away from both radical dogma and stand-pat inaction. A comparison of the working conditions and the standards of living prevailing in the United States and those in countries which boast of a more "advanced" system of labor organization would seem to indicate that Gompers, and not his critics and opponents, was right.

Gompers began his career as a full-time labor leader fairly late in life. It will come as a surprise to many that Gompers accepted his first paid office when he was 37 years old. What happened in Gompers' case was that he had served an internship of many years' duration as a volunteer without pay. Indeed, he felt that it was unbecoming for anyone to accept money for service in what he considered to be a humane endeavor to better the lot of his fellow men. It was a man's duty to assist in such an endeavor, he believed, and he should expect no monetary return for it except, perhaps, compensation for loss of time at his regular trade.

Gompers had a strict and strait concept as to personal and official probity in trade-union activity. Certain things just "weren't fitten" to do. For instance, during the few brief years that his father served as a foreman in a cigar factory, the son, Sam Gompers, avoided visiting his parents at home, although they lived only a few blocks away from his own tenement dwelling. A foreman was the agent of the boss and a union man avoided personal entanglements with a boss or any of his representatives.

Sam Gompers himself was once offered a foreman's position. He had just returned to work after a long and harrowing strike which left him and his family destitute. He had been black-listed for his strike activity and could not find employment for several months. Finally he was given a job in a small cigar factory, and a few days later the employer offered him the position of foreman at what was then a munificent salary—$25 a week. There was only one catch to the offer: the boss wanted Gompers to cut the piece rates for the cigar makers. Despite the employer's proposal to share the gain from this wage cut with his prospective foreman, and despite the latter's desperate need for work, Gompers rejected the offer and lost the job.

There were even better and altogether respectable opportunities for Gompers to enrich himself. One of them came just before the turn of the century from a representative of President Diaz of Mexico who was either personally or officially interested in a land-grant company being organized in Mexico for the cultivation of fruits, coffee, and other valuable agricultural products. The idea was to induce a number of Americans to settle on the land and employ Mexican peons or American Negroes on the plantations. Gompers was offered $50,000 a year to head the company if, after a trip to Mexico, he approved the project. If it did not meet with his approval, he was still to receive $25,000 for his counsel and trouble.

Gompers rejected the offer.

There were innumerable lucrative proposals for permission to use his name

(Continued on page 77)

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

By LAWRENCE LARIAR

An artistic wife comes in handy, particularly if you're a detective with a camera-shy dead man occupying your nuptial nest

CONCLUSION

Synopsis on next page

READING TIME 20 MINUTES The car roared off, turning sharply into Lexington Avenue, headed uptown. The driver rolled it at a dignified speed. Penny's hand was in mine and I pressed it firmly to quiet her trembling. Rocky Trask was reason enough to make any mortal tremble. He sat in the front seat, his body turned our way so that we could see the rough outlines of his beefy face. He had the traditional flattened nose and the cruel mouth of the professional mobster, frozen and expressionless as he stared at us and displayed his gun.

Illustrated by John McClelland

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

SYNOPSIS

PART I

The day before Penny and I were married, Larry Kimball, underworld-upper crust night-club owner, asked me to tail a fat man (Lemuel Goode) from Chicago to New York. As the latter was our honeymoon destination, and John Gilligan had offered us a suite in his hotel, the Trent, I accepted Kimball's $500 offer.

No sooner had Penny and I retired than the fat man entered our room on the train with a revolver in his hand, saying someone was out to kill him and our room was to be his haven for the night.

Penny and I tailed Goode to his Village apartment. But *we* were being tailed by a henchman of Frenchy Armetto. Then I recalled the Camilli pendant, a fabulous jewel that had been stolen and about which Kimball and Armetto had been questioned.

After a day of sight-seeing, Penny and I returned to the hotel. In our suite we found the body of Goode, his face battered beyond recognition. I told Penny we must find out everything possible about him before the police moved in. But in the street we were forced into a big sedan at the point of Rocky Trask's gun, Rocky having tailed us most of that day.

Continued

I said, "You're making a mistake. You don't want us."

"Save it, brother," Rocky said.

"Where are you taking us?"

Nobody answered. Rocky toyed with his gun, chewing his perpetual toothpick as we continued uptown on Lexington Avenue. Outside, the streets were almost empty, for we were moving through a semiresidential section. We made a right turn in the middle Eighties and coasted halfway up the block to stop before a disreputable brownstone, as dark as the inside of my hat. It was a bleak and antiquated edifice whose front windows were boarded up. Rocky slid out of the car and beckoned us up the steps and into a narrow hallway, gray and dirty and smelling of dampness and the musty backwash of old age and seasoned neglect. A light glowed at the far end of the corridor. Rocky prodded us forward.

There was a man waiting for us. He was as small and thin as an overweight jockey, but much more menacing. He sat in an ancient chair, smoking a cigar and squinting at us.

I said, "Hello, Frenchy."

Frenchy Armetto got out of his chair and came over to me and adjusted his face for a curious close-up. His eyes were quick and probing, searching for a clue that would catalogue me in his mental storehouse of remembered personalities. He had a background of criminal adventure that went back almost twenty years, running the gamut of illegal exploits from petty larceny to planned mayhem. His beady eyes were loaded with evil, but I thought I saw them go suddenly soft as he placed me in my rightful niche.

"I know you," he told himself. Then his face wrinkled in a frown as he stepped away and confronted Rocky Trask. "You sure this is the man, Rocky?"

"Positively," Rocky said.

"I don't get it," Frenchy said. "This guy looks like Mike Conacher, a private eye from Chicago. Have I got you right, Conacher?"

I nodded. "Since when have you been kidnaping private investigators, Frenchy?"

"Rocky made a mistake," Frenchy said, without sincerity. "Rocky must have figured you were the one tailing the fat man. Right, Rocky?"

"He's the one, boss. I followed him from the station in a cab. He was right behind the fat man, I tell you, all the way to Greenwich Village. Then he ducked into the fat man's apartment house, like I told you. You want me to frisk him? Five'll get you fifty he's got the stones on him."

Rocky stepped my way belligerently, his fist tight with the promise of violence. But Frenchy pushed him away with an easy gesture.

"We don't insult operators like Conacher," Frenchy said angrily. "Conacher has a reputation in Chicago, a damn good one. He doesn't play games on the wrong side of the law. That's a fact, isn't it, Conacher? You wouldn't take a job where you had to lift hot jewelry from a fat messenger boy, would you?"

"Why not search me and satisfy yourself, Frenchy?"

"I don't need to. I don't see you messing with a pitch where the Camilli pendant is in the deal."

"You're right," I said. "This is the first time I've heard the Camilli pendant mentioned, Frenchy."

He made a great show of believing me. He was aware of my prestige and was handling me with the courtesy and respect I had earned in Chicago. He barked an order at Rocky Trask and the squat gunman left the room. Then Frenchy sat down and examined the end of his cigar as though he might find the secret of the atom bomb there.

He said, "Stop me if I'm wrong, Conacher. Larry Kimball put you on the fat man's tail. I got to hand it to Kimball. He's a smart apple. First he hijacks the pendant from me, after I engineer the original heist. Then he hires a top eye to follow his messenger on the way to New York. Isn't that the angle, Conacher?"

"Almost, but not quite," I said. "The fat man never reached the fence, Frenchy. He was murdered a little while ago—in my hotel room."

He jumped to his feet at the news, putting on a great display of honest surprise, slapping a fist in a palm and pacing the floor and muttering guttural gibberish to promote his befuddlement. He worked hard to show me that he was as mystified as I, but his histrionics didn't satisfy me. I couldn't forget that Rocky Trask had been following us all day. He could have arranged to search our rooms for the Camilli pendant while we were out on the town. It was possible that the fat man had hidden the pendant in one of our suitcases while we were asleep in the train. I saw Rocky Trask on the prowl in our suite when Lemuel Goode walked in to claim the jewels.

"It don't add up," Frenchy said. "I don't get it at all."

"Unless Rocky Trask killed the fat man," Penny suggested.

He turned on her and glared. "Rocky Trask didn't kill nobody. He was following you all day."

"He'd still have time for it," I said.

"Not Rocky. He does as he's told, Conacher."

"The Camilli pendant is worth a half million, Frenchy. Did it ever occur to you that a man like Rocky might get ideas about it?"

"Not Rocky," Frenchy said again. "Rocky Trask does as he's told. We've been working together since we were kids." He waved away the idea of the double-cross. Then he eyed me with a sly and cunning look, as a stirring thought, a theory of his own making, took shape in his mind. "Why don't you ask your friend Larry Kimball

(*Continued on page 79*)

LIBERTY HOME

MAY 1950

Gertrude Wilkinson
HOME EDITOR

IF IT'S LACE, IT'S IN STYLE—page 36

Lace takes over as we reach mid-century and never has modern woman been so daintily feminine.

IMPROVE YOUR SKILL WITH THE BLADE—page 40

Fine knives are an absolute must in the kitchen, especially if you value efficiency above all else.

NOW YOU CAN BOAST ABOUT YOUR ROAST—page 42

Roast beef is the favorite of the month. Here's how to reduce shrinkage and increase flavor.

AT HOME WITH A RANGE—page 44

Putting your own electric stove together is a game you can play with this new, wonderful range.

BAKE TEMPTING CAKES IN THE RIGHT PAN—page 46

Homemade cakes are still the hallmark of a fine cook. Take the first step with the right pans.

GARDENING IS A FAMILY AFFAIR—page 48

Vegetables taste fresher and flowers smell sweeter, if all the family help to grow them.

DESIGN YOUR OWN JEWELRY—page 50

Your personal jewelry becomes even more personal, when it is designed exclusively for you.

if it's lace, it's in style

Never has the world of fashion been so unanimous about a trend. This time everybody is enmeshed in lace

By KATHERINE ANN PEDELL

◆ Lace, the cherished treasure of pirates and kings with a fairy-tale aura of romance, is today's wonder fashion. Lace, rediscovered, interpreted by American designers in cotton and silk, nylon and rayon, goes dancing, to market, stays home, with amazing adaptability. Touched with young ideas, slated for an active life, lace, curiously, is regal yet casual, wholeheartedly feminine. Wisps of Chantilly and sturdier adaptations are woven into flirtatious fans, delicate lingerie, dancing slippers, aprons, overskirts, and informal afternoon dresses. Once wrapped in an illusion of fantasy, mystery, enchantment, lace goes modern in practical, beautiful fashion. ◆ ◆

a The touch of lace is the touch of luxury. Shirley Rae fashions a gown of multi-filament crepe in pale yellow, whips a froth of Alençon over the shirred bodice, then briefly edges the hem. The sleeves can be dropped to bare shoulders. High-heeled mules in peppermint stripes, by Jerro.

b For day, for evening, for cool summer fashion, a dress of candy-pink cotton lace in a favorite floral pattern. Ellen-Kaye heightens the bodice with a draped open collar and ice-clear rhinestones. The skirt is flared simply. The lacy black straw, threaded with pink velvet about the crown, sweeps wide into a face-framing bonnet, by Brandt Hats.

c Fragile Chantilly comes out in the noonday sun. Norman Modes spills Caribbean-clear aqua onto a shirtwaist dress of sheerest lace. The double notched collar, stolen from a man-tailored jacket, contrasts the brilliant studs, delicate fabric.

d With a casual air—creamy beige lace, a cotton import from France, scoops around the shoulders, blends gracefully with a cocoa skirt of spun rayon. Unpressed pleats strike an informal note. Designed by Frances Rentner Straus for the adult woman wearing a junior size. The open-crowned straw hat with white piqué trim, by Madcaps.

e Woman's own sorcery—black lace. Toni Owen spins a web of Chantilly into a full dirndl overskirt, wears it with flashing gold. Dancing lace slippers in balanced motion are by Andrew Geller.

f The return of the chemise, brief and cool and splashed with lace. Fashion's ever-changing cycle is marked by Miss Debin. Pale pink finery. Val-type lace elegantly borders the bodice and hem.

g The candid look—a strapless sunback of white cotton lace by Young Modes. The spoked lace pattern, a whirl of weblike threads, is backed with pink taffeta. The cape, closing with a young boy collar, is flung debonairly over bare shoulders. Black velvet ribbon circles about the waist.

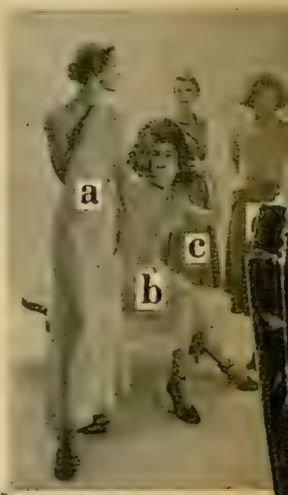
h Playing hostess! Party Apronnes by Senta, of Swiss embroidery on organdy, ruffled and inset with wide bands of French Valenciennes and batiste. French velvet ribbon pulled through the waist releases flat for ironing. The sleeveless piqué dress, black and sparked with heavy corded cotton lace within the open neckline, is a Jerry Parnis creation.

i Red Chantilly, a swirl of dramatic lace, is spun into a short evening gown with halter neckline. At the waist, a cummerbund of softly crushed taffeta. Young Modes tosses the briefest of jackets, gossamer light, over the shoulders. In the hand a fan of black witchery. By Mermelstein.

j Frankly demure, Junior Accent scatters pin points of rhinestones over the cotton lace bodice. The low neckline and brief little sleeves are edged with baby scallops. A rope tie-belt goes around the waist of the starched piqué skirt. Shorties cotton gloves, cuffed and handstitched, are made by Alexette.

k A once-in-a-lifetime ensemble, peignoir and gown of mist-blue Alençon and satin. A cloud of lace drifts down from the yoked bodice of the peignoir in long, fluid lines. Undercover, a gown of satin is appliquéd over the bodice with butterflies of Alençon. A Tula creation.

l Old-fashioned beauty, a short evening dress of deep cocoa Chantilly combines with delicate pink taffeta. Norman Modes flares the skirt wide. The brief little cap is by Madcaps.



SEE PAGES 38 AND 39

All merchandise shown on these pages are budget priced and available in department stores and specialty shops nationally.

Photos, pages 36, 38, 39, by George Lazarnick.
Simulated Pearls by La Tausca.

SEE PAGE 37

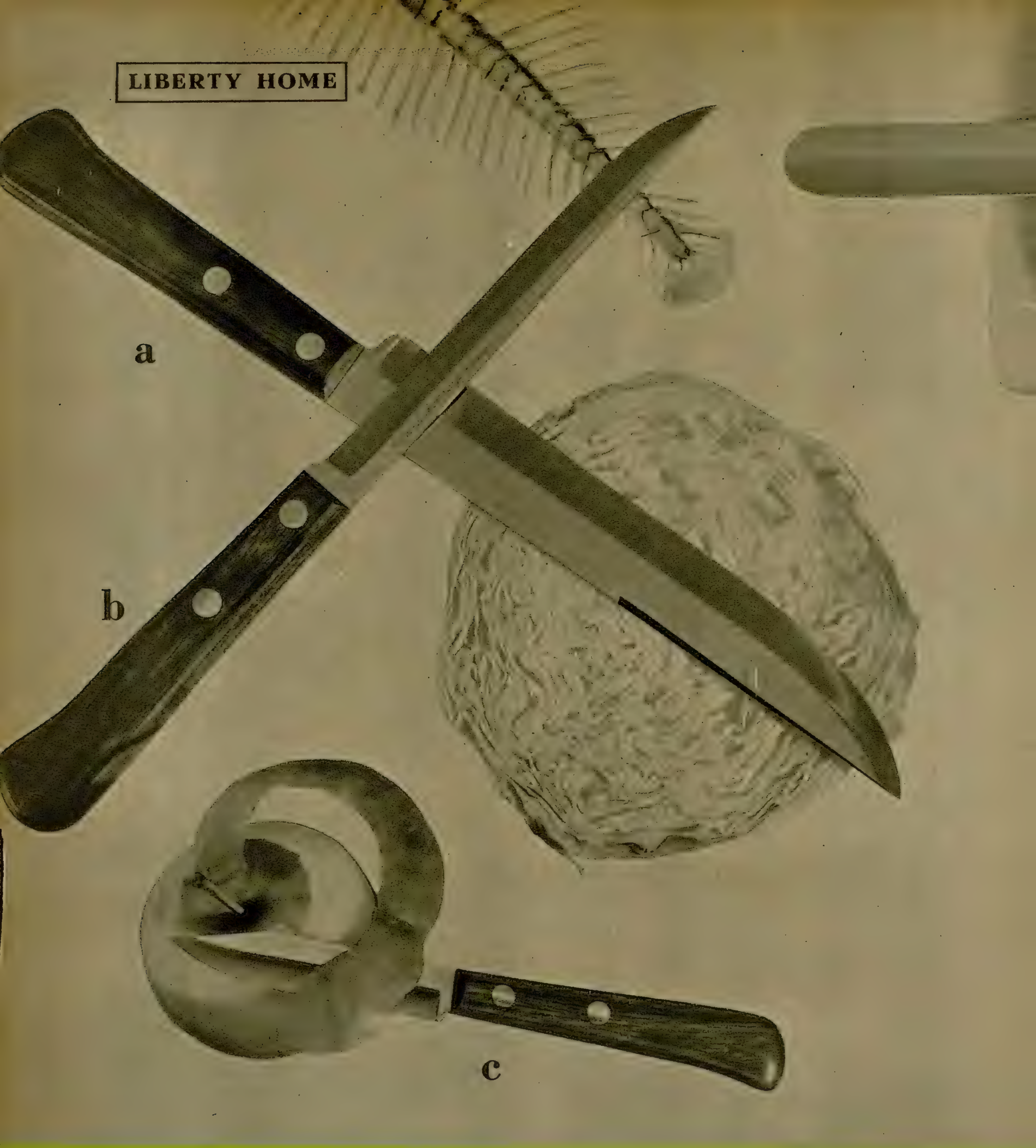


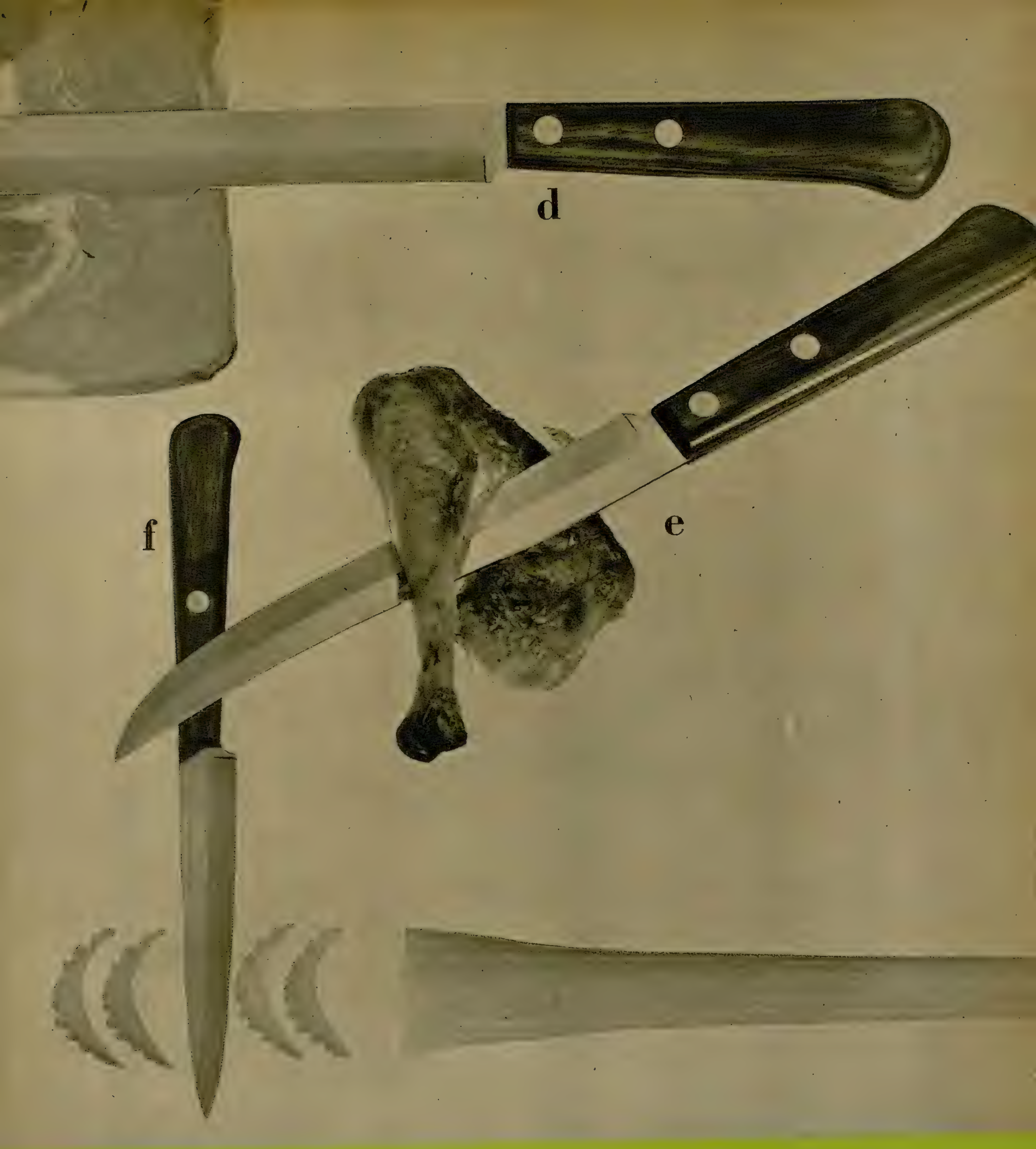
Photo by Paul Wing

IMPROVE YOUR SKILL WITH THE BLADE

For skill and grace at the table, for skill, speed, and good temper in the kitchen, match the knife to the job. Here are the basic pieces

◆ The safe knife is the sharp one. It slices, carves, peels, and cuts without hacking and without undue pressure. The safe knife is also the correct one for the job at hand. You don't need dozens of knives, but you do need these half dozen for kitchen and table efficiency.

◆ A 7- or 8-inch utility or "butcher" knife (a) earns its keep slicing large tough vegetables or fruits such as cabbage, turnips, or pineapple. It can double, too, for fowl or steaks.



Robeson "Frozen-Heat" knives, courtesy of Hammacher Schlemmer & Company

A boning knife (**b**) is almost a necessity for filleting fish. You'll find its thin 6-inch blade a joy when trimming meats or boning fowl, or paring eggplant, squash, and other hard-shell vegetables.

There's a versatile 3- or 3½-inch paring knife (**c**) in the background of practically every meal. Pare apples with it, core tomatoes, cut beans, peel onions, small potatoes, and fruits; remove "eyes" of potatoes or pineapple, scrape vegetables.

For carving roasts and ham, Dad's choice is a 9- or 10-inch slicer (**d**). It's equally effective on a leg of lamb, beef roast, and for cold meats or fowl.

Best for chicken, however, is a shorter 8-inch carver and slicer (**e**) with curved edge, handy for dismembering and slicing the bird, and for smaller roasts or steaks.

To complete your cutlery, choose a 4- or 4½-inch fruit and vegetable knife (**f**) to peel larger fruits, mince celery and other vegetables, and core lettuce.

If you wish to supplement these basic knives, helpful extras include the curved serrated grapefruit knife, serrated bread knife, a cleaver to tenderize tough meats, and a second paring knife.

When you shop for cutlery, ask about the new process for treating stainless steel which combines superheat and deep-freezing. With it, the blade takes a sharper edge and holds it longer. If your current knives do need sharpening, watch the butcher. He's learned from experience, so take a tip from him. ◆ ◆

NOW YOU CAN BOAST ABOUT YOUR ROAST

By BEULAH KARNEY

LIBERTY'S Food Editor offers some valuable tips on new ways to give flavor to thrifty cuts of meat

◆ It was Brillat-Savarin who said, "A cook may be *taught*, but a man who can roast is born with a faculty."

This to prove that we have come a long, long way in turning out that hardy dish—a prime rib roast of beef. A few short cuts may be followed; here and there one's own side path may be taken; but in the main, the road is the same. It begins with the buying.

You will serve yourself kindly if you buy a choice or good grade of beef. And whether your family is small or large, you can get more than one good meal out of it with a little foresight and a helpful butcher. Ask him to cut off the short ribs and to saw through the bones. You can then cut between the ribs to make individual servings of short ribs. They are worth little on a roast, but mighty good when browned and braised and cooked with vegetables (see recipe), leaving the ribs easy to carve. And in buying standing ribs of beef, have the backbone cut from the ribs. Roast the meat on it, but don't send it to the table. The host will thank you for this, for it will make his carving easier.

If your family is too small to enjoy a large roast, cut off a couple of steaks. You can save up to 20 cents a pound here. Wrap these in aluminum foil and freeze, if you have a freezing compartment in your refrigerator, or if you have a home freezer. Then you will not have to serve the roast for so many meals. Although, goodness knows, rare-roast-beef sandwiches are as fine a thing as man has ever come up with.

Then, once the meat is bought, consider its proper storage.

1. Take off the paper wrappings and wipe roast with a damp cloth.

2. Place roast on clean dry plate or shallow dish, then wrap lightly with waxed paper, leaving the ends of the meat exposed to the air. (The reason for this is that close covering produces moisture which encourages bacterial growth. Exposure to air dries the surface of the meat slightly and thus protects it.)

3. Place meat in the coldest part of the refrigerator, but do not freeze it.

Now for the roasting. Here's a quick set of rules to produce the juiciest, most flavorful of meats:

1. Use a meat thermometer, as this is the only true test of doneness. There are some things a woman shouldn't guess, and how to tell when meat is done is one of them. (The minutes-a-pound method is a guide only.) Insert the thermometer so that the bulb is in the thickest part of the lean and does not touch bone or fat.

2. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and stand ribs, fat side up, in an open shallow roasting pan. If the roast is a rolled rib roast (boneless), place it on a rack. If thick enough to stand fat side up, the fat will baste the meat; otherwise lay rolled rib roast flat on the rack.

3. *Important notes:* Do not flour roast, do not add water, and do not cover. (If the pan is covered or water added, the meat becomes a pot roast.) Roast in a slow oven (325° F.). Basting is unnecessary.

4. Roast to the desired degree of doneness, as follows:

(*a*) Standing ribs—Rare: 140° F., or 20 to 25 minutes a pound. Medium, 160° F., or 26 to 30 minutes a pound. Well done, 170° F., or 33 to 35 minutes a pound.

(*b*) Rolled ribs (boneless)—Add to above schedule 5 to 10 minutes a pound.

Cuts with bone cook more quickly because bone is a good heat conductor.

(*Above schedule for minutes-a-pound is for meat taken chilled from the refrigerator.*)

While the standing rib roast or roll rib roast is regarded as the finest cut for roast beef, many popular meat dishes are prepared by browning meat in fat, adding a small amount of liquid, and cooking slowly in a covered kettle.

As the American Meat Institute states, this is known as braising, an excellent means of cooking the less tender cuts of meat, and, regardless of the cut, braising produces meat dishes which, when properly prepared, are richly browned, with well-developed flavor and aroma and tender juicy texture. The following pointers have been developed for thrifty meat cookery:

(*a*) One way to develop flavor is to soak the raw meat in a well-seasoned mixture of oil, vinegar, and spices.

(*b*) Herbs, spices, and vegetables may be cooked with the meat itself to give flavor and variety.

(*c*) Browning in fat develops flavor and aroma. This is one of the most important steps in braising, and care should be taken to brown the meat well on all sides before adding liquids.

BRAISED SHORT RIBS

2½ to 3 pounds short ribs, sawed through bone and cut between ribs
2 tablespoons salad oil
2 tablespoons flour
2 to 3 cups beef stock or water
½ to 1 cup tomato puree
Salt and pepper
12 small onions
4 stalks celery, diced
12 small carrots, scraped
1 bay leaf
8 new potatoes

Heat salad oil in skillet, add short ribs and brown slowly on all sides. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with flour, cook for 2 minutes, stirring often.

Add a portion of the liquids. As they cook away, add a little more at a time. Cover tightly. Allow to simmer at low heat on top of range or in moderately low (325° F.) oven, until meat is partially tender (about 1½ to 2 hours). Then add onions, celery, carrots, and bay leaf. Cook until nearly tender. Add potatoes and cook until they are well done (about 30 minutes). Remove bay leaf. Short ribs are cooked when bone can be removed easily.

Photo by George Lazarnick
Range: Select-A-Range, Universal

AT HOME WITH A RANGE

At last an electric range that is built to your own measure. No matter if you are tall, short, or medium, it is always the right height

Oven features automatic timer and temperature controls, preheating, and a smokeless broiler.

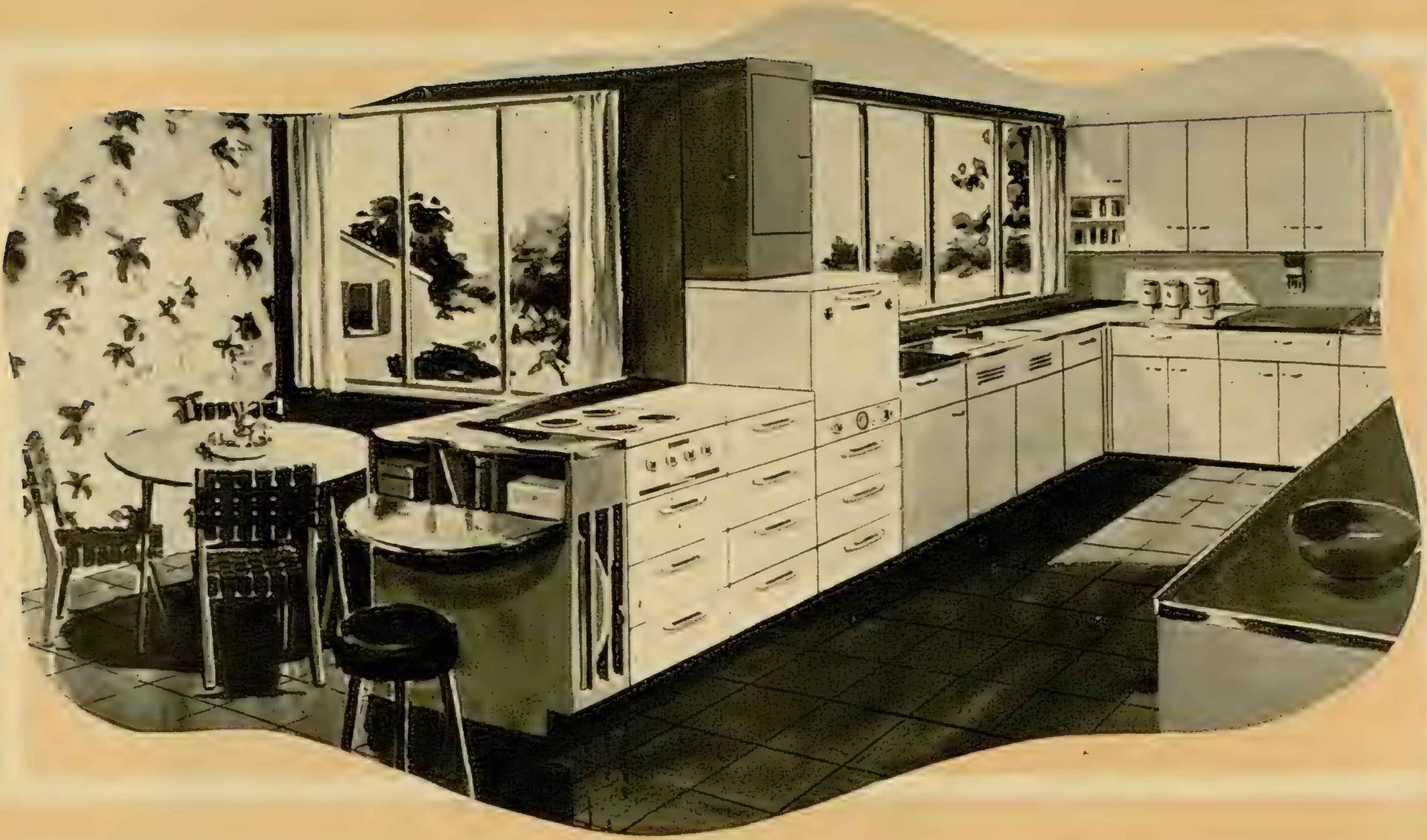
◆ The pick-your-own, buy-what-you-need system has spread to kitchen ranges! That's news. You've encountered the system before, in table silver and china and in matched lines of furniture. Now, for the first time, you're offered an electric range made up of flexible, interchangeable units which may be bought singly. And the highlight of this range is an oven which can be installed at any height, to match the chief cook's stature and inclinations.

There are three basic pieces—oven, four-burner surface unit, and storage drawer. Accessories include a counter top, splash back, light, and toe base. Buy and mix them at will; indulge in your private heaven of two ovens, a surface unit recessed in a two-way access "peninsula" counter, or sufficient storage space right at the range. Take account of the family's eating or your cooking habits. If you're tall, add extra drawers under the range. If you're short, subtract them. Sink the oven into the wall, if that's your wish. A custom-built range at standard-make prices is yours for the asking. And once you've worked with an oven at this new height, you'll wonder why makers ever abandoned it. ◆ ◆

Range: Universal's Select-A-Range

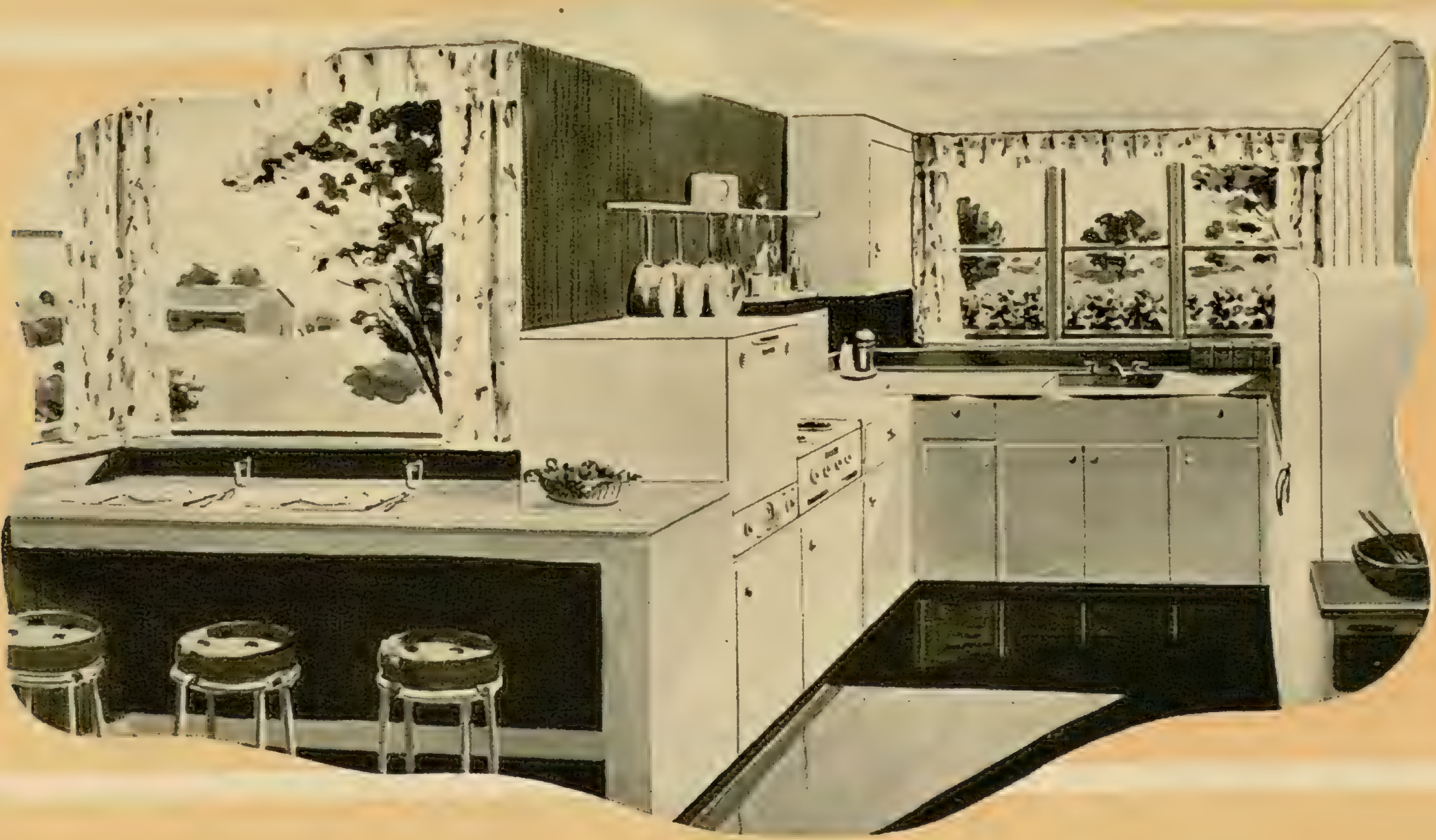
FOR BUDGET-BOUND KITCHENS, buy just the oven and surface unit; mount them on inexpensive wooden cabinets. You have the cooking equipment of a full-size range at minimum expense; and, unlike some budget buys, it will adapt itself to prosperity. Oven is standard size (interior measurements are 16" by 16" by 19") with glass-fiber insulation. Later, add drawers, burners, or another oven. Shift them around the same kitchen, or move them to a new one.

WHEN BUILDING, or remodeling the kitchen, plan to separate oven and surface unit. It's practical with this range, and—depending on your meal-preparation routines and kitchen shape—frequently convenient. Recess the self-contained oven into the wall (vents and controls are lined up along the front), or add a second oven. Or mount one on a stack of drawers, or a cabinet, next to the mixing center, and you can pop cakes straight from mixer to the oven.

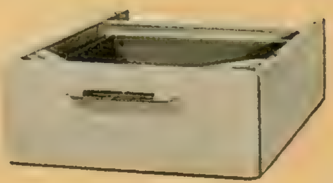


IN THE MARKET for a good range? Perhaps you don't care about flexibility but do seek quality equipment. Here's a straightforward installation, then, with four burners, work surface, storage (the drawers are about 7" deep), and capacious oven. You could dispense with the middle tier of drawers. One oven equals three drawers in height, or two drawers and a surface unit, so figure accordingly. An ingenious device fastens each layer or stack to its neighbor.

The four burners swing up for swift cleaning; have seven-heat control switches



IF YOU'RE WEARY of bending double to look at the Sunday roast, you'll really appreciate an oven at a convenient level. Translated into experience, it means eye-level testing of cakes; removing of heavy turkeys without strain, or perilously full pans without spilling; and efficient cleaning of the interior. Before final installation, experiment by adding or subtracting drawers, to find the least tiring height. Note that southpaws may now have an oven on their left.



Chrome-trimmed drawers are finished in enamel inside and out; slide along smoothly.

Photo by Paul Wing

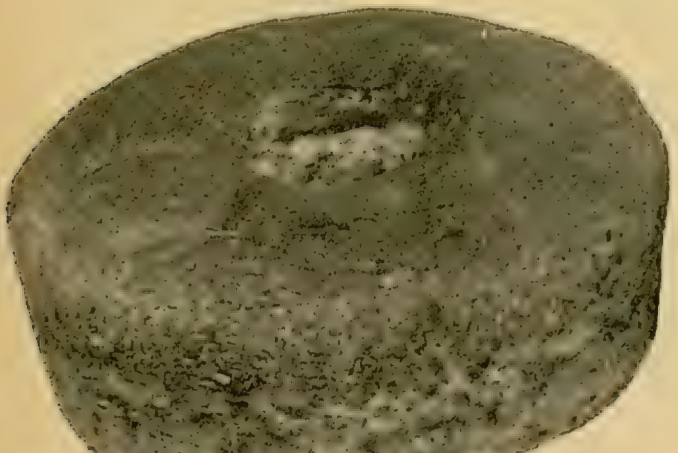
BAKE TEMPTING CAKES

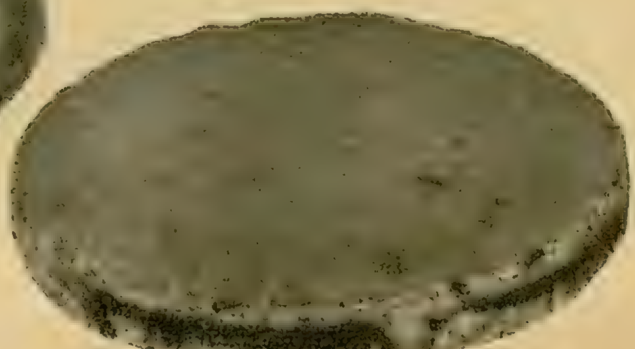
Are you the conservative type—"Take half a cup of butter," etc.? The Ready Mix-

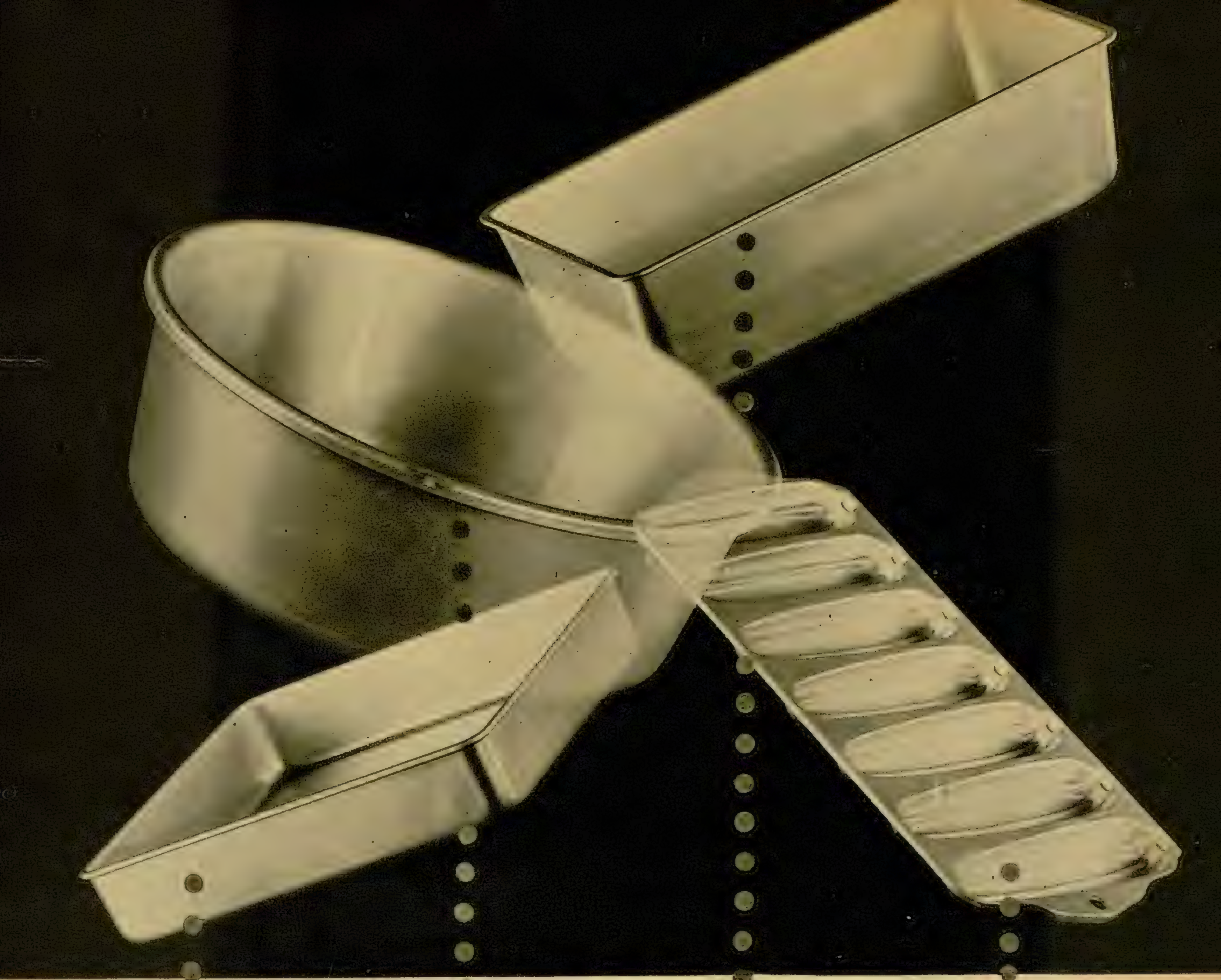
La Vonne Marsh, famous home economist, offers these practical baking hints to LIBERTY readers. Angel-food and sponge cakes are best when baked in a hollow-tubed, high-sided aluminum pan. Invert pan after baking.

A jelly roll is so simple to make. Requisite No. 1 is to bake the sponge sheet in this shallow oblong pan of sturdy aluminum. Note the clever center ridge for half-size cakes; the rounded corners for easy removal.

A layer-cake pan of finely polished aluminum is the foundation of kitchen equipment. There are two types—the solid-bottom pan and loose bottom. Use 8-inch pans for 2-cups-flour recipe; 9-inch pans for 2½ to 3 cups.







Pans, courtesy Wearever Aluminum

IN THE RIGHT PAN

FROM LIBERTY'S
HOME KITCHEN

cake type? No matter which, the right pan gives the best results

A square pan with round corners is a blessing for cake mixes. Use 8- or 9-inch pan for box of prepared cake mix. Cut layers, squares, or oblongs.

The 1-quart size of this pan holds half a box of cake mix, or recipe using 1 cup flour. Two-quart size will bake a sponge cake by placing a glass in center.

This aluminum pan gets better and better as time goes on. Loaf cakes bake at their best in this perfect pan with sloping sides and rounded corners.

Corn-stick pans? What in the world! Yes, they make luscious "fingers." Grease pans, fill ¾ full with batter. Frost sticks separately, or together with cream filling.

Jean Hersey writes from long experience in family gardening, for at this charming Cape Cod cottage she and her husband raise children, flowers, and vegetables in healthy, happy profusion.

GARDENING IS A FAMILY AFFAIR

By JEAN HERSEY

Vegetables have more savor, flowers have more scent, if the whole family sows, hoes, and harvests together

◆ Gardening is a gay pastime, involving not only the head of the house who raises fresh vegetables, but the lady who enjoys fun and flowers, and the children who like *everything* that grows. Even the family dog and cat become part of the gardening scene.

One good principle to follow for best results and minimum upkeep is: more time and money on the preparation of soil; less on plants and seeds! A deeply dug, well-fertilized garden needs less cultivating and watering, attracts fewer insects, and produces triple the yield. Our choice of fertilizer is manure, which not only feeds this year's crop but enriches the soil for the future. The perfect elixir for all that grows is compost—which costs nothing but a little effort and may be made by you at a cost of zero.

◆ To interest a child in gardening is to let him be responsible for some special crop. Radishes are a fine introduction for the very young, because you can't keep a good radish down! Almost three weeks to the day of sowing the family enjoys crisp fresh radishes for dinner—radishes planted, cared for, and harvested by the youngest member! Among the best and easiest vegetables to grow are beets, carrots, string beans, corn, and tomatoes. Lettuce picked with dew on it has an unrivaled crispness.

◆ Our special way to get a large yield from a few tomato plants is to mix a heaping shovel of compost or manure in the earth under each seedling. As the plants grow, prune to one or two main stalks. A few poles with wire run between provide supports. Tie up the branches with strips of cloth lest string injure the stalk.

Home-grown onions are also a joy. Plant tiny thimble-sized "sets." Leave them in the ground until frost, pulling them all summer as you need them. Braided in a string and hung in a cool place, they will keep all winter.

Aside from the regular garden, if you've an area 15 by 15 feet, where the sun shines all day, you can raise asparagus. The roots want plenty of fertilizer in the soil beneath them, but once planted may be forgotten. Year after year in April and May you'll be cutting your own asparagus.

◆ There are so many easy-to-grow flowers, each gardener will want to experiment and try what especially appeals. Begin with marigolds, zinnias, cornflowers, and all season you'll have blooms aplenty.

The lovely starry white blossoms of flowering tobacco fill the garden with fragrance at dusk. Nasturtiums in all the tawny colors spill over a bank or stone wall, or climb the house, if you give them some support.

A kind of white morning glory called Moonflower brings magic to the garden in the evening. Before the children go to bed, stand with them in the gathering twilight and watch these great blossoms unfold. The petals are wrapped so they seem to unspin as they open.

At the edges of the vegetable garden sow a few giant sunflower seeds. By midsummer great heads of bloom on stalks thick as small trees flaunt the giddiest of golds. The seeds when ripe are full of nourishment for friendly chickadees all winter.

A few hours a week will upkeep a small garden, especially when it is a family affair. Keep weeds pulled, the earth scratched loose, and if you cultivate after a rain you can almost see things grow. The principle involved in watering a garden is water more thoroughly and less often.

◆ It is most fun of all to garden-shop in seed catalogues, but in the spring, hardware stores, five-and-tens, and some of the department stores also handle seeds and plants.

Certain vegetables are commonly grown from seed, such as beets, string beans, radishes, peas, and carrots. To raise others such as tomatoes, cabbages and peppers, young plants are set out, kept watered the first week or until they produce new leaves.

Most perennial flowers (those that come up year after year) are most satisfactorily grown from plants which you buy. It is less expensive to raise your own annuals (those which bloom profusely and last but a single season) from seed. The difference is that bought plants flower sooner.

If there is a nursery near by, you can successfully shop there. Plants dug up, driven a few miles, set out, and watered immediately seldom know they have been moved. The large nurseries, however, who make a specialty of shipping plants, are so skilled at packing the material that if something from a catalogue across the country tempts you, by all means yield to its appeal.

Whether you concentrate on vegetables or flowers, whether you have one small plot or an acre, one child or many, let your garden be a family affair, for plants and children grow well together. ◆ ◆

Photos by Jean Hersey

The author, her husband, and sons harvest easy-to-grow marigolds, zinnias, and petunias from an unorthodox window box atop a roof.

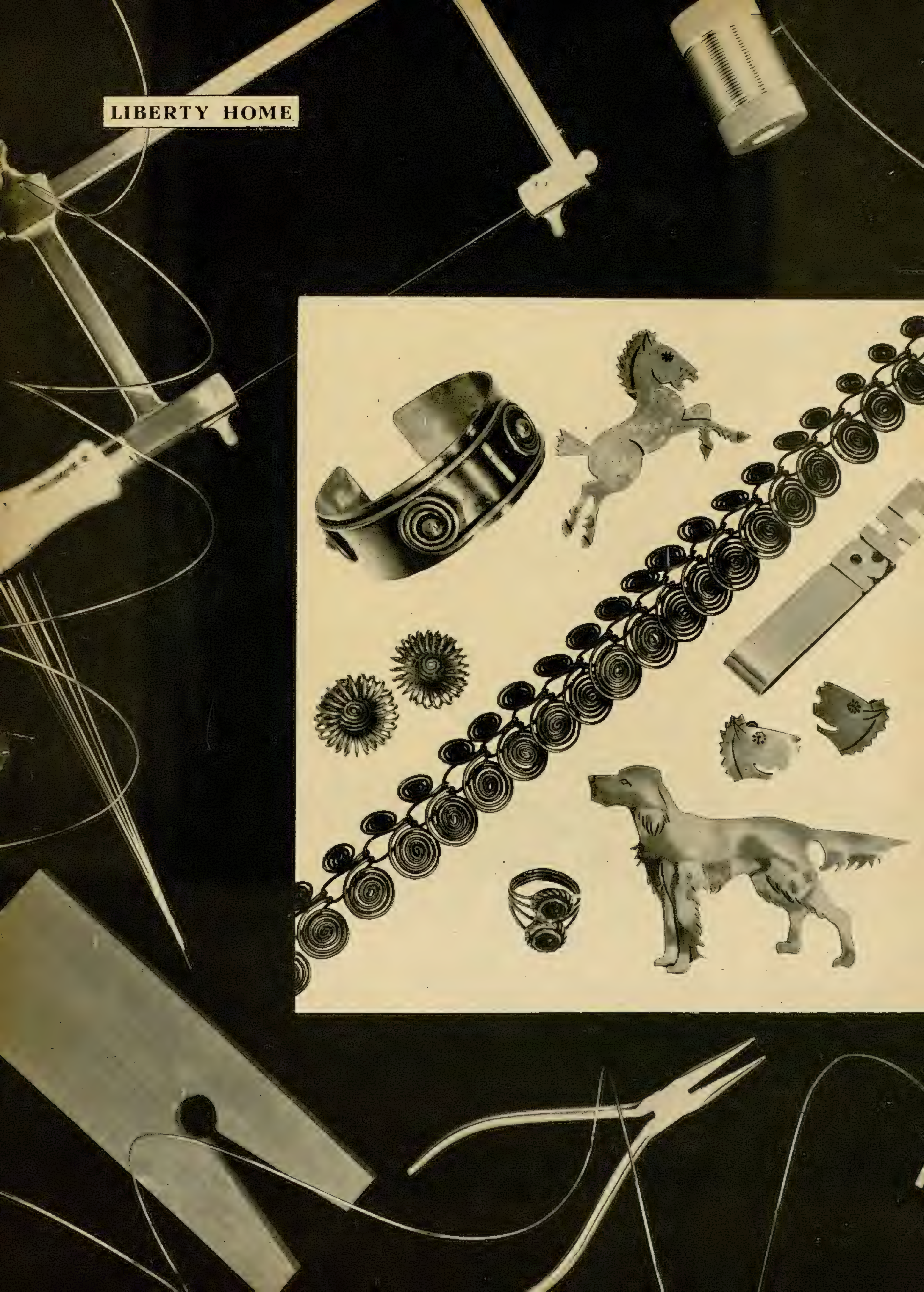
For delicious corn, sow five seeds in a hollow, thin seedlings to three and, as they grow, hill up the earth. Plant beans between rows.

The Herseys make compost by tossing vegetable greens, leaves, weeds into a hole, plus water and worms for decomposition.

Blocks of wood beneath ripening melons keep them from rotting. A little cultivation around the vines encourages growth.

Plant thimble-sized onions and pull them all summer as you need them. Hung up in a cool spot, the onions will keep all winter.

Harvesting potatoes is a treasure hunt for the children. No food compares with boiled spuds dug from the hill just before cooking.



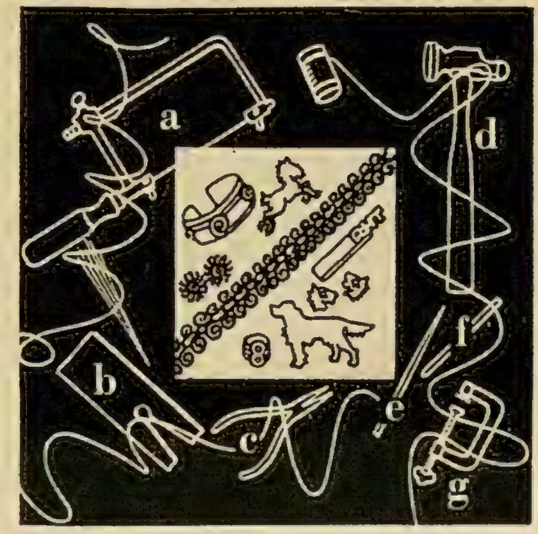
DESIGN YOUR OWN JEWELRY

By **ROBERT SCHARFF**

Here's something Pop will enjoy doing, and it will make Mother and the girls happy, too

◆ Jewelry making will hold many pleasant and profitable hours for anyone who turns his skill loose on this fascinating craft. Starting with the simplest of materials—a spool of copper wire and a piece of sheet copper—you, even without previous metalwork experience, will be able to produce interesting novelty items that adapt themselves to earrings, bracelets, rings, necklaces, pins. Designs that are shown in the photograph and carried out in detail on the following pages serve only as stimulators. Dozens of other designs will suggest themselves as you progress and learn the versatile character of metals. Copper lends itself best to the beginner in jewelry making because it is a soft material, easy to obtain and low in cost to permit liberal experimenting. After you obtain some degree of skill with copper, turn your attention to the finer metals, particularly sterling silver. However, regardless of the metal used, you will be able to fashion items every bit as good as the expensive pieces of jewelry made by professionals. And, best of all, you will find a great demand for the items made.

"LET POP DO IT"



Only a few basic workshop tools are required to make fine jewelry. For instance, the whorl or flat-coil wire jewelry, shown in the photograph, is formed from copper or sterling-silver wire with long-nose pliers.

How to Make Wire Jewelry

Copper or sterling whorls-wire bracelets and necklaces have distinctive charm. The ones shown in the photographs are made from No. 18 gauge wire, but other gauges may be used. To begin, cut approximately 36 strips of wire 9" long, and one strip 10½" long for the catch. The ends of strips should be filed smooth. (All detail letters refer to Figure 1.)

STEP 1: Grasp the very end of one of the 9" wires in the end of the long-nose or chain-nose pliers (*c*). Do not allow the wire to extend beyond the edge of the pliers. Turn the pliers to make a small hook, then squeeze hook snug against the wire to close the center of coil (Detail A).

STEP 2: Lay the loop or coil, just made, flat in the pliers and coil the 9" wire toward the center of the strip of wire (Detail B).

STEP 3: Coil the other end toward the center until both coils are equal and there is a 1¼" space between the coils (Detail C).

STEP 4: Place your finger at the center of the space between the coils and bend the coils down to form a loop (Detail D).

STEP 5: Using the square edge of the pliers, place coils on the flat surface and bend wire loop downward. Then complete bending this loop (Detail E).

STEP 6: To hook loops together, insert from side and turn to make a chain appear-

Tools, courtesy of American Handicrafts Company
Photo by George Lazarnick

DESIGN YOUR OWN JEWELRY

Continued

ance on the back (Detail F). Continue hooking the loops together until the bracelet or necklace is the desired length. Sixteen inches is the average length for a necklace. The length of the bracelet depends upon the individual.

STEP 7: To make the catch, coil the 10½" wire as explained in Steps 1, 2, and 3. However, on the catch, the space between the inside of the loops should be 2½". Bend the loop as explained in Step 5. Attach the catch to the end of the necklace or bracelet as shown in Detail F. After it is hooked, make a second bend back to make a hook. A circular loop is made at the beginning of the necklace through which the catch is hooked to fasten (Detail G).

When the project has been completed, polish by brushing it lightly with very fine steel wool. A thin even coat of clear metal lacquer makes the jewelry ready to wear.

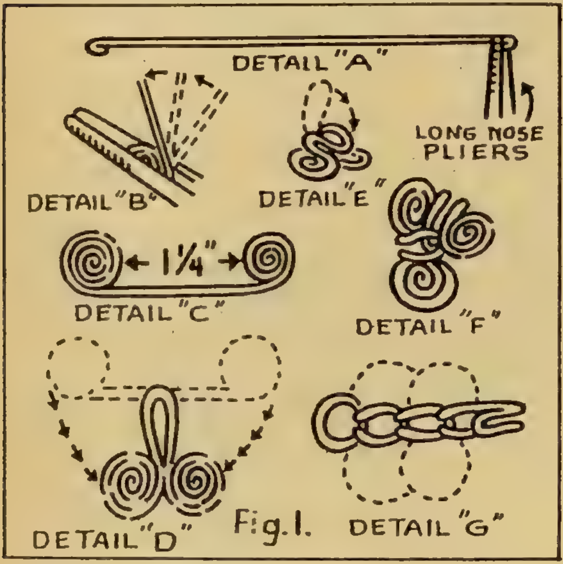


Fig. I.

Shaping Jewelry

Before cutting into any shape, it is necessary to transfer a design to the surface of a piece of metal.

Trace or draw your design on a piece of thin, hard tracing paper with a sharp medium-grade pencil. Then apply a thin coat of good hide or fish glue (never rubber cement) to the under side of the paper drawing or tracing. Place the drawing on the metal and smooth in place. After cutting, the paper may be removed by using hot water.

If you can draw freehand, then the pattern can be drawn directly on the metal with a scriber.

Clamp (*g*) the piece of metal to be cut on the "V" block (*b*) firmly, as shown in Figure 2. Start sawing along the outline of the pattern, being sure to do the cutting on the down stroke. Always keep the saw (*a*) perpendicular to the metal, and saw slowly. In changing the direction of the saw, as when going around a curve, keep the saw in motion as you make the turn, because the saw will break if twisted while motionless. Rub a little beeswax on the blade to keep the saw from sticking. Never force the blade forward, as this will only clog the teeth, making the sawing more difficult and breakage more frequent.

To saw out interior sections, such as the initials in the tie clasp, first punch a small hole through the metal in the corner of each interior cut, using a hammer with a prick punch or small nail. Unfasten the saw blade from the bottom clamp and inset it in one of the punched holes. Compress the saw frame again and fasten the end of the blade back on the bottom clamp. Saw along the line of pattern as described before. Sometimes on sharp corners it is better to punch another hole at that point instead of trying to run the corner in one operation.

A strip of 5" by ½" No. 16 gauge copper or sterling silver is the only material required to make the smart tie clasp shown in the photograph. Trace your initials on one end of the strip, cut out as described, and bend into shape 3" from this end.

To give practice in cutting, trace the pattern of the earrings (Figure 3) on a piece of metal. After cutting, finish by fastening earring clasps with jeweler's cement. Allow 12 hours for the cement to dry before using.

Jewelry with a Three-Dimensional Look

The metal surface must be raised or chased as shown in the photographs. The tools used in chasing metal are a chasing hammer (*d*), a set of chasing punches (*f*), and chaser's pitch pan.

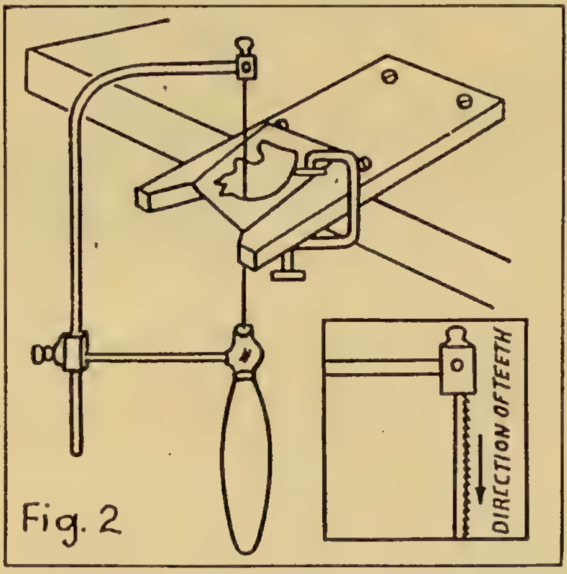


Fig. 2

The pitch pan is a baking-pan-type container large enough in surface area to permit the work to be comfortably anchored in the pitch. The chaser's pitch is an amalgam formulated so that when its surface is heated, it will hold a piece of metal securely and yet allow the metal to be worked into its surface at whatever points desired. The pitch is not expensive and may be purchased at any hobby craft store.

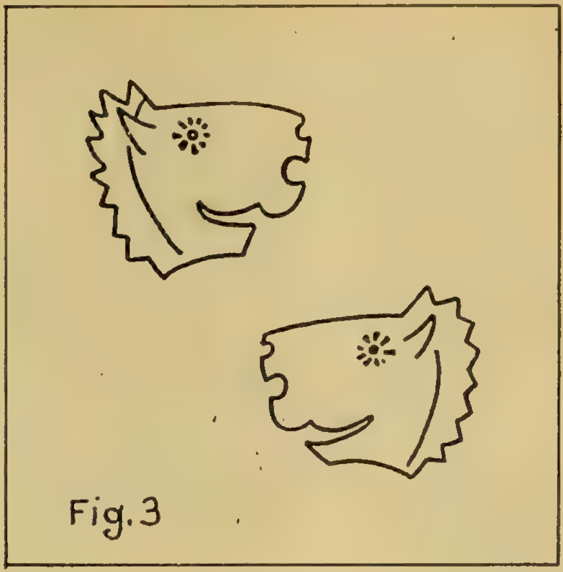


Fig. 3

STEP 1: Place a design upon the metal as previously described. Then embed the metal into the pitch by gently warming top surface of the pitch. The pitch should be soft enough at the time chasing is done for it to take the impression of a finger pushed firmly into its surface.

STEP 2: With a tracer punch (chisel-shaped tool) and hammer, trace the outline of the design. Tilt the punch a few degrees back so that the top of the tool is farther from you than the point. With the hammer, hit the punch with a succession of rapid blows, while moving around the pattern, with just enough force to leace a clean indented line.

STEP 3: When tracing has been completed, remove the piece of metal from the pitch and reverse it in the pitch pan. Be sure to clean this "reverse" side with turpentine and steel wool.

STEP 4: Using a hammer and round-end chasing tool, hammer in the desired portions of the ornament between the raised lines. This chasing tool is held in the same manner as the tracer, except that the tool should be held at right angles to the point on the curve at which it makes contact during raising. Varying the blow of the hammer will produce a gradual curvature or varied depth. The curve section should also be smooth, unmarred by any small protuberances.

STEP 5: Remove the work from the pitch and remove any pitch from the metal with fine steel wool and turpentine.

STEP 6: Cut out the ornament along the outline with a jeweler's saw. Then fasten the pin assembly or earring clasp on the back of the jewelry with jeweler's cement.

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Come spring, the streams in Michigan teem with yellow perch that grab a line the minute the bait hits bottom.

SURE-FIRE FAMILY FISHING

By BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

Load the wife and kids into the car this spring and have a try at spawning-run fishing. No matter where you live, there are fish runs close to home

◆ Today, fishing is the top American participant sport, with 20 million anglers annually spending two billion dollars in search of the healthful enjoyment it offers. Popular as fishing is, there's one thing wrong with it: Usually, we male anglers don't want to be bothered with the wife and kids. Now there's a sure-fire way to settle it to everyone's advantage, a way that requires no special angling skill, knowledge, or tackle. What's more, everybody catches fish. It's a great idea for a short family vacation of a week, or even just a day or two. Here's an idea of what to look forward to: My home was originally in the "thumb" section of Michigan. Every spring, about mid-April, a group of us would drive up to Saginaw Bay, on Lake Huron. And the little streams that run by the dozens into the bay were always teeming with fat yellow perch.

If you couldn't catch your legal limit of 50 perch in two hours, it was because you didn't keep your line in the water!

That may sound like a tall tale, for everyone knows fish are unpredictable. But each spring, when water temperatures reach a certain point, fish begin spawning. And when they get the spawning urge, they swarm by the thousands or millions from lakes into streams, from salt water into fresh water, from open sea to the beaches, to lay their eggs. You just can't miss catching your limit.

Photo by Michigan Dept. of Conservation

SURE-FIRE FAMILY FISHING

Continued

All around the Great Lakes there are hundreds of locations where yellow-perch runs materialize each spring. For that matter, wherever this fish is found—and that is over a very wide area of the United States—similar spawning runs take place.

The perch is by no means the only possibility for your family fishing trip. Have a look at the white bass. He is fabulously prolific, especially in many of the large man-made lakes, such as the TVA lakes.

Kentucky's Herrington Lake, for example, is a large lake formed by a dam. There, in early May, it's a toss-up which are packed tighter—the white bass in the shallows or the anglers on the banks.

You need not miss this fishing just because you're too far from Kentucky. Tremendous white-bass runs occur each spring in such scattered locations as Wolf River, Wisconsin, Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri, all through the central TVA system of Tennessee.

What about expenses? Tackle for all spawning-run fishing in the family category can be simple and inexpensive.

Almost all states have open and closed seasons, and you'll have to be sure the season is open for the time you plan your trip. To do this write to the Fisheries Director of the Conservation Department of the state where you wish to fish. A letter so addressed, sent to the state capital, will reach the proper source. Ask (1) for a free copy of that state's fishing laws; (2) for information about license fees (usually contained in the law pamphlet); (3) information as to what kinds of spawning-run fishing are legal in that state; (4) what weeks are fairly sure to be best; (5) where the best locations for the most fun and best accommodations can be found.

If you happen to live within tripping distance of Weldon, North Carolina, you can't do better than to take your family there in late April or early May for the amazing run of striped bass (rockfish) that occurs each year in the Roanoke River. Anglers gather there from as far as 2,000 miles distance. Families set up tents. Campfire parties featuring steaming kettles of "rockfish muddle," a delightful local dish made from the catch, dot the river bank each evening.

Or perhaps you'd like to try fishing that offers more laughs, more fish, and requires no tackle. For that try Maine, Michigan, or the Pacific Northwest. The fish is the smelt, which comes from the sea into fresh-water streams to spawn. Each April when the smelts are running, people line tiny coastal creek banks, armed with dip nets, buckets, even the shirts off their backs.

In coastal New England the same thing occurs, for this was the smelt's original home. In the Pacific Northwest, at such spots as the Sandy River, a tributary of the Columbia near Portland, Oregon, and in other Columbia tributaries, a similar species of smelt practically makes the stream banks bulge.

How about grunion fishing where you simply carry a bucket and pick up the catch by hand? California's the place for that. The grunion has the curious habit of coming in from the sea on certain specific high tides, at night, wriggling upon the sand to lay its eggs as the wave it rode in recedes. The next wave carries the little grunion back into the water, and covers the eggs with sand. Get local information about tides. It's great sport. ◆ ◆

Photos by Moody Bible Inst.; Missouri Conservation Commission; N. C. State News Bureau; Game & Fish Commission, Frankfort, Ky.; Wisconsin Conservation Dept.

Bernie Stites took these fat perch in Grand Traverse Bay, Michigan. The fun of perch-run fishing is that the whole family can catch fish together with the simplest kind of tackle.

In most of Missouri's man-made lakes where bass has been planted, it has become something of a wonder fish. It's so prolific that in a short time it becomes fabulously abundant.

During unusually high tides the almost legendary grunion come up at night by the thousands to spawn on California beaches. Fish fries and beach fires climax an evening of grunion fishing.

If you live near North Carolina, take the family there in mid-spring for the run of "rockfish" up the Roanoke River. It's a big salt-water bass that runs into streams in spring to spawn.

One hole in Kentucky's shallow Dix River yielded more than 2,000 pounds of white bass during one day in the spring bass run. The limit is 15 fish a person. You can fill it in an hour.

Fishermen and their families pack Wolf River, Wisconsin, during the tremendous spring white bass run. Bass weigh one half to five pounds, fight like demons, and are great eating.

Manhattan is an island—the biggest little island in the world, in spite of its area

Wall Street is the center of America's financial world and one of the city's most fascinating quarter miles. That's Trinity Church at the head, where many noted persons are buried.

NEW YORK-THE

By CAROL PATRICK

No city offers greater vacation variety than New York, and while any time is a good time to visit the big town, there are many special reasons why May is just right

READING TIME 5 MINUTES Many people are now taking their vacations in May. And no place on earth offers greater vacation variety and enjoyable excitement than New York City. Whether it be during May or any of the other eleven months of the year, *you can be sure* that you will find something different to do and see.

Manhattan is an island—the biggest little island in the world because, although it has an area of only 22¼ square miles, it is the one spot in America from which the greatest activity radiates: Wall Street, business, banking, and industry, the garment center of the nation, the night life, the hotels and restaurants, the theater—they are all in Manhattan. So, too, is the Bowery, Harlem, Greenwich

Photos Ewing Galloway, Pix

of only 22¼ square miles. Here is centered America's greatest commercial activity.

WONDER CITY

Village, and the world's largest and best-stocked stores. Brooklyn, the largest borough of the world's largest city, boasts a shopping area of its own on Fulton Street that will impress you; has more churches than Manhattan, and the world-famous Coney Island.

They call New York the greatest city in the world, and it really is. New York is not only the gateway to a continent, or the crossroads of the world where you will probably run across an old friend you haven't seen since your school days; New York can offer you so many things to do that books and catalogues can only list a small number of them.

Millions of Americans have already been to New York, but there are millions more who have yet to experience the thrill that comes with their first sight of the towering buildings, or of Times Square after dark. Because they're such obvious New York entertainment, the theater and big-league baseball are at the top of most people's programs as a "must" of their own choosing even before they reach the city. But more and more visitors in recent years have written for, and obtained, free admission tickets to radio and television broadcasts.

During the last few years the United Nations sessions at Lake Success (easily reached by subway or train from New York's midtown area) have been popular with an increasingly larger number of visitors. Guests are encouraged and the United Nations personnel do everything possible to make the ex-

Times Square marks the crossroads of the world. Here's where you'll find all those famous moving, smoking billboards and an information booth to answer your questions.

The Brooklyn Bridge connects the largest borough to Manhattan. Besides the Dodgers, Brooklyn has its own shopping district and more churches than Manhattan.

Artists from all over the area rent space at the Greenwich Village outdoor art shows every spring and fall. This building will soon be replaced by the New York University Law School.

The Riverside Church (left) and Grant's Tomb both border the Hudson River near Riverside Drive and 122d Street. A double-decker bus is the best bet for a good view.

Central Park boasts a complete zoo, a cafeteria, playgrounds, a bandstand, statues, and rowboats for the energetic. Famous hotels border it on the south.

Coney Island is a beach as well as an amusement park. The parachute jump, the steeplechase, hot dogs, pink lemonade, the boardwalk and the bathers themselves are the attractions.

Sedate and beautiful Park Avenue houses Manhattan's wealthiest. At Christmas, lighted trees fill the center parkway. The famed Waldorf-Astoria is at the right.

NEW YORK-THE WONDER CITY

Continued

cursion worth while. You may even find the General Assembly in session. This year you will be able to see, within five minutes' walking distance from Grand Central Terminal, thousands of men at work as construction moves ahead on the new permanent buildings of the United Nations on Manhattan's East Side.

There are so many claims to "largest" that can be applied to New York City that the word becomes superfluous. For your shopping pleasure—and shopping in New York will be a pleasure—there are more stores than you ever dreamed existed, and they're not limited to Fifth Avenue, either. You'll find them everywhere in the midtown section. Macy's and Gimbels are a block away from Fifth Avenue, just as they are a block away from each other. You'll want to see the Statue of Liberty. Make this a "must" for your trip to New York and you will be richly rewarded by a refreshing boat trip across New York's lower harbor to Bedloe Island on which the statue stands. From the observation platform high up in the head of the statue you will get an impressive view of the city's skyline, Ellis Island, Staten Island, Brooklyn, New Jersey, and every conceivable kind of shipping, from busy little tugs to majestic ocean liners.

There are several other ways to see the tremendous activity of New York's water front and its tall buildings from the water. One is to arrive in New York by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and enjoy the city's skyline as your train connection takes you through the maze of ferryboats and river traffic to your Hudson River pier. The best way, though, is to take one of the Circle Line-Sightseeing Yachts, which leaves from the foot of West Forty-second Street and in a little more than three hours takes you completely *around* the island of Manhattan.

If you want to experience the thrill of "climbing" to the highest platform ever constructed by man, you'll take your climb in a smooth-running luxury elevator to the top of the Empire State Building. Already the tallest structure in the world, they're adding several hundred feet to its height by the erection of television towers. From this observation point you will get a view that will amaze you—the city itself, with its tall buildings spread out below, Central Park, the bridges and rivers. From this point you'll be able to see, on a clear day, giant planes landing and taking off from LaGuardia Airport,

Photos by Ewing Galloway, Pix, Ray Long

The Henry Hudson Parkway is New York's anwer to a big traffic problem. It runs nonstop from the docks past the George Washington Bridge (to New Jersey).

If you come to New York by air, chances are you'll land at LaGuardia Airport—named in honor of New York's late popular mayor. This is a partial view of the control building.

New York's nighttime sparkle keeps landmarks visible 24 hours a day. This was taken from the Empire State Building looking north and across the Hudson to Jersey.

The tall modern buildings in the center make up Rockefeller Center, housing Radio City, numerous business offices, restaurants, shops, and winter ice skating.

On Fifth Avenue at 42d Street you'll find the New York Public Library, and farther down the avenue, at 34th Street, towers the Empire State Building. Famous shops line the street.

For quick and tasty meals and an amusing, unusual experience, don't miss the Automat restaurants. You put money in the slot and out comes the food on plates.

about seven miles away. Only the planes climb higher than where you are standing.

New York City has four commercial airports—Newark and Teterboro in New Jersey, and New York International and LaGuardia within the city itself. International Airport will, when it is completed in another couple of years, be the largest in the world, but LaGuardia still handles most of the city's passenger traffic.

Whether you arrive in New York by plane, train, boat, or bus, or even in your own car, you will want to visit LaGuardia to see what goes on at the world's busiest airport. This can very well be the highlight of your trip to New York, for you will be shown the fascinating behind-the-scenes activities by the specially trained personable girls of the Airport Guided Tour service. They will take you to all points of interest which are not generally open to the public such as the weather station and the skywalk from which you get a thrilling view of planes arriving and departing.

Radio City—the city within a city—is easily accessible to all New York visitors because it lies in Manhattan's midtown section. Beautiful and unusual shops are to be found in these Radio City buildings. The National Broadcasting Company's principal radio and television studios are here, so is the Radio City Music Hall and several other theaters. On the Rockefeller Center Guided Tour you will see all the unusual features of this truly amazing group of buildings.

The best way to see New York is to park your car in a garage—if you arrived that way—and take one of the sight-seeing bus tours. Both the Commodore Travel Service and the Gray Line operate modern glass-roofed buses with a competent lecturer to point out the sights and answer the tourists' questions.

As for entertainment after dark, New York can outshine any place on earth. One of the best known of the moderately priced and popular night spots is Billy Rose's famous Diamond Horseshoe in the Paramount Hotel.

There are many other night spots, just as there are many other things for you to see and do in addition to the few listed here. Your own local Travel Agent will help you in preparing for your trip to New York. In fact, he'll be glad to make all of the arrangements for your hotel accommodations and sight-seeing trips whether you're traveling alone or in a large party. If you'd like to have more information about New York, with descriptive folders, drop a note to LIBERTY's Travel Department and LIBERTY will see that you get it. ◆ ◆

One week before the opening night of NBC's new Believe It or Not television program, the director, cast, and technicians met for the first rehearsal. Into those seven days they had to cram the work a legitimate theater takes four weeks to complete. Each week a new cast and crew repeat the grind.

WNBT
NBC
WNBT
NBC

Dress rehearsal was called an hour before the show began. Rehearsals are as much for the cameras as for the actors, because every move of the cameras is plotted beforehand.

The director sat with TV engineers during rehearsal to select which of the three views would be shown on the air. TV control panels are as complex as those on airliners.

OPENING NIGHT:

ONCE A WEEK

In TV there's only time for a short sigh of relief when one show ends, because it's only seven days until opening night for the next one

◆ The cast had opening-night jitters. The director was a trifle hoarse. The hero couldn't find his bowler hat. The lighting expert rehearsed his cues like an organ composition. No one had time for supper.

But this was no ordinary opening night—for the new Believe It or Not television program (NBC-TV, Wednesday, 8 P.M., EST; sponsor—Ballantine's beer and ale) was presenting its first drama after only one week's rehearsal. In one week the cast had to memorize lines, the cast and cameramen had to learn their complicated interactions, and the director had to guide the dramatic suspense about a murder that was solved 250 years before it was committed.

Rehearsals for a Broadway show take approximately four weeks and often weeks of polishing on the road. Costuming requires five weeks. The costuming for Believe It or Not was finished in one week. Casting a Broadway show is regarded as a major campaign. Believe It or Not gathers a new cast for each week's play. And yet the audience for a Broadway smash hit is pygmy compared to the audience for this television program.

Research, especially for such a TV show, is a gigantic task in itself. The première program, for example, told the story of a murder that was duplicated 250 years later, with the names of the murderer and the victim exactly the same, the same addresses, the same motives, and the same verdict. The second program told the romance of a woman who fell in love with a tall handsome dummy—thinking it was the ventriloquist—while the dwarfed ventriloquist sat on his dummy's knee.

Each of those stories is authenticated from the Robert L. Ripley collection. Experts visited 201 countries, searching for true-life dramas. One good drama can run on Broadway for a year or two. Believe It or Not needs a new plot, a new script, each week.

When Believe It or Not had its première, the audience was full of curious experts—agency executives, stage hands, and electricians—who clustered behind the stage sets to watch the new show. The cast huddled over scripts to memorize the last-minute change when the director had to cut 50 seconds from the show's running time.

"There's only one sort of training for this," said Hazel Vincent Wallace, who played the murderess. "Repertory. There you become accustomed to learning a different play each week."

Final rehearsals began at 11 A.M. on Wednesday. Cameramen, electricians, and cast rehearsed until 3 P.M. Costumes arrived at 4. Make-up began at 4:30. The dress rehearsal began at 5:15, and then was restaged by 6. By 7 P.M. the cast was exhausted.

After the show the writer, director, and assistants sighed with relief. It was not a long sigh, because the next opening night was only a week away. ◆ ◆

It's a murder mystery, and here Naomi Campbell, the victim's wife, and A. J. Herbert, the inspector, find the body in the garden. Dramas are from Ripley's collection.

Offstage the organist and electricians follow the play on a monitor set to be sure of hitting their cues. Believe it or Not is on NBC-TV Wednesday nights at eight o'clock.

WHAT MAKES A

By **ELIZABETH WILSON**

Kindness and carrots, according to Gene Autry, who employs both when training a horse. And Gene should know, because he's been breaking horses since he was knee-high to a spavin

Standing on a piano is colt stuff to Champion now, but it took a lot of patience on Gene Autry's part to teach him the trick.

READING TIME 6 MINUTES Things were pretty tense recently on a Lone Pine, California, location. Movie companies just don't waste money these days. The cameras were ready to roll on Beyond the Purple Hills, and there was no Gene Autry. And no Champion.

"Last night," said the assistant director, always the gloomiest man on a location, "Gene's rodeo was playing Boston. Gene can get here this morning—he pilots his own plane; but what about the horse?"

What about Champion? Why, Champion is the flyingest horse since Pegasus! When Gene got his honorable discharge from the army several years ago, he knew he would be faced with tighter and tighter schedules—a rodeo one day, movie-making the next, and a broadcast every week—so he set about conditioning Champ for the Air Age.

"I had neither the time nor the free cash to give Champ joy rides in a plane," says Gene with a grin, "so I hit upon a simple, inexpensive, and obvious way to keep Champ fit for flying."

At Melody Ranch, the Autry ranch in San Fernando Valley, Gene rigged up a platform on a huge teeter-totter mechanism—an equine version of the Air Force's wartime Link trainer. Champion is gently teetered and tottered every few days, so that now he takes business flights all over the country calmly and without airsickness.

Whether it's at Lone Pine, where Gene makes many of his pictures for Columbia, or New York's big sophisticated Madison Square Garden, Champion is always surrounded by a mob of young admiring Americans who'd give their eyeteeth to be cowboys and own horses. Gene, a kind man, never tires of answering their questions.

Highly trained horses like Champion, he tells them, have as many as 30 "cue spots" on their bodies. Application of hand or spur or whip on almost any inch of hide will set off a carefully practiced chain reaction. (The whip, he hastily adds, is not used to whip the horse, or the spurs to hurt him. Spurs are not necessarily sharp.) Hence Gene's insistence that only he give the commands which make Champion the prized performer he is.

"In training horses," says Gene, "the first thing is to be kind to them. Many people are cruel and careless. If you are friendly to them, they become your devoted friends for life."

A horse loves carrots and sugar. Too much sugar is not good for horses, any more than it is for children and adults. So go light with the sugar. At Melody Ranch, Gene always goes around with his pockets full of carrots. When a horse does a trick, he gets a pat and a carrot. Gene's advice to all youthful horse trainers is, "If a horse works well, reward him."

Horses, according to Gene, easily learn their cues. The easiest trick for a horse to learn is to nod his head for "yes" or "no." One spot on his hide is "yes," and another spot is "no."

Another easy trick is teaching a horse to kneel. Just a matter of touching the cue spots on his legs. But for a horse to learn to jump, march, dance, say prayers, etc., it takes three or four months. And then another six months to get him used to the pressure and to the excitement of having an audience.

Gene doesn't think a horse ever understands words. But he does understand tones. Besides the hand, whip, and spur, he can also take his cues from sound. That's the reason Gene uses the same musical background for all of Champion's tricks. For instance, Champion does the Hesitation waltz to the tune of The Blue Danube. This trick is performed by touching the cue spots on the two front legs, right over left, left over right. The Horse's Prayer he does to the tune of Old Faithful. (For the Horse's Prayer, Gene touches him with the whip on his right leg, and Champion puts the leg under him. Gene touches him on the head with the whip, and Champion bows his head.) This introduces a tableau, such as the Camel Stretch, and ends with the End of the, Trail to the tune of Indian Love Call. (Background music shifts to accompany changing poses.) Gene's entrance on Champion at a rodeo or personal appearance is made to the tune of Back in the Saddle Again. Cham-

CHAMPION

pion doesn't know the name of the song, naturally, but he knows by the sound that he is expected to start his routine.

Most horses, Gene believes, have pretty good memories. Of course he'll give you no argument if you insist that Champion's memory just might be a notch or so higher than that of the average nag. But there was one afternoon that Champ surprised even his greatest admirer, Autry himself. Gene went into the army in July, 1942. In December, 1944, he was asked to have Champion sent to Chicago to appear in a Chicago War Bond drive. Gene hadn't been near the horse for more than two years. Champion had been exercised on Melody Ranch by a professional exerciser, John Agee, who used to work for Tom Mix and the Ringling Circus, but at Gene's orders no one had put him through his tricks. There was a big snowstorm that afternoon, and Gene was delayed getting in to Chicago. The show went on at two thirty. Gene got there at four thirty. With barely a how-do-you-do, he mounted Champion and gave him his cues. Champion went through his tricks without a single hitch.

In breaking a horse, Gene advises his young fans, the first thing is to get the horse's confidence. A horse is like a child—he has to learn gradually. So don't expect him to learn a trick the first day. Some horses get stubborn, like a bad child. Don't beat him. Just be determined and show him who's boss. And never give him his carrot until he has done his trick.

The best age at which to start training a horse is between two and a half and four years old. Until he is four he will still have his colt characteristics.

Recently, after he finished Cowtown, Gene took out a $25,000 retirement policy on himself, with Champion as beneficiary. In the event of Gene's death, Champion will receive $250 a month for life, providing for feed, pasturage, veterinary care, and daily exercise.

The policy, in addition to providing for Champ's material welfare, will stipulate that the horse can't be used in any public appearance, parade, exhibit, or performance unless for a recognized and established charity which has been approved by Mrs. Autry as trustee.

While signing the policy Gene quipped, "I wouldn't want something awful happening to Champ, like pulling a milk wagon, or winding up in a glue factory, or falling into Roy Rogers' hands." ◆ ◆

[*Home Editor's Note:* We are sorry that Beulah Karney's delectable pie recipes were squeezed out of our April Home Section. But here they are, as mouthwatering as ever.]

◆ Nothing recalls tender moments so surely as cherished recipes of favorite pies. I recently went over mine and selected the best ones for LIBERTY's readers.

These are all very special pies and today you don't have to go through the tiresome business of mixing the piecrust. You are free to concentrate on making delicious fillings. A veritable army of food engineers has created packaged piecrust. Accurate measuring and high-quality ingredients make these ready-prepared piecrust mixes a top favorite with modern homemakers to the tune of millions of packages a year.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

Add
3 squares unsweetened chocolate to
2½ cups milk
and heat in double boiler.
When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended.
Combine
1 cup sugar
6 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
and add gradually to chocolate mixture. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Then continue cooking 10 minutes, stirring occasionally.
Add gradually
2 egg yolks slightly beaten
Stir vigorously, then cook 2 minutes longer.
Add
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
Cool. Turn into pie shell. Cover with Perfect Meringue, made as follows:

PERFECT MERINGUE

Beat
2 egg whites with a few grains of salt
When frothy add ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar and beat until stiff.
Gradually beat in
1 tablespoon water—a little at a time. Then beat in 6 tablespoons sugar, a little at a time, beating all the while until the meringue is glossy and holds its shape when the beater is held up. As soon as all the sugar is beaten in, pile it lightly on pie, beginning at the edge of crust so that it seals itself. Bake in 300° F. oven 20 to 25 minutes, or until brown all over. Put it on top of oven to prevent cooling too suddenly. A draft will cause it to fall.

CHERRY PIE

Prepare pastry for two crusts (substituting chilled cream for water if desired. I prefer cream).
2 No. 2 cans unsweetened red cherries
Combine
4 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup cherry juice
and bring to boil. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and clear.
Add
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon red food coloring
Remove from heat and add
Cherries
1 tablespoon margarine
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon almond or wild-cherry flavoring
stirring carefully to prevent crushing cherries. Cool. Fill pie shell. Place top crust over filling. Trim pastry and seal. Brush top crust with cream, using pastry brush. Sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 35 minutes. Makes a 9-inch pie.

STRAWBERRY CREAM PIE

Combine
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
Combine
2 egg yolks, beaten
¼ cup cold water
Add dry ingredients to egg mixture.
Add
2 cups scalded milk
2 tablespoons butter
Cook over direct heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and cool.
Add
1½ teaspoons vanilla
Pour mixture into pastry shell. Top with:

STRAWBERRY GLAZE

Blend
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 tablespoon juice drained from crushed and sweetened strawberries (frozen may be used)
Add
1 cup same juice, less 1 tablespoon
Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat.
Add
1 cup strawberries
Spread over the filling in pastry shell. Top with
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Garnish with berries.
Makes a 9-inch pie.

BUTTERSCOTCH BANANA PIE

Combine
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed in top of double boiler.
Add
2¼ cups milk
Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly.
Beat
2 eggs slightly
Stir small amount of hot milk mixture into eggs. Add to remaining milk mixture. Mix well. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly.
Add
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla
Cool. Slice
3 bananas into shell
Cover with mixture. Top with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Decorate with banana slices. Makes a 9-inch pie.

APPLE HORSERADISH PIE

Remove any particles of core from
2 cups dried apples
Rinse. Cover generously with water and boil 15 minutes in covered dish.
Drain and arrange in pastry-lined 9-inch pie pan.
Sprinkle with
¾ cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
Mix
2 tablespoons prepared horseradish
¼ cup liquid in which apples were cooked
Pour over apples. Dot with
2 tablespoons butter
Cover with a top crust and brush with cream.
Bake 15 minutes in a hot oven (425° to 450° F.). Reduce temperature to 300° F. and continue baking about 25 minutes.
Serves 6.

Liberty's Movie

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN (Twentieth Century-Fox) brings to the screen the side-splitting real adventures of the fabulous Gilbreth family. Crammed with delightful family humor, it is bound to be one of 1950's top comedies. Clifton Webb plays Dad Gilbreth, an industrial engineer, and Myrna Loy is Mother Gilbreth, herself an eminent efficiency expert. They find that twelve children come "cheaper by the dozen." (In the above picture, there are only eleven; one is yet to come.) Jeanne Crain and Barbara Bates portray two of the older daughters.

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is Hollywood's lavish Technicolor picturization of Broadway's famous musical comedy. Dynamic Betty Hutton is tops as Annie Oakley, the backwoods gal whose sure shooting gets her a job with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Howard Keel, handsome young stage actor (Oklahoma!), plays Frank Butler and sings like a million. The already famous Irving Berlin tunes are all show-stoppers. Standouts are Louis Calhern as Buffalo Bill, Edward Arnold as Pawnee Bill, and J. Carrol Naish as Sitting Bull.

CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR (Harry M. Popkin-United Artists) takes a crack at television quiz shows for light, laughing entertainment. Ronald Colman, debonair as always, plays a genius who knows everything but who is unemployed. When he tries to get a job with a fancy-snancy soap company, he is insulted by the soap tycoon (Vincent Price). So, in revenge, he hits upon the idea of going on the company's quiz show, and keeps doubling his loot until it runs up to $20,000,000. The tycoon hires a man-ruining woman (Celeste Holm) to go to work on Colman.

CAPTAIN CAREY, U.S.A. (Paramount) is adventure-packed with bloody brawls, sudden death, mystery, and suspense. Alan Ladd plays an ex-OSS officer who returns to Italy to run down the traitor who betrayed his outfit during the war and caused his girl's death. He finds the girl (Wanda Hendrix) very much alive, married to a stranger (Francis Lederer), and a suspect herself. He also discovers that the villagers think he did the betraying. Before the riddle is solved, Ladd, lusty and two-fisted, has mopped up most of northern Italy along with the traitor.

Reviews

Top film fare: a traditional American story.

Liberty suggests: a film solely for adults.

We recommend you take the children, too.

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

THE DAUGHTER OF ROSIE O'GRADY (Warner Brothers) is a Technicolor musical of old New York in the days of the horsecars. With the historic Tony Pastor Theater as the setting for most of the production, it is only natural that there should be dozens of musical numbers, including some wonderful old-timers. Pretty June Haver and popular Gordon MacRae take good care of the songs and the romance, with dancer Gene Nelson doing some expert footwork. James Barton (Tobacco Road) plays June's father who doesn't want her to be an actress.

NANCY GOES TO RIO (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) repays your price of admission with 90 minutes of colorful, musical fun. Jane Powell portrays Nancy Barklay, the stage-struck daughter of a popular Broadway star (Ann Sothern). Both blondes sing and there's one gay spontaneous dance routine with Louis Calhern, who plays Ann's father and a former hoofer. Nancy gets the lead in a show, not knowing that her mother expects the part and has gone to Rio to study the script. Nancy follows. There's romance, comedy, and, of course, Carmen Miranda!

A WOMAN OF DISTINCTION (Columbia) is a burst of sophisticated slapstick in the usual sarcastic Rosalind Russell manner. As Susan Middlecott, a brilliant college dean, Rosalind has no time for romance—until she falls in love, that is. Ray Milland, a British astronomy professor, creates a general upheaval in her career, with her father (Edmund Gwenn) playing Cupid. A shower of awkward situations predominates the film and brings out the best in saucy Miss Russell—including her legs. You'll find yourself in the aisle most of the time.

THE SKIPPER SURPRISED HIS WIFE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) stars Robert Walker and Joan Leslie in a comedy based on a true experience of a navy commander and his wife. The question posed is: "Is the American housewife inefficient?" When wife Joan breaks her ankle, the commander, home on leave, takes over the housework and children to prove that the way to run a home is the way the navy runs its ships. Edward Arnold, Spring Byington, and Jan Sterling help confuse the issue. The commander chooses the sea; his wife—her kitchen.

Continued from page 22

eyes with an expression of—was it fear? Whatever it was, she must drive that look away, drive away everything but the happiness she wanted to give him.

Downstairs the play grew more boisterous. "I'm Eddie the Arrow Man," he bragged. "I'm bigger than a tiger and I'm gonna shoot you full of holes."

There was a ringing crash, a moment of stunned silence, and Lynn was racing downstairs.

The Bohemian glass bowl lay in four pieces. An arrow tipped with blunt brass rested among the chrysanthemums which stood undisturbed in their leaden holder.

"Oh, damnation!" she said softly. She did not even notice the small boy at her side until his frightened whisper stabbed through her irritation:

"Don't spank me, Mommy. Please don't spank me."

She glanced at him and her lips curled slightly. He had a hangdog look that made him seem for a moment his father's child. Then his wide flecked eyes met hers, and all at once it was unbearable that he should be afraid of her.

Lynn disliked being reminded of the one time she had spanked her child. Ordinarily she didn't believe in spankings, but—well, the music box was a special case. They had bought it in Zurich on their honeymoon, and it played Ich Liebe Dich with a sad tinkle that brought back the dark, unhappy man she had wed and was losing.

"Spank you?" she laughed, crowding him into her arms. "Of course not! It wasn't *my* little boy who broke the glass. It was *another* little boy—another Eddie."

"Yes," he agreed quickly. "Another Eddie broke the glass—on purpose."

Lynn wagged her head. "Wasn't that wicked of him! I think we'll have to give *him* a spanking."

She set her own child down, reached for the imaginary one and thrashed him so convincingly she almost expected to hear his screams. The absolved boy joined in, scolding:

"Bad Eddie, bad Eddie! You broke the glass on purpose."

◆

Bad Eddie made a good anecdote. The guests were amused, and Leonard's pleased smile had said she was making the right impression. That was important, of course, because it might bring in more sore feet.

Leonard was such a hovering host, particularly with doctors. He called them "Doc," and the word had a glossy, toadying sound. "You can forgive a child anything," he announced, "if only it makes good telling. Isn't that so, Doc?"

At that point Lynn excused herself.

It was time for a story, but tonight the request was: "Mommy, tell me about bad Eddie."

Lynn sat on the edge of the bed. "Him? Oh, he's just a disgusting little boy who's always doing hateful things."

"Where does he come from?"

"Why, the jungle, I suppose."

"Like a tiger," the child decided. "But he looks like me," he added.

A face, illuminated from within, took shape in the darkness. First the blurred gold tousle of hair, then one by one the features—the bright flecked eyes, the laughing mouth, the eager uptilted head.

"Very much like you," she mused aloud. "Almost the spittin' image of you." There was a difference, though. The eyes were narrowed and hostile. The mouth, too. There was just the hint of a sneer in its childish laughter.

"Yes," the boy said. "And his name is Eddie Jungle-Spit, 'cause he spits like a tiger."

The face in the dark bared its teeth and spat at her. With a mental push she thrust it back.

"But *my* name is Eddie the Arrow Man," the child rambled on, "'cause I'm good and I'm bigger than a tiger."

"Are you now? Well, in that case you better give Mommy a great big kiss good night."

He hugged her close.

"I love you, Eddie the Arrow Man," she whispered fiercely.

◆

The rain stopped before morning, leaving a limpid fall sky. Lynn was up early, feeling curiously taut and alert. Something was different this morning—teasingly but pleasantly different. As she passed the door of the nursery it became a tingling certainty: Somebody else was in the house.

"His name's Eddie Jungle-Spit," she told Leonard at breakfast, "and he spits like a tiger."

Leonard's narrow flecked eyes quizzed her through tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. He seemed about to say something. Instead, he smiled, folded his napkin, and rose to go. She went with him as far as the front door, but when he stooped to kiss her, she drew back from the eye-level close-up of his nose. It was too heavy for the small, still boyish head.

"Pretty please," she demanded.

"Pretty please," he said docilely, and she offered a cool cheek.

As she mounted the stairs she heard Eddie's voice in the nursery.

"When you wind it here it goes by itself and the bell rings like this." The toy fire engine clanged as it rolled over the linoleum. "No, you can't play with it, 'cause you're bad and you might break it."

Lynn paused at the open door. "Who's your friend?"

"He's not my friend," the child answered promptly. "Mommy, look. He broke my shovel."

Lynn examined the two pieces. The handle had been worked loose and the red metal was doubled up. It was a small enough shovel, but Lynn seriously doubted that Eddie the Arrow Man had the strength to bend it. Not unless he had first wedged it in the closed doorway, which seemed a little beyond his ingenuity. But of course he must have done exactly that. Otherwise—She laughed it off brightly.

"Just for that," she said, "we won't take him out shopping with us, darling."

The boy turned sharply on his invisible playmate. "You can't come along, see? You broke my shovel. You stay right here!"

◆

Eddie Jungle-Spit stayed. And after days and weeks Lynn got used to his being there. She got used to—even enjoyed—the illusion of four feet romping in the nursery, or the sound of two voices (always merging into one as soon as she came close).

Eddie Jungle-Spit broke things and was spanked. He repeated nasty words he heard on the street and went supperless to bed.

It was Eddie Jungle-Spit who found Leonard's office scissors and stripped the piano of nearly a square foot of veneer before Eddie the Arrow Man was caught with the scissors in his hand. But Lynn knew whom to blame, and it was Eddie Jungle-Spit who went to the basement and stood with his face to the wall for three hours.

It was he who knocked Jane Carroll off her tricycle, cutting her eye so severely it required stitches. This time Lynn took a real cane to Eddie Jungle-Spit, beat him violently, and locked him in the basement for a whole day with nothing to eat or drink. She wanted to make sure that Eddie the Arrow Man was impressed.

Later the Gabriels paid an uncomfortable call on the Carrolls, and Leonard, making amends, looked particularly stoop-shouldered.

"Still," she argued when they were home, "the two Eddies put together aren't any worse than one normal child." She hadn't discussed the new Eddie with Leonard lately. It had become a kind of secret between her and Eddie the Arrow Man. But Leonard was attacking, talking of punishment, and Lynn for once found herself on the defensive.

"Aren't you afraid it'll kick back?" he asked. She looked at him in astonishment.

"Kick back?"

"This fairy tale you've rigged up. All this make-believe. Aren't you afraid—"

"Afraid of what, Leonard?"

He shot a quick look at her, but reflected lamplight made his glasses into bright opacities. Her own gaze, calmly demanding, never wavered. As he looked down again he seemed to shrink in his chair.

"Don't you think I'm a fit mother?"

"Of course you are, Lynn." He frowned miserably. "Only—oh well, I guess you know what you're doing."

◆

She moved through those days with a sure step, conscious that imaginary feet rushed through the house at her bidding and a voice from another world spoke at her command. She gave more and more rein to Eddie Jungle-Spit.

It was only when she actually saw him that she felt shaken. But these glimpses were at first so rare, so fleeting that she had only to will the apparition out of existence. As she mastered the trick of it, she began to enjoy this too.

She always knew when she was going to see him. Walking on the driveway from the garage she would have a sudden clutching certainty that he was watching her from the nursery window. Then she would look up to meet for an instant those familiar flecked eyes, bright with hate, set in the beautiful face of her son. But something was happening to that face since the rainy night she had conjured it out of the darkness. The mouth was twisted into a fixed sneer now. The features were somehow malignant beyond their years.

But she never saw it long enough to analyze it. Her will lashed at it and it vanished.

The drawn-taut feeling in her body told her it was there that winter afternoon. The tension had increased by such imperceptible degrees she could not say how long she had known it was behind her. She was reading in Leonard's big chair, stopping now and then to watch the steady snow pile up in the twilight and wondering if he was going to be late.

Each time she herded her thoughts back to the book it cost her a greater effort. It was no use. Her whole body was listening for something in back of her, and a thrill of anger told her what it was. Don't look at him, she warned herself. Don't even give him the satisfaction of turning around.

She read a paragraph again, and then again. The words spun round in a senseless abracadabra.

She had played this game too long. Eddie Jungle-Spit must go. Tonight. Before he became too real. She nailed her attention to the book. To look around, to make any move now, would be a surrender to —yes, madness.

But the muscles at the back of her neck ached with the strain. She could not wait much longer.

It came at last, as she had known it would, in complete silence. It sped past her cheek (if she had turned, it would have struck her), making a slight current of air and jarring the book in her hand. She felt the blood drain from her head, and for a long moment she sat there, white and still, gazing at the arrow that rested on her lap. It was a very real arrow, even if it was a toy, and there could be no doubt what it meant.

The silence was broken by the sound of the bow clattering to the rugless floor of the foyer. She rose from the chair and turned to face him. Eddie the Arrow Man was staring at her from the doorway, his eyes wide with fright.

"I didn't do it, Mommy," he said.

"I know, Eddie, I know." Lynn knelt down and held the boy firmly by both arms. "Now I want you to tell Mommy exactly what happened."

"*He* did it. Bad Eddie did it."

"Don't you know you're not to bring your bow and arrow downstairs any more?"

"I didn't. Eddie Jungle-Spit brought it down. He said you can't spank me, 'cause *he* did it. And he doesn't care if you spank *him*."

"Why did he bring it down?"

"We were playing Indians. He said to come down the stairs on tiptoe, like real Indians."

That, then, was the sound that had alerted her while she was reading—the sound of Eddie the Arrow Man tiptoeing down the stairs while the invisible Eddie led the way, silently and purposefully.

"And then?"

Eddie's troubled eyes were fixed on a point of air behind her. Lynn repeated her question.

"He just shot you," Eddie said without shifting his gaze. "Are you gonna spank him?"

"No, Eddie, I'm not going to spank him. It doesn't do any good. I'm going to send him away." She rose to her feet and called out, "Did you hear that, Eddie Jungle-Spit?"

"He's laughing at you, Mommy, 'cause you're talking to him over here and he's really behind you."

"It doesn't matter," Lynn snapped. "He hears me and he knows what I mean. He'd better not let me catch him in this house again."

"He says he doesn't care." There was a note of defiance in the child's voice as he fell into his habitual role of translator. "He says he can take care of hisself and he hates this house anyway."

Lynn opened the front door. Beyond the porch the white flakes drifted quietly in the gathering darkness. The street lamps were haloed in blue. The icy air swept in, and she drew herself erect.

"Out you go, Eddie Jungle-Spit!" With all her might she willed him away. "And don't you ever come back here as long as you live."

Something did indeed go out of the house. She could almost trace its progress across the trackless snow down the walk to the street.

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"Very cute, but how much allowance do you get a week?"

A car rolled up through the snow, its skid chains clanking softly, and turned into the driveway. Eddie the Arrow Man began to jump up and down. "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!"

◆

It was as if a blight had passed. Lynn saw her child with new eyes—or was it he who was changing? The scared look was gone. He seemed all bounce and sparkle, and the weeks went by without breakage or a naughty word. It was as if she had separated the boy into his good and bad components and then cast out the bad.

The two of them threw themselves joyfully into the pre-Christmas whirl of shopping and planning. Lynn was determined to make the most wonderful Christmas he had ever known. Eddie caught the spirit and dictated four letters to Santa Claus, revising to the last excited hour.

Christmas morning Eddie rushed downstairs to shout at a giant tree that towered gaudily over a pyramid of gifts. Lynn helped him unwrap the packages, drinking up the contagion of his delight. There was everything he had asked for, and a mountain more. For Lynn there was a brooch of gold shaped like a butterfly, its wings and eye sockets set with emeralds.

"Oh!" she gasped (as if it weren't in abominable taste). "Oh, Leonard, you shouldn't have!"

Fortunately a college president broke his toenail, and Leonard was summoned away. Lynn said it was a shame, but reveled in the thought of spending the afternoon alone with Eddie. He was such fun any time that his father wasn't around.

All day the phones were ringing, the old one and the new one. It seemed as if the whole world wanted to wish the Gabriels a Merry Christmas. One of the callers was Eddie Jungle-Spit.

He didn't use the big phone, of course. He called on the new one, which belonged exclusively to Eddie the Arrow Man. It was a copy of the larger one, with a dial and a realistic bell that worked by turning a crank.

The toy phone rang more persistently than the real one, and Lynn saw herself burlesqued in the child.

"Hello? Oh, hello, hello, how are you?" he inquired chattily. "I'm fine. Yes. Merry Christmas. Happy New Year. The same to you. We have a great big Christmas tree. And lots and lots of presents. Yes. No, I can't come Wednesday. I have to go to a wedding announcement. No, you can't come here. Mommy won't let you. Because you're bad and you break things. G'by."

This conversation was different from Eddie's other calls. Mostly he babbled without interruption. But this time his pauses and replies gave an uncanny illusion that someone was actually talking at the other end of the line—which was absurd, of course, because there was no line, just a short piece of colored cord connecting the receiver with the base.

A fragment of memory was teasing her. Something had happened—somewhere, yesterday.

"If that's Eddie Jungle-Spit," she said, "we don't want him to call here any more."

Eddie the Arrow Man looked up at her with clear eyes in which there was a trace of pain. "He wants to see the Christmas tree. I told him he can't come in 'cause he's bad and he has to stay in the tool shed."

Lynn pressed her palms against her eyes. It was piecing itself together now. Yes, it was yesterday afternoon. She had come home in the car, laden with the makings of Christmas dinner and last-minute gifts. As she lifted her bundles from the trunk she was aware of a disagreeable oppression in the air, and her body tensed with a familiar sensation. It seemed to emanate from behind her, in the storage room of the garage which the Gabriels called the tool shed.

She gathered up her packages and hurried into the house, resolutely thrusting the feeling away. What she had willed into being she could will back into oblivion.

Yet here it was.

◆

She tried to sound matter-of-fact. "How long has he been in the tool shed?"

"Oh, he came there yesterday."

"Did you see him there?"

"Yes."

"You talked to him?"

"Yes."

"Who gave him permission to live in the tool shed?"

Eddie the Arrow Man shrugged. "I don't know," he said. And the one admission of ignorance lent a weird veracity to the rest of his story.

She tried to force her thoughts into some kind of order. Her memory was playing tricks on her. That recollection of yesterday was a fraud—it had to be. Very likely the thought of Eddie Jungle-Spit had come into her mind without her realizing it and had subtly depressed her. To believe more was to lean over the edge of reason.

One thing was clear. There must be no Eddie Jungle-Spit. Eddie the Arrow Man must face it.

"Eddie, I want to tell you something."

The boy put down his telephone, came to her and leaned against her knees while his hands examined the butterfly brooch she was wearing. She drew him closer, smiled into his eyes for a long moment.

"There isn't any Eddie Jungle-Spit," she said slowly, and caressed his beautiful perplexed face. "It was all make-believe, you see. Just a little game we were playing."

The wide flecked eyes stared at her with earnest disbelief. "But, Mommy, I *saw* him."

Lynn groped for words. "Do you know what imagination is?"

He shook his head vaguely.

"Imagination makes us think things which aren't real. Imagination made you think you saw Eddie Jungle-Spit in the tool shed. But he wasn't really there. Because there really isn't any Eddie Jungle-Spit. Now do you see?"

Eddie the Arrow Man did not see. He looked distressed, angry. "There is, too!" he blurted. "I don't want you to talk to me like that."

"You only *think* there is," Lynn fought on, almost pleadingly. "If he were real, you could touch him and he could touch you and pick up things and do things, just like you and me."

"But he *does!* I did touch him. And he did pick up things. And he broke things too. And he tried to shoot you with my bow and arrow."

"He didn't, he didn't!" Lynn cried. "We only made believe he did. It was really just you all the time. There is no other Eddie."

She knew that a note of hysteria was creeping into her voice. Her hands gripped his fragile shoulders as if her strength would force him to believe. He burst into tears.

"Mommy, don't talk to me like that! I don't like you when you t-talk like that!" He tried to wrench himself free, but she held on to him.

"Don't cry, Eddie darling! Mommy's only telling you this because she loves you."

"No, you don't!" he shouted. "You hate me. You said I t-tried to shoot you!"

A great white light snapped on inside her, and suddenly she saw what she was saying to the child. She was telling him that he, Eddie the Arrow Man, had done all the terrible things they had blamed on Eddie Jungle-Spit, that this monstrous creature was none other than himself.

The white light snapped off, leaving only darkness and failure. She let go of the child and sank back in the chair. Daylight ebbed from the windows too, but she did not get up to switch on the lamps, or even the tree lights. Eddie the Arrow Man stood by the tree among his toys, quiet as on the day she had spanked him.

She heard his phone ring, but the sound came to her from worlds away. She was only dimly aware of the muffled conversation that went on in the dark. But presently he slammed the receiver back into its cradle and spoke to her:

"He says he hates you and he's gonna come over and kill you."

Lynn started. Was this her son's voice? He spoke not as if he were translating for the other one, but as if the fury were his own. For a frozen moment the words hung in the air, a menace without sense.

Then, slowly, their meaning unfolded. It stretched its poisoned tentacles through her until every part of her was trembling with a strange new emotion.

It was mortal fear.

◆

So Eddie Jungle-Spit was going to kill her. She knew it was no childish threat. This monster, whose presence was so evil that it gripped you with revulsion before your eyes told you it was there—this obscene caricature of the child she loved—was quite capable of making good his word. That is, if she let him.

He must die. It was that simple. And Eddie the Arrow Man must know, once and for all, that this nightmare was dead. He must see it with his own eyes. It must be real—real.

She knew what she had to do now. The sound of Leonard's car on the driveway was a signal. She sprang from the chair, grasped her son by the wrist and half dragged him to the front door, flicking on lights as she went.

"What are you doing, Mommy?" he asked in a terrified whisper.

"You'll see." She threw the door open for her husband and spoke rapidly, before he set foot in the house. "Leonard, you've got to help me."

"What goes on here? Trying to catch a cold, you two?"

"Listen, will you?" Lynn said. "Eddie Jungle-Spit's out in the tool shed."

She could have struck him for the way he laughed. "Well, well! That's fine on Christmas Day. I didn't know he was still—"

"Don't be a fool!" she interrupted. "Do as I tell you. I'll explain later."

Leonard searched her face, and what he saw there sobered him a little. "What are we going to do?"

"Drown him," Lynn said. "Drown him in the bathtub."

Eddie the Arrow Man started to cry. "Don't drown me in the bathtub, Mommy. Please don't drown me in the bathtub."

She turned on him in exasperation. "Don't be stupid! You're a good boy and we love you. But we hate Eddie Jungle-Spit. And we're going to drown him. You can watch him die."

"Lynn," Leonard laid a cold hand on her arm. "Hadn't we better talk this over?"

"Oh, shut up, you imbecile!" She flung his hand down. "Can't you see this is a matter of life and death?"

He seemed to shrink before her eyes.

Without pausing for coats or boots, she led the way across the snow to the garage. Eddie Jungle-Spit was there all right. Lynn could feel the evilness of him seeping through the door of the tool shed. She braced herself as Leonard opened the padlock.

The door had hardly creaked on its hinges when the invisible thing inside tried to rush past her, but she blocked its way and held it firmly. She knew, exultantly, that she was still the stronger one, that the force of her will would finally crush this monstrosity whose further existence could only mean her own destruction.

They marched it back to the house and upstairs to the bathroom. Lynn locked the door from the inside and gave the key to Leonard. Eddie the Arrow Man watched in frightened fascination while the tub filled from an angry spout of water. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes wild.

"Will it hurt?" he asked softly.

"Yes," Lynn said; "but only until he's dead." She turned to the invisible Eddie and addressed him solemnly:

"Eddie Jungle-Spit, you have been a bad, hateful boy ever since you first came into this house. You broke things. You harmed people. You had a wicked tongue. You even threatened to kill me. So now we're going to drown you. Then you'll be dead and nobody will ever see you again."

That, she felt, was clear enough for even a four-year-old to understand. She reached for her prey with both hands and lifted him off the floor. She could feel the weight of him and the hot struggle in her arms. But she was strong now.

"Mommy," her own child whimpered, "I'm afraid."

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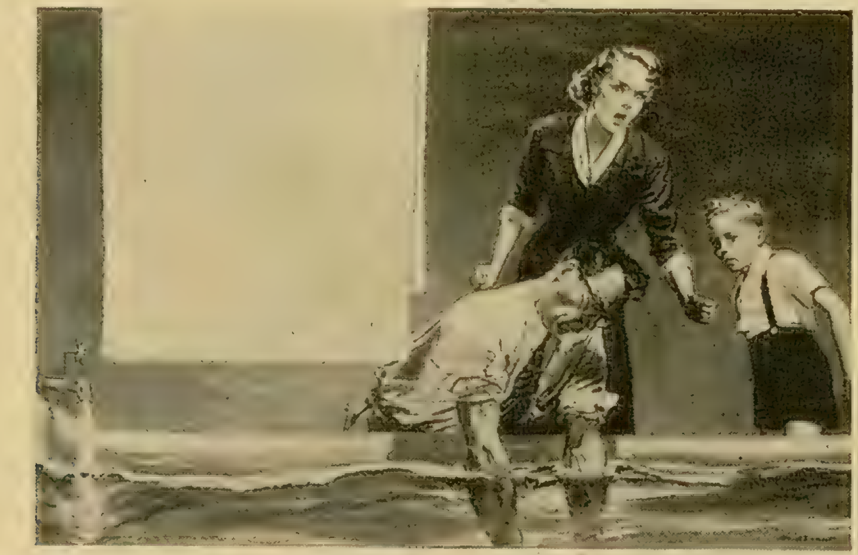
"You'll never be afraid any more," Lynn said. She hoisted the thing over the tub, plunged it under.

"Don't stand there, Leonard. We'll hold him down and count to a hundred. And that'll be the last of Eddie Jungle-Spit."

Leonard leaned over the tub, acting out the execution with an odd realism, the way Lynn wanted it. She counted steadily, deliberately, slowing down for effect as she neared the end.

"Ninety-eight — ninety-nine — one hundred!"



There was a sharp outcry behind her and Eddie was pounding on the locked door with his fists. Leonard opened it, and the boy raced for the stairs.

"Get him back," Lynn ordered. "Don't let him get out."

Leonard bounded down the steps and caught hold of the child at the front door. Eddie squirmed loose and darted back up. He ducked past his mother, dashed into the nursery, and slammed the door. Next instant Leonard and Lynn were in after him.

In the dim light from the hall they could make out the huddled shape on the bed. Leonard went to it. "There," he said gently. He laid a hand on the small heaving shoulder and turned the boy around. There was a sharp hiss. The man took a quick step backward.

"He spat at me," Leonard said.

Lynn reached for the toggle switch. The room leaped into being under the naked white light. In that light she saw what was on the bed. Every nerve of her body shrieked out for help, but not a sound came from her throat. She clutched blindly at her husband.

The face was not a human one. In the bright deadly eyes, in the twisted mouth and contorted features she could read every beating, every starving, every brutally thought-out punishment and death sentence she had inflicted on it. Yet somehow, somewhere in that criminal malformity she could still recognize the face of her son. It glared at her from under a gold tousle of hair with a malignance in which she could fathom only one sure, clear meaning.

"What is it, Lynn? What's the matter?" The alarmed eyes of her husband were peering at her. "For pity's sake, what's happened?"

"Happened!" she breathed. "Can't you see it?" Her voice broke. "It's *him*—the *other* one. It was the wrong one we drowned!" ◆ ◆

ARE STUDENTS LIFTING THE ELBOW?—PRO

Continued from page 26

majority of college presidents see drinking as a problem in *other* institutions, but not their own."

Two recent self-samplings by top universities support the conclusion arrived at in 1937 of a "boom" in student consumption of alcoholic beverages, which gives no sign of let-up. The first was of a group of 116 students (57 males, 59 females) of New York University, asked to fill in a questionnaire on their drinking habits. Tabulation showed 82 per cent of them took about 12 drinks each a month, which quotient made them "regulars," while 18 per cent indulged only rarely. That all 116 knew intoxicants from personal use might seem a freak circumstance in such a miscellaneous assortment of persons. But Dr. Daniel Brower of the Department of Psychology, responsible for the inquiry, said that "The sample population studied in this report is 'typical' in its drinking habits of the general university population."

If true, that meant that upward of 50,000 N.Y.U. students, male and female, from all parts of the United States, with presumably the widest variety of background and training, had a common interest in what alcohol was like, what it would do to them, and were willing to put to the test their ability to handle it.

The second self-sampling took place last year at Yale University, famous for its School of Alcohol Studies. Four hundred students of all classes were chosen for the questionnaire.

It was discovered that on their arrival at Yale, more than half of them—53 per cent—did not drink more than an occasional beer or cocktail; but at the time of the quiz only 13 per cent of the boys professed any sort of abstinence. Further, it was revealed that of the confessed young drinkers become "regulars," 76 per cent were satisfied with five or less drinks a week, while 10 per cent admitted to taking ten or more.

What put so many of the 400—*i.e.*, 86 per cent—in the wet column? Official explanation was that "the effect of war and the military life on at least the veteran student element probably accounted for a larger proportion of this increase in the use of alcohol than the toils of sin involved in abandoned college life."

Probably. However, to get another spot-check on what is a countrywide phenomenon, we had a questionnaire sent to representative colleges in New York State with over 300,000 enrollment. Replies were scant (again this sensitive nerve was touched by an outside inquisitor), but those returned under promise of anonymity added up to—

"More drinking than ten years ago." "At least 70 per cent of our students drink occasionally; 30 per cent frequently." "Most of our students come from a drinking environment, and bring the taste with them." "To drink is 'smart' and the 'thing to do,' and especially prevalent in frats and sororities." "Drinking seems to increase with the time spent in college; while the ordinary freshman may take three drinks of hard liquor a week, a senior may absorb twelve, or more." "The pocket flask has gone, but the weekend quart has taken its place, usually off campus."

Pertinent to the university level of life and habit, and whatever lies behind the compulsion—prosperity, hedonism, or strains—the drinking now going on in the United States shows a decided rise in the better educated groups of the people. This new tide of toxic pleasure has currents of anxiety.

"There's reason for serious thinking," said a popular student counselor of a Midwest university. "From where I sit, it's a tough job for the kids to keep dry, with all the pressure to drink surrounding them. Friends, ads, movies, radio, all plug booze, and none of the real boys want to be prudes.

"Campus drinking rules, often formed by the undergraduates themselves, are the best check on excess, I think. But of course on certain occasions like an initiation, an athletic banquet, or a dance, restraints are off.

"Too bad, but these bacchanalian moments must be weighed against the kids' more normal attitude toward hooch. In the past, students headed opposition to any form of alcohol in college life, and history can repeat itself.

"Here's a straw in the wind. Not long ago, here in Ohio, a forum-conference on the threat of alcohol in their bailiwicks was held by five universities and colleges, in which the students took part. Habitual drinking in homes was voted the chief cause. Beer in high school came next. Fraternities and sororities expecting their members to drink were considered the third potent wet influence.

"The Ohio kids didn't stop there. They recommended a vigorous, over-all prosecution of the educational campaign on alcohol which had begun in some of the smaller colleges in the late '30s and was given a tremendous boost by the Yale scientific courses in the subject in the early '40s, but was slow catching on."

Up to recent years such an answer of enlightenment and truth via college education was neglected or rejected by most of our finest educators, and at best was relegated to a wait-and-see file. But a gradual change is coming over this academic attitude. Following the lead of the smaller colleges, the universities and larger colleges are beginning to include in their curricula special classes in alcohol study at graduate and undergraduate levels.

Given time for the work involved in reorientation, it is hoped that every college student may be reached in one way or another to combat the entrenched and vital ignorance of ethyl alcohol as it affects the human body and human society. But without the "dry" cooperation of their loved and imitated elders—fathers, mothers, and relatives, as well as sweethearts and worshiped "heroes"—the movement may prove just another "noble experiment."

Will science and education achieve the desired end? How long will it be before John Barleycorn sees more thumbs down than elbows lifted in the college population? Obviously, it is of first importance to the future of America, for from these bright ranks come the leaders of tomorrow, and they are too priceless to sacrifice to the fetish of alcohol. ◆ ◆

. . . LIFTING THE ELBOW — CON *Continued from page 27* . . . .

beer in moderate quantities or leave it alone entirely, with the roisterous events of the old days practically unheard of in the Union.

In the last few years especially, drinking has been far less of a problem to educators at Wisconsin (whose 20,000 students represent a good cross section of collegians throughout the country). Dean Paul Trump reported: "Students are drinking with more responsibility today, as judged from arrests. Also, in getting adjusted to college life, the returned veteran let himself be involved with the law more frequently immediately after the war than subsequently."

Dean Trump pointed out that in a 16-month period ending May, 1948—for which all records from city police were turned over to his office—there were only 13 cases of drunken and disorderly conduct, 12 cases of operating a motor vehicle while intoxicated, and 16 cases of drunkenness—all from a student body of nearly 20,000.

Student leaders who have been on the campus for the last four years are noticing the trend toward moderation in drinking as the student body is becoming younger. A fraternity president and former head of the student body at Wisconsin said, "Where we used to have nine barrels of beer at a weekend party, we now have trouble getting rid of two."

The student, an ex-sergeant, says drinking habits are considerably tamed. "Right after the war," he reminisces, "veterans at a university housing project were drinking ethyl alcohol and orange juice. That sort of lethal drinking is incidental now."

Liquor dispensers at the campus hangouts will tell you that student drinking is "directly proportional to the student pocketbook." There is less drinking now, they emphasize, than right after the war, when students had more money.

Students are frequenting ice-cream parlors and nonalcoholic eateries more and more. At Wisconsin at least half the well-known spots serve no hard drinks. Practically all those that serve hard drinks also serve soft drinks and food. Before prohibition, the best-known student hangout on the Wisconsin campus was "Dad" Morgan's pool parlor, which specialized in giant malted milks. Came the Volstead Act, his patronage dwindled, and finally he went out of business. He couldn't buck the speakeasy competition.

One member of the student personnel office at Wisconsin points out that there is less drinking today because the campus on the whole is more socially concerned. He cites the formation of organizations like the National Student Association, dealing with student problems of academic freedom, religious and racial discrimination, and the planning of summer study tours in Europe.

And he adds, "University students spend more time participating in student religious activities and programs than any other single extracurricular activity."

Alcoholism, in fact, is a much greater problem off the campuses than on. Rising alcoholism in Wisconsin has resulted in the nation's first state-wide program to combat alcoholism as a sickness.

Here's what's being caused by too much drinking by the elder generation off the campuses:

1. Excessive drinking is costing an estimated $12,000,000 a year in Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, alone—$7,500,000 in lost wages, $4,500,000 for treatment and care of victims and support of their families.

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2. There are 84,000 alcoholics in Wisconsin, 16,000 classed as chronic.

3. Arrests for drunkenness are on the increase, jumping 140 per cent in Milwaukee in nine years.

4. There are now 2,060,000 employed alcoholics in the nation, 1,370,000 of them in industry, losing 29,700,000 days from work each year.

But at the University of Wisconsin there is only one student member in the city's three Alcoholics Anonymous groups. The state and city alcoholic treatment center reported that no students had been treated since it began operation over six months ago.

Rarely must alcoholism be considered a serious health problem in colleges, according to Dr. Brown, director of the student clinic.

Most of the attacks on campus drinking, however, are leveled from a moral point of view. As far back as the eighteenth century, students at Harvard College—the nation's oldest—were being reprimanded for excessive drinking at ale parties in their roominghouses. At Wisconsin, around the turn of the century, 50 students were arrested after a beer party that turned into a riot.

The pattern always seems to be the same: Each era feels the current younger generation is going to the dogs. As one adult wrote in a letter in 1890:

"I'm deeply concerned about the young people of today. More and more of them are drinking. Smoking is on the increase. Standards of courtship are on the decline. Chivalry on the part of young men is missing, and young ladies are lacking in reserve."

Despite Grampa's concern, the younger generation of that era made it. They're today's older generation. And the present college students will make it, too. They'll be tomorrow's leaders. ◆ ◆

WE ARE STARVING OUR TEACHERS

Continued from page 17

a barber from six to twelve, as one teacher did, if you're in the classroom from nine to three, and expect to keep up with modern teaching methods.

If your salary for teaching is $60 a month, and school is open only six months of the year, you may find it tough living on $360 for 12 months. Maybe you, too, would feel puzzled, as did the country schoolteacher in Copiah County, Mississippi.

"What do you do the rest of the time when you are not teaching?" the Mississippi miss was asked.

"The last four summers I worked, beginning the last of March until June, at a factory," she replied. "We made containers for vegetables."

After a moment's pause she said wryly, "I make more in one week in the factory than I make in a month teaching."

The obvious question comes to mind: Why does she continue to teach?

"Teaching is my profession," she replied with dignity. "I would rather teach than do anything else."

When a teacher earns more making vegetable containers than she does teaching children, just what is her profession anyway? Is she a teacher or a vegetable-container maker? Not long ago a teacher in West Virginia, earning $178 a month —not enough to keep himself and family in food and clothes—was suspended for digging coal on the side. He made $320 a month for his part-time job. And when a Brooklyn war veteran, getting $50 a week for teaching, found that he needed the $60 a week he made as a bartender in the evening hours, his social status, and even his job, was endangered. But what about the Tennessee school principal who worked Saturdays as a grocery clerk, or the teacher who hired himself out as a cotton picker? Can they carry full-time jobs on the side and still expect to be good teachers?

A Buffalo teacher gave a frank answer. After 30 years in the profession, he can't support his wife and two children on the $50 he takes home weekly.

"I make more selling vacuum cleaners than I do teaching," he confessed, "but my teaching suffers."

When we pay shoe salesmen and charwomen more than we do our teachers, we are not getting the best brains for our children. Our schools are the very cornerstone of our democracy. Let's not chip away at the corners.

A nation-wide survey conducted by LIBERTY shows the vast gap that exists between salaries paid to teachers and those paid to other city employees. In virtually every one of the nation's largest cities, rookie policemen, firemen, as well as transit workers and garbage collectors, get a higher beginning salary than do teachers.

Now, it may well be that our large cities couldn't get along without policemen, firemen, transit workers, and garbage collectors. But can we get along without adequately trained teachers? Unless we are willing to pay teachers at least as much as we do garbage collectors, we can't expect to get our best youth to enter the teaching profession.

Here are beginning salaries for policemen, firemen, transit workers, garbage collectors, and teachers in 15 of our largest cities—a shameful eye-opener for all of us:

City	*Policemen*	*Firemen*	*Transit Workers*	*Garbage Collectors*	*Teachers*
New York	$3,150	$3,150	$2,979	$3,250	$2,500
Chicago	3,012	3,012	3,224	2,756	2,500
Philadelphia	4,024	2,944	3,692	2,643	2,400
Detroit	3,257	3,257	4,400	3,037	3,046
Cleveland	2,748	2,640	3,600	3,070	2,700
Baltimore	2,600	2,700	3,619	2,845	2,600
St. Louis	3,144	3,144	2,240	2,580	2,400
Boston	2,800	2,800	3,120	2,613	2,484
Pittsburgh	2,979	2,979	3,224	2,912	2,200
San Francisco	3,420	3,420	3,759	4,368	2,700
Minneapolis	3,036	3,036	3,162	3,016	2,400
Houston, Texas	2,700	2,700	3,772	2,496	2,403
Seattle	3,120	3,120	3,360	3,575	2,600
Louisville, Ky.	2,400	2,400	3,350	2,600	2,400
Milwaukee	3,360	3,360	3,500	3,096	2,807
AVERAGE:	$2,983	$2,977	$3,400	$2,990	$2,609

What a grave indictment! Virtually every one of our largest cities pay policemen, firemen, transit workers, and garbage collectors more than teachers. The entering teacher gets, in our largest cities, an average salary of $2,609. But the garbage collector can count on $2,990.

Of course, through annual increments of $100 to $150 a year, the teachers' salaries frequently pull away from the collectors of garbage. But it takes long years of preparation to be a teacher. In each of the cities reached by LIBERTY, the teacher is required to have at least a four-year college education before she gets her certificate. It is doubtful whether that is expected of garbage collectors or even the higher-paid bus or subway drivers.

If teachers' salaries are so out of line in the large cities, what about the small rural communities, or the cities and towns below 25,000 population? Here we find the salaries even more pitifully inadequate. To quote but a few instances: Teachers in Stuttgart, Arkansas, get $1,230 a year; in Madisonville, Kentucky, $1,329; Van Buren, Maine, $1,631; Aberdeen, Mississippi, $1,080; and Ripley, Tennessee, $1,427.

How can a teacher live on $20 or $25 a week and expect to keep up with modern educational practices, dress well, and serve as a model to the youth of the community? Does it make sense that tens of thousands of teachers get paid less than garbage collectors and rat exterminators?

Maybe that is why the superintendent in a Georgia rural school system got this puzzling letter of complaint from one of his teachers:

"Dear Sir: When I since [signed?] up Wednesday I was to since up for four check and I just since up for two check and that made four time for me too. If this don't go to the write place send it on to the one to —and since you up. Ever two week. I don't you to since me my other checks to me because the money is hard to made for me not to get them so sense them out to me at once.

"P.S. Answer real soon."

The disturbed board officials finally puzzled out what the teacher meant: She had received only two checks in four months! Dr. John I. Allman, Georgia's deputy state superintendent of schools, pronto sent her the missing two checks. Perhaps she could continue to teach reading and 'rithmetic, but could she be entrusted to teach 'riting to the young trustful souls under her care?

"We have no control over her," explained Dr. Allman. Then he added wistfully, "Perhaps she is the best they can get—for $67.50 a month."

If we pay a teacher $15 or $16 a week, we'll get our money's worth all right. It's a wonder the Georgia teacher could write at all!

I have seen teachers who couldn't. Not far from Detroit I met a $35-a-week teacher who boasted of the lacing he gave one of his students: "He won't get out of bed for a week!" And then he added, "If I can't l'arn 'em, I wham 'em." Or how would you like your child to be taught by the female Ancient Mariner come to life who told her pupils in a Rocky Mountain state, "Wait till the women get the right to vote in this country. We'll show the men how to run it!"

The present salaries cannot possibly bring the best minds into the teaching profession. When a college graduate can enter business, industry, or the government at a higher salary than he can the teaching profession, why shouldn't he take the better-paying job? A recent study shows that teachers are the lowest paid among the Colgate graduates, while those in industry are the highest. Teachers in the class of 1928 averaged $4,105, while men in industry made $12,510 annually. Graduates of the class of 1938 showed a similar disparity: Those who graduated 12 years ago and went into industry are now making $6,144 each; those who went into teaching are making $3,513. It has been estimated that a teacher has one chance in 2,500 to earn $10,000 or more a year, and one chance in 400 to earn $7,500 or more.

Indeed, New York, the richest state in the Union, illustrates the disparity that exists between salaries paid to teachers and those received by other professions. This table shows the entering annual salaries of several groups:

Engineer, $2,898
Economist, $2,898
Statistician, $3,036
Architect, $3,450
Insurance Examiner, $3,846
Bank Examiner, $4,242
Physician, $4,636
Teacher, $2,500
($2,700 with M.A. degree)

Again we find the teacher on the lowest rung of the financial ladder.

A survey of 169 well-known industrial concerns by the Northwestern University's Bureau of Placement estimates that the average salaries for college graduates this year will be $245 a month. Beginning engineers will get $260; sales personnel, $240; accountants, $238; general business trainees, $234; and those in other fields, $252. Teachers will get $185 a month!

Alarmed at this trend, the High School Teachers Association of New York City warned: "Teachers who are forced to pinch pennies to maintain a decent professional standard of living certainly will not be enthusiastic about recommending the teaching profession to capable young people."

Perhaps that is why one-third of all the teachers of the nation said, in answer to a questionnaire: "I would not recommend that my bright students go into teaching." Or why one mother said bitterly, "I'd break my son's neck if he decided to become a teacher. It's bad enough that his dad is in this racket."

The low teaching salary is the most important reason for the growing teacher crisis. This year our teacher training institutions will prepare less than 20,000 elementary schoolteachers. We will need 100,000. During the next ten years the nation will need one million teachers—and will have one-fifth that number available. How can you expect the bright students to go into teaching if they can start at a higher salary in almost any other profession?

During the war and postwar years 350,000 teachers, many of them the best in the profession, deserted the classroom for better-paying jobs. Sometimes a small rural school may have five or six teachers come and go in one year. Of course, some teachers stick because of loyalty to their students and because they love teaching. A Southern teacher, with 14 years' experience, now getting $886 a year, gave this reason for remaining on the job:

"I enjoy working with children and feel that I am making a worthwhile contribution to my community. Otherwise I would have left the teaching profession long ago."

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schoolma'am said, she was offered a position as a maid for an elderly lady which would have paid her considerably more than she's now getting as a teacher. She didn't quit, although, in her own words: "Almost any position I might get as waitress, cook, factory worker, or beauty-parlor assistant would pay me more money than I am now making teaching school."

Listen to the testimony of Mrs. Marie R. Turner, superintendent of Breathitt County Schools, Jackson, Kentucky, who appeared before the House Education Committee last June, where she testified in behalf of federal aid for schools:

"We are able to pay our best-qualified teachers—on a twelve-month basis—$118 a month. Our least-qualified teachers earn $70 a month. As a result we are not holding our more capable teachers, nor are we attracting new material of the best caliber."

This is a real problem. Until we pay teachers as much as we pay others for less important jobs, we'll not get competent teachers.

Everywhere the story is the same: The American teacher is being sold short. She is not getting enough to attract our best brains. If we cheat our teachers, we cheat our children too. Then society is the loser.

In a democracy it is essential that our youth get the kind of education that will prepare them for responsible citizenship. The American way of life will grow and flourish only as we maintain a strong system of education. Underpaid teachers will mean undereducated boys and girls. As the richest nation in the world we can afford to pay our teachers a decent living wage. Let's throw away our peanuts attitude, and encourage the best among our citizens to become teachers.

Without good teachers we will not have good schools. And without good schools our democracy is endangered. ◆ ◆

SWEPT HER INTO SPACE

Continued from page 30

that she was utterly unable to keep her mind on them. She kept getting up and going to the kitchen window, but the space ship was still there. Evidently the men had no intention of obeying her. She could stand it no longer. Thirty-one minutes had passed, by the kitchen clock, and the man at the gate had disappeared. She would go down there herself and insist on seeing the captain.

Miss Pickerell paused at the gate only long enough to give her cow an encouraging pat on the head. "I'll get them out, Bossy. I'll make all of them get out of your nice pasture."

She walked over the fresh dewy grass to the hideous metal-and-concrete platform which had been erected in the middle of her pasture, together with four or five tents and a couple of sheds. Miss Pickerell boiled with the injustice of it. Her cow lying outside in the dust while these men, whoever they were, made so free with her pasture.

"You men!" she called.

No answer.

"Yoohoo."

Still no response.

Miss Pickerell mounted the platform and went purposefully to a thin metal ladder leading to the space ship above. Grasping a rung with her hands, she put one sturdily shod foot on the lowest rung and climbed aloft to a small opening in the ship. She wriggled through this and stood, slightly dizzy.

Near the front of the long elliptical room in which she found herself a group of men clustered about enormous instrument panels. She opened her mouth to ask for the captain, when a voice said:

"That's the last one. We're all in now."

"Good," someone else said. "Let her go."

There was a heavy clanking behind Miss Pickerell, followed by an ear-splitting hissing and a thunderous rumbling. The floor under her rose like an explosion and she was thrown back into some sort of bunk. A tremendous force was pushing at her, tearing away her breath. She lost consciousness.

When Miss Pickerell again came to her senses, she knew that she was dead. She must be. This strange, giddy, light sensation, as if she had no weight, must mean that she was in heaven. She dared not open her eyes. She heard voices. Men were talking, and they didn't sound like heavenly angels.

"How in the world did *she* get on?"

"Who is she?"

"Quick! Get the captain!"

Miss Pickerell opened her eyes and moved an arm. The most amazing thing then happened. The mere movement of her arm lifted her quite out of the bunk. Three men who were strapped to chairs fastened to the floor in front of her reached out and pushed her gently back.

"Better strap her," one said.

At this Miss Pickerell cowered back. "I didn't mean to come," she said.

"I'm sure of that," said a blue-eyed man who came slowly swimming—yes, swimming—through the air from the front part of the ship. "And we had no intention of bringing anyone except the members of our own secret expedition. But do not be frightened." He held himself in position in the air by grasping a small ring hanging from the ceiling. "We are merely going to strap you back against your bunk so that you will not float out as you just did. You see, we are in space now, and there is no gravity."

"Oh dear, dear," said Miss Pickerell. "I just wanted to find you to tell you to get out of my pasture so my poor cow could get in and not be frightened."

"I am Captain Crandall," said the blue-eyed man, "and we are extremely sorry about the inconvenience we have caused your cow. But naturally we plan to see that you are recompensed for everything. Now, obviously, one of our own men was left behind when you came aboard. We were waiting for the last man and we thought you were the one."

"Oh dear," repeated Miss Pickerell. "And thank you for this strap. It does make me feel more secure." One of the men had fastened it.

The captain continued: "You must be the Miss Pickerell who has the wonderful collection of shells. Our guard at the gate told us about you. I should like to see your collection some day."

"Captain Crandall," said Miss Pickerell firmly, "I will not be distracted. Flattery is all very well, but I have a sick cow down there on the ground and I demand to be returned to care for her."

"Excuse us for a moment," interrupted the captain. "We must check our instruments."

The captain floated to the head of the ship and the three men in the chairs unfastened the straps which had been holding them in place, and they too, with slow swimming movements, propelled themselves after him.

Soon the captain and one of the other men came floating back and fastened themselves to chairs.

"Miss Pickerell," said Captain Crandall, "I believe that you can rest at ease about your cow. Obviously the missing member of our expedition remains below in your pasture. I am sure he will see that your cow is taken care of."

Miss Pickerell was skeptical. "Is he a farmer?" she asked.

Captain Crandall looked at the other man, who shook his head. "However," said the captain, "this man, although he was born and reared in New York City, is a very intelligent scientist and reads a great deal. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he has read up on cows."

Miss Pickerell turned her head, which felt so extraordinarily light, and wept into her handkerchief. "On *sick cows?*"

◆

The captain tried clumsily to pat her hand. "Let me explain things to you," he said. "This is an important scientific expedition, a sort of voyage of discovery, and we are at this moment going at an incredibly rapid rate of speed, although you cannot feel that, since we have long since passed gravity. That was why you blacked out. For nine minutes we were subject to a pressure four times that of gravity. Now we have no pressure at all. However, as I say, considering the speed of our approach to Mars, we will have little more time to spend with you. We must make preparations."

"Mars!" exclaimed Miss Pickerell. "Why, that's impossible! Oh, Captain! I'm afraid you have made a very great mistake, and the sooner you turn around and go back to my pasture, the better it will be for all of us."

"Believe me," said Captain Crandall, as he unfastened his strap, "I have made no mistake. Now we will have to ask you to excuse us."

After awhile the captain returned from where he and his assistants had been earnestly studying the instruments. He smiled. "Everything is in order," he said. "Wouldn't you like a little exercise, Miss Pickerell?"

"You mean that sort of swimming you are doing?"

"Yes," said the captain. "Here, let me unfasten this strap. Now, just a very little motion will be enough. Easy. That's right!"

Miss Pickerell raised her arms slowly and her whole body floated up into the air just like a dream.

"Why, it's magic!" she exclaimed. "Why, I have never felt anything like this!"

"I am glad you are enjoying it," said Captain Crandall. "And now perhaps you would like something to eat."

"I am a little hungry," said Miss Pickerell, pushing herself gently away from the ceiling. "Also I think I would like to go back to my bunk. I can't seem to tell when I am right side up and when I'm not."

The captain nodded as if he understood.

"And I'd like a cup of water too, please," said Miss Pickerell, as the captain strapped her into her bunk.

One of the men swam through the air toward her with a metal can from which a tube projected. "If you will put this tube in your mouth, Miss Pickerell," he said, "I will pump the water for you. You see, we cannot use cups because the water would simply float out of the cup the way we float out of our chairs if we are not tied down."

"Forevermore!" said Miss Pickerell.

Then the man brought her a board on which food was held under large clamps. He placed the board in front of her and showed her how to lean forward and pick the food off with her teeth and lips. "If we gave you a knife and fork," he said, "the food would not stop at your mouth. It would just go right on up over your head."

Miss Pickerell was so distracted that she forgot all about her cow and went peacefully to sleep for a short nap. She woke up feeling very guilty at having such a pleasant time while her cow was below somewhere, attended by a man from the city who might not even have read a book about cows.

"Listen here, Captain Crandall," she shouted. "When am I going to get back to my cow?"

"Sh!" said Captain Crandall, busy at the mass of instruments at the other end of the ship. He raised his head excitedly. "Yes!" he cried. "We are approaching Mars. Our calculations were correct."

He came back to Miss Pickerell with such jubilation on his face that she did not press the point about getting to earth again. And besides, she thought, having come so far she would be a little bit disappointed not to see what the end of the expedition would be like. Not that she believed they were coming to Mars. She had seen Mars through a telescope at the state fair and she knew Mars was a star. But if it gave the captain any pleasure to believe that he was landing on Mars, she would not begrudge it to him.

◆

"Now, Miss Pickerell," said the captain, catching hold of the little ring in the ceiling to steady himself in space, "we are going to go back into an area where gravity operates. The gravity of Mars is not so heavy as that of earth, but you are going to feel dreadfully heavy for a while, after being so long with no gravity at all. But do not let it worry you."

"Thank you, Captain Crandall. I must admit that it will be quite pleasant to get out and stretch my legs."

The captain disappointed her by telling her that she would be unable to leave the ship when they landed. Special and very heavy equipment had to be worn by every man who left the ship, because the conditions would be so different from those on earth.

"But we won't be gone long," he said, "and we won't be far from the

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ship. We don't dare to get too far away, because if anything should happen to our space suits we would die in fifteen seconds from the lack of oxygen."

"Oh," said Miss Pickerell, who didn't understand at all.

When the plane approached Mars, Miss Pickerell noticed immediately the heavy sensation that the captain had prepared her for. She felt as if she weighed tons, and every movement seemed to require more strength than she had.

She turned eagerly as one of the men returned to the ship. "What is it like out there?" she asked, after he had emerged from his heavy space suit.

He stretched his arms and sighed. "Feels good to get all that equipment off," he said. "It's not very exciting. Just stones and things. The captain is making a collection of mineral specimens to take back to the expedition headquarters. It will help them find out what Mars is made of and, besides, they might make other discoveries too. "Here," he said, handing her something that looked exactly like a sea shell. "I found this out there. You put it in your collection and tell them at the state fair that *this* shell came from Mars."

Miss Pickerell held the shell lovingly. It was the most beautiful shell, if that was what it was, that she had ever seen. The delicate convolutions were outlined by dainty pinks and greens. Hoping to hear the roar of the seas, Miss Pickerell held its opening to her ear. But what she heard was music, stirring, strange, and vibrant.

"Oh!" she exclaimed ecstatically. "If the governor comes to the fair this year and asks to hear one of my shells, I'll let him listen to this one. And, do you know, I'll tell him it came from Mars, just as you suggested. I'll let him believe it, just the way Captain Crandall does."

◆ The captain had now returned and was getting out of his suit. "Quite an experience, wasn't it?" he said to the man.

"Yes, sir," said the man, "and I think even Miss Pickerell has begun to enjoy coming with us. I have given her a shell-shaped specimen which seems to please her."

"Oh, it does indeed," said Miss Pickerell. "And I am so glad I came with you." She held out the shell.

The captain took it in his hand almost reverently. He examined it carefully from all sides. He felt of it with his fingers, and he even tasted it with the tip of his tongue.

"Miss Pickerell," he said, "I am going to ask you to make a very great sacrifice. This specimen is entirely different from any of the others that I or my assistants have found. It may be that this has great value in some field of science. Would you be willing to let us keep it with our other specimens until it can be analyzed?"

"How soon would that be?" asked Miss Pickerell.

"In three or four weeks."

Miss Pickerell shook her head firmly. "That would make it too late for me to enter it in the state fair," she said. "Give it to me, please."

Captain Crandall slowly returned it to her.

She heard the man apologizing to the captain for not asking his permission to give it away, but she wanted so desperately to keep it that she tried not to hear him.

"Well," said the captain, "let's get ready for the return trip."

On the return trip Miss Pickerell had plenty of time to think. The men didn't come and talk to her as they had on the trip up. They stayed at the front end of the ship and sorted their specimens, and only when it was time for food and drink did they approach her. She couldn't stand knowing that they were disappointed in her. They had been so friendly and nice before.

She called out to Captain Crandall: "What sort of things would they find out about my shell?"

Captain Crandall came swimming toward her. "That is hard to say," he said. "It might be a new source of power or a new kind of food, or it might even have some curative powers. The scientists will test every possibility thoroughly."

"Well, take it," said Miss Pickerell, holding out the shell. "I have a pretty good collection of shells anyway. I always won first place, and I guess I can again this year."

The captain made a sort of bow. "Miss Pickerell, you are very generous and I wish to thank you in the name of the expedition. Also, may I say that you have been an extremely good sport about this whole unfortunate episode of being taken along by mistake. Now, if I were you, I would try to go to sleep, so that our return to the earth's atmosphere, which will happen very soon, will not distress you."

No one had ever called Miss Pickerell a good sport before, and she found she quite liked the sensation. It made the disappointment of giving up the shell a little less sharp. She did go to sleep, and when she awoke she knew, by the return of the heaviness to her body, that they were home.

Scarcely taking time to bid goodby to the captain and his assistants, she started off up the hill to the farmhouse. The cow was in the barn, bedded down in clean straw, but Miss Pickerell could see that the sickness had grown worse. She nursed the cow as best she could all that day, and not until night did she realize that the next day was the opening day of the fair and she had not entered her collection of shells. But somehow she did not care. "I wouldn't feel right being there at the fair with Bossy so sick," she said to herself.

The next morning she got up early, as usual, and made her way to the barn. But halfway there she was stopped by the sound of band music from the road below. It sounded like a parade. She shaded her eyes with her hand and walked down toward the road. It *was* a parade, and leading it was a large shiny black car with a man sitting on the folded-back top. Miss Pickerell caught her breath as she recognized the governor. There were streamers from some of the other cars and a band was playing in a large float, directly behind the governor's automobile. Miss Pickerell could make out the words on the side of the float.

"Forevermore!" she exclaimed. "It says 'Miss Pickerell Day'!"

The governor's car came to a stop beside the gate. The governor removed his hat and stepped to the ground. "Get in, Miss Pickerell," he said. "This is your day at the fair. The people of this state are honoring you for your self-sacrifice."

"I don't understand," said Miss Pickerell, leaning weakly against the fence post. "Besides, I can't leave my cow. She's sick."

"She won't be sick much longer," said the governor.

Then Miss Pickerell saw Captain Crandall come running up from one of the cars. "Here she is, Governor," he said. "This is Miss Pickerell who so generously gave up her wonderful shell so that lives could be saved—lives of animals."

The governor bowed. "Miss Pickerell and I have already met."

Miss Pickerell, feeling the familiarity of a shared experience, whispered loudly, "Captain Crandall! What *does* this mean?"

"Simply," he said, "that the analysis of the shell which you let us keep has shown the way to the manufacture of a remarkably effective chemical needed in curing the strange cattle disease of this state. You, Miss Pickerell, are a benefactor to the whole state."

"That is true," said the governor gravely. "And these two veterinarians," motioning to two white-coated men carrying little trays of test tubes, "will remain and administer the healing dose to your cow. By the time you return tonight, your cow will be well. Please do me the honor to step into my car."

◆ Miss Pickerell pressed her hand to her lips to keep them from quivering. She climbed up into the wide space of the car, with the governor himself holding her elbow. He seated her and then took his place beside her before he replaced his hat.

"On to the fair, boys!" he shouted, and the band began to play.

As the car started forward, the governor leaned toward Miss Pickerell. "Your shell has been given a place of honor at the fair, and if, when we arrive there, you would allow me to hold it to my ear, I would be delighted."

"Oh, Governor!" said Miss Pickerell, finding her voice at last. ◆ ◆

Continued from page 31

for a brand of cigars, but Gompers refused them all.

One of the most tempting bids for position and riches came from one of New York's famed liberal lawyers and financiers, the late John R. Dos Passos, who undertook to organize an industrial accident insurance company to be headed by Samuel Gompers. The starting salary was to be no less than $25,000 a year, and Dos Passos gave his personal guaranty that within ten years Gompers would become a millionaire. Dos Passos also assured Gompers that his service with the insurance company would not interfere with his duties as president of the American Federation of Labor. However, Gompers declined.

Similarly he declined all offers of political appointment and all offers of nomination for political office. His position was that the organization of trade-unions was his task in life, and the betterment of the lot of working people the mission to which he should devote himself with single-minded purpose. Anything that would detract from this interest and this mission was therefore to be avoided, he felt.

◆ Gompers learned about unions and working people the hard way. He was born January 27, 1850, in something worse than a log cabin—a single-room flat in an East End slum of London. His father, Solomon, a poverty-stricken Jewish cigar maker, had moved there with his family from Holland. At the age of ten, young Sam was apprenticed to a cobbler, but he didn't take to the shoemaking craft. He preferred his father's trade and entered the cigar factory where the elder Gompers was employed. Before the boy became fully adept in the intricate skill of forming cigars by hand, his family moved again, this time to the United States. They set out on an emigrant sailing vessel on June 10, 1863, and arrived in New York seven weeks later.

The family had barely stepped ashore before they were surrounded by a mob bent on mayhem and violence. The Gompers family happened to have arrived during the draft riots of the Civil War, and the father managed to give affront to the mob at the very moment of his landing. What happened was that he was noticed shaking hands with a Negro crew member of the sailing vessel, to thank him for the kindness with which the colored crewman had helped the emigrants during the stormy crossing. The bigoted mob nearly lynched the new arrivals for their act of simple courtesy and gratitude.

In the new land, the cigar factory became young Samuel Gompers' school and college. He learned a great deal in the factory, for cigar making in those days was strictly a handicraft and cigar makers were a studious and reflective set of men. Under similar circumstances nowadays they might have had a radio going in the shop for amusement or edification. In those days they would have one of their own read aloud while they continued shaping cigars and making comment on the topics touched by the reader. Generally the shopmates would spell each other off in reading and the entire crew would put away a portion of their completed work to compensate the reader for the half hour or hour he lost.

Samuel Gompers was favored more than others in diction and delivery and was frequently asked to spend an entire afternoon in reading aloud. At the age of 15 he joined the union of cigar makers then in existence, but his real interest at that time lay with the Odd Fellows, with a debating club, a music group, Cooper Union lectures, and similar intellectual diversions.

At the age of 17 he married a young girl named Sophia Julian, a cigar stripper he had met through a friend. It was an unusually happy marriage that withstood unemployment and poverty, sickness and death of children, trouble and tribulation. Gompers once related that the only time he seriously contemplated murder was when a neighborhood physician insisted on payment in advance before coming to attend Mrs. Gompers in childbirth. The young father was on strike at the time and there was not a penny, not a scrap of food, in the house. Beside himself with desperation, Gompers pulled the doctor out of his office by main force and brought him to the patient. Later that evening he managed to scrape up two dollars among members of his family and paid the physician his fee. The corner druggist was more kindly disposed and trusted the poor cigar maker with the medicaments the doctor had prescribed.

Mrs. Gompers had a trick of her own for keeping the bareness of her cupboards a secret from her family and neighbors. She would put a couple of pots to boil on the stove and pretend that there was something cooking in them. Often there was nothing but a gruel of water and flour in one of the pots and only plain water in the other.

Gompers learned the hazards of life for industrial workers in the sweatshops of those days and they aroused in him a deep and abiding interest in the benefits of trade-unionism. At the age of 26 he became the president of his local union of cigar makers in New York—an unpaid post—and a year later he was a delegate to a national convention of his union. When he was 31 he helped form the Federation of Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada to supplant the Knights of Labor,

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which had become corrupt and decrepit. The American Federation of Labor grew out of the Federation of Trades and was formally established in 1886 with Gompers as its first president. He was voted a stipend of $1,000 a year for his full-time service to the new Federation, but very often there was nothing in the treasury to pay for stationery and postage, much less a salary to the new officer.

The rise of the American Federation of Labor coincided with the rise of American labor and American industry to new peaks of human and economic well-being. To a greater extent than anyone can properly assess, Samuel Gompers is the man most responsible for this enhancement of the common welfare. It was his genius and stubborn determination to stand up for what to him seemed right that determined the course of the A.F.L. and incidentally the course of industrial relations in this country. To critics on the right who opposed his demands for shorter hours, higher wages, and improved conditions of work, he said that if long hours and low wages could make a nation prosper, then China should be the happiest and wealthiest of nations. To critics on the left who opposed his idea of "pure and simple" trade-unionism, he said that they were mere dilettantes dabbling in spurious radicalism that could spell only misery and enslavement for the working people.

All his life Gompers kept up a running battle with the extremes of both wings, the extreme radicals among the Socialists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, and similar ideological groupings and the extreme conservatives in government and industry who opposed the strivings of ordinary working people for a better stake in life. The opposition of the radicals became less and less effective as time went on and as Gompers' attitude and philosophy became vindicated by experience and the course of events. The only time Gompers was shunted from office as president of the A.F.L. was in 1894 when the Socialists combined with a dissident group within the Federation to raise an incompetent to the chief office. A year later Gompers was returned to office and he held it without serious opposition until John L. Lewis challenged him at the convention in 1920. This time most of the Socialists within the A.F.L. stood with Gompers, and Lewis was defeated. Gompers then remained the president and was successively reelected every year until his death on December 13, 1924.

◆

Many misconceptions still prevail about Gompers' attitude and philosophy. Most radicals and not a few moderate liberals feel that he had a blind spot or an aversion for political activity. Actually a major part of his life was spent in legislative and political work. It was he who helped outlaw prison labor, the system whereby well-heeled or well-connected contractors would establish factories in prisons and compete in the free market with the prison-made product of virtual slaves. He also worked for legislation to protect women in industry and to forbid the exploitation of children. He supported Henry George for Mayor of New York and the elder La Follette for President on an independent ticket. He was the sponsor of industrial safety and sanitary codes in many states. His greatest contribution to the legislative advancement of this nation was his successful battle against rule by injunction. He felt that such a willful exercise of authority by an arbitrary judge was a throwback to the ancient days when a lord or baron could throw a serf or menial into a dungeon without recourse to the law.

What Gompers refused to do was to tie the trade-unions to splinter political parties and make them a tail to their political kite. His dictum, "Reward your friends and punish your enemies," is now accepted even by former radical opponents as sound political strategy in a democracy.

In economics Gompers held that trade-unions are a great stabilizing influence in industry. He pointed out that they remove human labor from the assaults of the rapacious and lawless elements in industry and give decent employers a chance to compete on the basis of efficiency.

To those who wanted to put a legislative strait jacket on workers and their organizations, he insisted that "human labor is not a commodity or article of commerce." What he meant was that the work of human beings was not an inert object like some raw material held in a warehouse. One could not really "buy" or "sell" it. In order to work, a man must have the spark of life within him, a God-given soul and mind and spirit. A man has hopes and strivings and aspirations. To say that he must "sell" his labor, that he must perform services in accordance with the whim of any employer or the selfish interest of any group of society, Gompers held, is to deny his God-given gift of humanity. It is a denial of the freedom which this democracy was instituted to foster and preserve, Gompers insisted.

Among his last acts in life were the creation of the International Federation of Trade Unions and the International Labor Office within the League of Nations. His very last official act was the delivery of an address to the convention of the Pan-American Federation of Labor which he helped found. Gompers must have seen sidelong humor in this obvious refutation of those who accused him of parochial separatism and isolationism in world labor.

It is for these services and contributions to American society that he is venerated in labor's ranks and that the American Federation of Labor has dedicated this year for a centenary celebration of his birthday. It is for his utter simplicity and lack of affectation that he is held in the affectionate regard of all who remember him. They say he was upright without being sanctimonious, and earnest without being humorless.

He was, as one labor man recently expressed himself about him, truly "a man's man." ◆ ◆

THE GREATNESS THAT IS AMERICA

Continued from page 24

from want and so that they may play their part properly in the economy of the world. Military aid for that continent is but one way of preventing aggression against it, because America does not want war, and another war in Europe is sure to involve her.

Such is the American pattern of peace. It is predicated on the sound theory that no nation, however strong and prosperous, can long remain so in an uneasy world. Mankind cannot stay half content and half discontented. Without the collaboration and good will of all nations, human progress simply has to stop.

It is in the context of a satisfied humanity that the American program of peace must be appreciated. Isolationism is gone forever. Now it is intervention, not of the overreaching but of the uplifting kind, that is needed to bring all peoples together, regardless of creed or color, under a rule of law and in peaceful coexistence.

Although America has gone to war twice within the last 30 years, her people have lived in comparative peace. No foreign invader has ever set foot on her soil to take lives or despoil the inhabitants of their goods. Accustomed to the ways of peace, the mass of the American people love peace too much to espouse aggression as a national policy.

In this peace the American spirit has grown and expanded to evolve the kind of democracy that is the model of the world today. It is democracy that is equal to the encroachments of any dictatorship. Its core is freedom, as we understand freedom to be, without invisible chains attached.

It is a privilege to breathe the stimulating air of this American freedom, and to feel its contagion in the common things of American life. In the frankness of the American way, in the humor and optimism of the American people, in the security of the American system in which thought flows unimpeded and man need bow to no doctrines or fear an omnipotent police—in these things man finds peace, reassurance, and faith.

The citizen of America stands on a rock, eyes to the heights, his liberties in his hands. From this secure eminence, where every day he gains strength, he defies all dictation. As a human personality, he is sovereign in his full dignity and undisputed in his fundamental rights. He is, in the true sense of the word, master of his destiny.

Because no regimentation stifles it, the American mind sees beyond the sordid in its immediate surroundings and discovers where its light can pierce the darkness and its charity help the needy. Thus no nation has been so sentimental or so idealistic in its performances abroad as America. This will be denied by some, but will be admitted by most.

In the midst of the sordid strife and avarice of the present-day world, it is not strange that the spirit of man should turn to this home of the free.

Such is the greatness that is America, heir to the world's best traditions of liberty. Material wealth is not and cannot be its true measure, for wealth has its vanishing point, and even matter can now be destroyed. But the spirit of America has no vanishing point, as history abundantly proves. Immeasurable and indestructible, it creates the power which in turn keeps America's greatness in perpetual efflorescence. ◆ ◆

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

Continued from page 34

who he sent to pull off this job?"

"An excellent idea," I agreed. "I'm going to chew the fat with him as soon as I leave here."

Rocky Trask escorted us out to the street and stood on the curbing, watching us walk back to Lexington Avenue. It was drizzling now, an early spring spray, cold enough to make us move quickly and seek immediate haven in the corner drugstore. I left Penny at the soda fountain, where she sat patiently making sketches in her little notebook while I phoned Larry Kimball at the Waldorf.

Kimball seemed genuinely surprised to hear the news.

"It must have been Frenchy Armetto's man who killed him, Conacher," he said. "Who else?"

I said, "What time did you get in from Chicago?"

"Gilligan and I arrived on the noon plane. We were together all day. You're not suggesting that he or I—"

"I'm not suggesting anything, Kimball, except this—I'm in the middle on this deal. I've got to find the murderer—and fast. If you're in the clear, I expect you to tell me anything and everything you know. Now."

"I'll be glad to, Mike," he said softly, putting as much sincerity as was needed to carry conviction over the wires. "Listen. I'll admit I sent you after the fat man because I wanted him watched. He was carrying the Camilli pendant to New York for me. I didn't trust him, because he came to me after double-crossing Frenchy Armetto. But I still want that pendant, Conacher. I'll pay you a bonus of fifty grand if you locate it for me."

"Thanks for nothing," I said. "I'm not dabbling in stolen merchandise, Kimball, not even for fifty grand. I'm hunting a murderer and I aim to find him. I'll be up to see you and Gilligan later. Don't go away."

"I'll be here," Kimball said.

I hung up and told Penny about our conversation. She agreed that the threads of the puzzle were becoming more intricate as we moved along. She was aware of my tenseness and made me sit quietly for a few precious minutes while she ordered a cup of coffee for me. I blessed her for her thoughtfulness and good nature. This was our honeymoon, and we should have been alone together in a quiet place. She had every reason to be petulant and perverse in this mix-up. But she retained the warm smile of tenderness and it calmed and quieted me to have her at my side. She showed me the sketches she had been drawing on her pad.

"Recognize this character?" she asked, pointing to the pencil portraits.

"Lemuel Goode," I said, chuckling over her delightful caricatures of the fat man. She had put him down in a few simple lines, enough to show the cruel hardness of his menacing profile. There was another shot of him full face, in the pose he had taken when he took up his vigil in the drawing room, a frightening picture, so accurate and clever that it sent a few shivers through me. "You've wrapped up all the evil in his fat face and made it come to life, Penny. How on earth do you do it?"

"I can't miss on heads like his," Penny said. "You don't forget a man who barges into your nuptial nest and squats there. I still can't begin to understand why he visited us, Mike."

"It's beginning to add up," I said. "It could be that Goode was really afraid. Frenchy Armetto and Rocky Trask might have been on that train. If I can tie them in with Goode somehow, I think we can crack this thing, Penny. We must go down to Goode's office and give it a quick going over right away."

We took a cab downtown to the Duane Building, located among the group of older office buildings sur-

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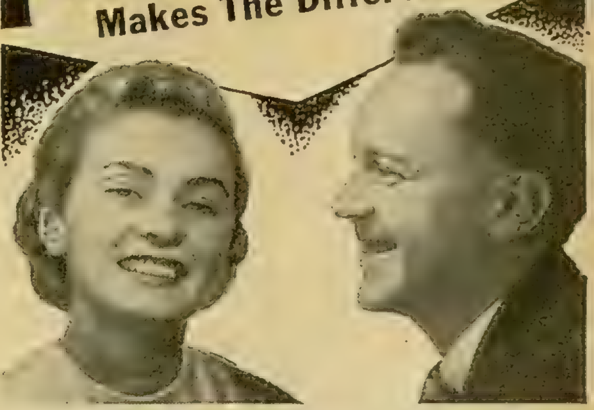

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rounding City Hall. Lemuel Goode's office was on the twelfth, and room number 1217 stood at the end of the hall with LEMUEL GOODE—*Importing and Exporting* on the smoked glass. I took out my key ring, hoping to fit the lock with the assortment of door-openers I always carried with me. But the doorknob turned freely in Penny's hand.

"Mr. Goode was a careless business man," Penny said.

"Either that or someone's been here before us."

I was right. The room was a nightmare of upheaval. Every filing cabinet in the tiny office had been emptied on the floor, along with a profusion of books from the small bookshelf behind his desk. The desk was littered with the contents of the drawers. Somebody had been through it, prodded by the demon of search and seize. Every small hiding place had been explored, including the metal petty-cash box which had been pried open and abandoned. The floor was white with papers of all sorts, bills and letterheads and correspondence. Even the leather chairs had been upturned in the mad quest for the Camilli pendant.

"Dead end," I said. "Whoever searched this place had a talent for thoroughness."

"I wonder if he found anything here?"

"We'll never know until we catch him, Penny. And we won't catch him by standing still. We've got to get over to Goode's home. Maybe we'll be the first to search his flat."

◆ But we weren't first. Here again, Lemuel Goode's door was open. It was a one-room place, featuring a wall bed, opened into the small living room and completely disarranged. Two pillows lay uncovered, the pillow slips on the floor along with the sheets and blankets. The mattress leaned against the bed at a crazy angle. Around and about it were scattered all the worldly goods of Lemuel Goode, as though some potent wind had blown them there. But no wind short of a hurricane could have worked such disorder.

There was a kitchenette at one end of the room and somebody had emptied the contents of the cupboards on the floor; each small container was opened, a sugar bowl, a few cereal boxes, pots and pans, and a percolator with its innards missing. The lone closet door stood open, and Lemuel Goode's clothing lay in an untidy heap inside, atop an empty suitcase. There was no need to ferret among the debris. Whoever had come here before us did as thorough a job as he had done in Goode's office. I stood over the midget desk near the window, scratching my head at the emptied drawers, fingering the assortment of useless clues left behind: a few blotters, a cheap cigarette lighter, a copy of a racing journal, a popular work of fiction in the pocket-size edition.

I said, "Lemuel Goode must have been a peculiar egg, Penny. There's little of his personality in his flat."

"I don't understand what you mean," Penny said.

"A detective is trained to look for small items that might help him—personal details. Yet I can't seem to find anything of that sort in this apartment. There's nothing of his character here. Take a look at this desk. There should be a few odds and ends of a personal nature here—a letter or two, a bill, a collection of telephone numbers."

"Maybe he didn't use this place much," Penny said.

"That could be. Or maybe somebody cleaned out his intimate effects."

"Why would that happen?"

"I wish I knew," I said. "It would help a lot if we even knew who came up here on the prowl. It could have been any one of them—Kimball or Gilligan or Frenchy or Rocky Trask."

"Cross the last two off your list," Penny said breathlessly. She was standing at the window and now she stiffened and motioned me to her side. "Frenchy and Rocky Trask just stepped out of that cab across the street, Mike. They're on their way up here."

"And we're on our way out!"

We ran down the hall and crossed through a long corridor to the other side of the house where another trio of elevators serviced the tenants. I stood there with Penny, staring out over the rooftops of Greenwich Village, toying with a new idea, a new theory that had taken hold of my mental machine. It was a hunch, a cloying thought that would not let go of me. I had played hunches before—all detectives do, out of their instinct and experience. Sometimes these zany theorems backfire and explode, pulling the search into strange and useless channels. But there is always the hope of success, and the hope builds itself into action. I pressed the button for the automatic elevator.

"Where are we going now?" Penny asked.

"We're going to visit the super," I said. "Give me your sketchbook."

We wandered through the dusty catacombs of the basement until we found the superintendent, a sleepy old man with a dyspeptic eye. He told us that Lemuel Goode had been living in the apartment for about six months. He had met Lemuel Goode only twice, when a leaking radiator brought him to the fat man's flat. He knew nothing of Goode's business, but described him as a pleasant, friendly man who had offered him a nip of brandy on both occasions.

"Would you recognize him if you saw him again?"

"Of course I would," the old man said. "Why shouldn't I?"

I showed him Penny's sketches. "Is this Mr. Goode?"

He squinted at the drawing and then took hold of it and began to scrutinize it from up close. He adjusted his glasses, fascinated by the art work. He jerked his head backward and forward, assumed a stance, registered recognition and befuddlement, satisfaction and disappointment, as fussy as a connoisseur over a possibly faked masterpiece.

"Yes and no," he said finally.

"You're not sure?"

"Give me time," the old man said fretfully. "You don't just shove a picture under a man's nose and ask questions. You got to let it sink in a bit." He went through a repeat performance of his gestures, closing his eyes, pursing his lips, and shaking his head sagely. "I may be dead wrong, mister," he said, "but this isn't Mr. Goode. Not a bit of it."

"Oh, but you're mistaken," Penny said. "Look again."

He looked again and handed me the sketchbook. "I'm positive now. Those pictures just aren't Mr. Goode, I tell you. The nose, in the first place. Mr. Goode had sort of a fattish pug nose, not a sharp one like this. Also, the eyes strike me as all wrong. This man looks tough and mad, if you get what I mean."

◆ The drizzle had developed into a spring freshet when we rode uptown to the Waldorf. It was after midnight, but the great city was wide awake in the theatrical section as we sailed through. Outside I heard the newsboys singing the latest headlines about the hotel murder, and I stopped the cab and bought an early-morning paper. The killing of the fat man was already front-page news. A bellhop, bound for our rooms with flowers from the management, discovered the dead man. I cursed John Gilligan for his thoughtfulness. Now there was a general alarm out for me, complete with a vivid account of the crime and a detailed description of "Michael Conacher, the Chicago detective who had failed to notify the police about the dead body in his rooms and therefore was a fugitive from justice." I folded the paper away before Penny could digest the full report.

I said, "There's nothing to worry about for a few hours, Penny. They won't have my picture in from Chicago before the late morning editions. And I've never yet seen a murderer caught by way of a paragraph of descriptive prose. We've still got time."

"You must be careful, Mike," Penny said, frightened now.

"We haven't far to go."

The cab rolled up to the Waldorf and I told Penny to hold it for me while I went up to visit Gilligan and Kimball. Kimball's suite was high up among the de luxe apartments usually taken by visiting nobility and the Hollywood luminaries. Kimball met me at the door dressed in a lounging robe and slippers, and a popular novel in his hand.

"I've been expecting you, Mike," he said and led me into the big living room, where he poured me a drink. Most of his breezy good humor was gone now, and in its place I thought I saw the undertones of worry. His wide-open face was clouded with concern and it came through to me as genuine. "I'm all upset about this thing," he said. "I got you into it and I feel like a louse about it."

"That's just dandy," I said. "What's bothering you—my ruined honeymoon, my ruined reputation, or the missing pendant?"

"All three and a lot more," Kimball said. "If they hang this on you, you'll have to testify that I hired you, Mike. I can't afford to spill the story of how I got that pendant. It would be worth a lot to me if we could prove that Frenchy Armetto engineered the killing."

"Why are you so stubborn about Frenchy?" I asked.

He sat down and began to explain. "You've got to understand the background on this one, Mike. The fat man was in on the original deal, the theft of the Camilli pendant. He was working it with Frenchy, don't you see? Then the fat man hijacked the pendant from Frenchy and came to me for protection and a split. I agreed to divide the take with him after he brought the pendant to a New York fence. I hired you to follow him. He must have seen Frenchy on that train and that was why he barged into your drawing room and spent the night with you. He was scared silly. When you fell asleep, he must have hidden the pendant in your luggage, figuring that he'd pick it up in your hotel room later. It makes a lot of sense, doesn't it?"

"It might—if you can alibi Gilligan and yourself."

"I've already told you that Gilligan and I were together all day." He sighed. "We were with two real-estate men all day, Mike. Dafoe and Holden, over in the Chrysler Building." He motioned to the telephone. "Call either of them at their homes and ask about us. We were in conference from lunchtime until dinner, discussing a spot for a new club. We were still at it with them after dinner, haggling over the leases. Gilligan and I left them after nine last night."

"And Gilligan was in sight all that time?"

"You don't think that John Gilligan murdered him?" Kimball's face showed a mixture of incredulity and suppressed hilarity. "Forget it, Mike. Gilligan was with us all the time—up until an hour ago."

"Where is he now?"

"He's down at the Trent, of course. He always stays there when he's in New York. After all, he owns the place."

"So he does," I said. "I'd forgotten. What's his room number?"

"He's on the ninth floor—Room nine-oh-five."

I didn't wait to prolong the discussion. The little gears of my mental comptometer were beginning to click now, in a way that was moving me to action. I ran down the street and stopped Penny before she could leave the cab to greet me. I leaned through the window and told her what was on my mind.

"Take this cab down to the nearest station house, Penny."

"Where are you going? I don't want to leave you now, Mike."

"I'll be with you in less than a half hour," I said. "I'm going back to the Trent for a visit with John Gilligan."

"But there'll be policemen down there. You'll be caught."

"I don't think so," I said. "Listen carefully, Penny. There'll only be a few cops down at the Trent, on duty in the lobby. But I can't talk to them and tell them my story, because they'd arrest me before they moved to do my bidding. I want you to go to the nearest precinct and explain that I've cornered a murderer. I'll need a few squad cars right away. I want them to be a few minutes behind me when I walk into Room nine-oh-five, John Gilligan's personal suite. Is that clear?"

She answered me by throwing a kiss. I watched her cab speed away and then started to run the few blocks to the Trent.

◆

There were three uniformed policemen on duty at the Trent. They were standing in a huddle at the left side of the lobby, surveying the

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small groups of people who were filtering in after an evening on the town. I strolled alongside a group of four returning revelers, working hard to step along with the casual air of an old resident, fighting to kill the nervous excitement that made my heart pound. My histrionics carried me safely to the elevator and upstairs.

Room nine-oh-five was directly opposite our suite. I stood at the door for a flick of time, listening to the low hum of voices, dull and muffled—two men engaged in a mirthful conversation. I turned the knob and stepped inside, catching my breath at the tableau before me.

◆

John Gilligan was at a small bar, busy with the mixing of two drinks. He saw my image in the mirror before him and wheeled to face me, an expression of complete and uncontrolled bewilderment popping his eyes. A man sat in the easy chair directly across the room.

He sat there staring at me, his heavy brows lowered over the deep pits of his eyes. In the split second of my entry, his larded visage froze in a mask of officious anger, a pose that I remembered well.

For the man in the chair was Lemuel Goode!

He killed his show of emotion as quickly as it came, substituting icy disdain for rage.

"Well," he said with his usual dignity, "if it isn't my newlywed friend from the train."

"Conacher," said Gilligan nervously, "what are you doing here?"

"That goes double," I said. "Our Mr. Lemuel Goode moves about with strange ease for a corpse. You're supposed to be languishing on a slab down at the morgue, Mr. Goode."

"Am I indeed? But you guessed that I'd prefer the breath of life?"

"You tried too hard, both of you. You concocted a fiendish scheme for baffling both Frenchy Armetto and Larry Kimball. It might have worked if you had set the stage more carefully. What was the real name of the man you murdered? Or was he really Lemuel Goode and you the impersonator?"

"Cleverer and cleverer," said Lemuel Goode.

"It must have been difficult to find a facsimile for your girth," I said. "You worked hard to get him as the fall guy, but you queered yourself in his apartment. There I began to wonder about your double—a man with no personal effects, no letters, no address books, not even a few telephone numbers. You were afraid of his background, weren't you? When you raided his office and his flat you took too much of him with you."

"When such clever detectives as you roam around on the loose, Conacher, a man must be frightfully ingenious. How did you do it? How did you do it?"

"My wife did it," I smiled. "You forgot that she's one of the best caricaturists in the country. You mutilated the face of the double you murdered, but you couldn't kill the image of him in the mind of the superintendent. It would have worked if Penny hadn't caught you in the drawing room last night. You came in to set me up as the fall guy, so that I could identify the corpse for the police and thus convince both Kimball and Frenchy Armetto that the messenger was dead, and set each of them to suspecting the other of the crime. Larry Kimball will be happy to hear of your double-cross, Gilligan."

John Gilligan held a gun now.

"What will we do with him?" Gilligan asked.

Lemuel Goode pursed his lips and then smiled. "We must eliminate him, of course."

"We had better get started," Gilligan said. "He's probably informed the police and they're on their way up here."

I said, "You're right, Gilligan. Running will do you no good. The police are in hot pursuit, as they say in the melodramas."

"I believe he means it," said the fat man, and raised his ponderous bulk from the chair with sudden agility. "We'd best use the roof. We can escort him through an adjoining building and dispose of the great detective at our leisure."

Hat in hand, he surveyed me with his tight-lipped smile as I moved forward under the pressure of Gilligan's gun. Gilligan marched me toward the fire-escape door and then up the ladder to the roof. The night air was cool and the rain had fled. I shivered under the fear that froze my heart. I began to wonder about Penny. If there was too much delay, if they didn't believe her, we would be over the rooftops and inside the adjoining building in a matter of minutes. They would take me out into the suburbs and Penny would be one of the quickest widows in the annals of matrimony. I listened in vain for the police sirens.

On the roof, Lemuel Goode stood with his head cocked toward the street. Then he slowly walked to the edge of the building and leaned out. I leaped forward in a low tackle, aimed at his legs. I hit him where I aimed, at the knees, and as I dived there was an ear-shattering blast from Gilligan's gun and I heard him curse and shoot again.

There was a sharp pain in my right arm as Lemuel Goode grunted under the impact of my dive. His knees buckled and he fell over me, a mountain of meat, puffing and blowing as he tumbled. I fought him desperately, working to keep his fat body between me and Gilligan. I beat at his larded midsection with my fists. His hand came up to my throat and tried for a grip, but I kneed him hard, low enough to make him gasp and change the direction of his clawing. He strained to force me into Gilligan's range, but he did not reckon with the power of my unleashed legs.

A few yards away I saw the polished shoes of John Gilligan coming my way. The pain in my arm was weakening me now and I could no longer prevent the pressure of Goode's hands on my throat.

I opened my eyes to him and his fat face snarled at me, fogged and dim. From somewhere on another planet I heard the sound of many feet and shouts. I stepped over the brink into blackness when the sound of a gun, the flat clap of noise from some distant place jolted me into semiconsciousness. Then blackness closed around me.

◆

I awoke in a small white room. There was a light above my head, blurred at first, then clearer as my eyes grew used to the glare of reality. A nurse stood over me and she smiled when I opened my eyes. A familiar voice asked, "Is he coming around?" and then Penny was beside me, holding my good hand. The other one was buried in a cast.

Penny said, "You must be quiet, Mike. You're suffering from shock. The bullet wound wasn't much, but Lemuel Goode broke your arm when he fell on you."

"They caught him?"

"They caught both of them. You must have thought I forgot about you up there."

"What detained you?" I asked.

"I got them up there as soon as I could. But I told them it would be smarter if they didn't broadcast their arrival by sounding their sirens. I was afraid of what might happen to you if Gilligan and Goode lost their heads. But you shouldn't have fought with them, Mike. The police had the adjoining buildings covered. They couldn't have gotten away."

I said, "You're terrific, Penny. How did you guess that Goode was still alive?"

"We artists take pride in our own creations," she laughed. "From the moment the superintendent couldn't identify my caricature, I began to suspect that the man in the Creston Arms was not our Lemuel Goode at all. Would you expect any less from a detective's wife?"

"Kiss me, Mrs. Sherlock Holmes."

"You mustn't have any excitement. The nurse said so."

"But this is our honeymoon," I insisted. "Remember?"

"Your wife is right," said the nurse, appearing out of nowhere. "The doctor insisted that you'll have to spend the night here."

I pulled Penny to me with my good hand. Her good-by kiss was enough to keep me awake for the next few hours. And when I slept, finally, there were no nightmares. I dreamed only of the two of us—alone—remote from any disturbing annoyances.

Especially fat men. ◆ ◆

LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION

Peace of Soul

By Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen

The modern soul no longer looks to find God in nature. The modern man is impressed less with the order of nature than he is with the disorder of his own mind. The atomic bomb has destroyed his awe of nature.

Illustrated by Edward M. Stevenson

LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION

Unless souls are saved, nothing is saved; there can be no world peace unless there is soul peace. World wars are only projections of the conflicts waged inside the souls of modern men, for nothing happens in the external world that has not first happened within a soul.

During World War II, Pius XII said that postwar men would be more changed than the map of postwar Europe. This postwar frustrated man, or the modern soul, is, as the Holy Father predicted, unlike the men of earlier periods. For one thing, the modern soul no longer looks to find God in nature. In other generations, man, gazing out on the vastness of creation, the beauty of the skies, and the order of the planets, deduced the power, the beauty, and the wisdom of the God Who created and sustained that world.

But the modern man, unfortunately, is cut off from that approach by several obstacles: he is impressed less with the order of nature than he is with the disorder of his own mind, which has become his main preoccupation; the atomic bomb has destroyed his awe of a nature which man can now manipulate so as to destroy other men or even to commit cosmic suicide; and, finally, the science of nature is too impersonal for this self-centered age. The old approach not only makes man a mere spectator of reality, instead of its creator, but also demands that the personality of the seeker after truth shall not intrude itself in investigation. But it is the human personality, not nature, which really interests and troubles men today.

This change in our times does not mean that the modern soul has given up the search for God, but only that it has abandoned the more rational —and even more normal—way of finding Him. Not the order in the cosmos, but the disorder in himself; not the visible things of the world, but the invisible frustrations, complexes and anxieties of his own personality—these are the modern man's starting point when he turns questioningly toward religion.

A soul with a fight inside itself will soon have a fight outside itself with others. Once a man ceases to be of service to his neighbor, he begins to be a burden to him; it is only a step from refusing to live *with* others to refusing to live *for* others.

Our personal self-hatred always becomes hatred of neighbor. Perhaps this is one of the reasons for the basic appeal of Communism, with its philosophy of class struggle: Communism has a special affinity for souls that already have a struggle going on inside of themselves. Associated with this inner conflict is a tendency to become hypercritical: unhappy souls almost always blame everyone but themselves for their miseries. Shut up within themselves, they are necessarily shut off from all others except to criticize them.

Since the essence of sin is opposition to God's will, it follows that the sin of one individual is bound to oppose any other individual whose will is in harmony with God's will. This resulting estrangement from one's fellow man is intensified when one begins to live solely for this world; then the possessions of the neighbor are regarded as something unjustly taken from oneself.

Modern man has locked himself in the prison of his own mind; and only God can let him out, as He let Peter out of his dungeon. All that man himself must do is to contribute the desire to get out. God will not fail; it is only our human desire that is weak. There is no reason for discouragement. It was the bleating lamb in the thickets, more than the flock in the peaceful pastures, which attracted the Saviour's heart and helping hand. But the recovery of peace through His grace implies an understanding of anxiety, the grave complaint of imprisoned modern man.

◆

One of the favorite psychological descriptions of modern man is to say that he has an anxiety complex. Psychology is more right than it suspects, but for a more profound reason than it knows. There is no doubt that anxiety has been increased and complicated by our metropolitan and industrialized civilization.

An increasing number of persons are afflicted with neuroses, complexes, fears, irritabilities, and ulcers; they are, perhaps, not so much "run down" as "wound up"; not so much set on fire by the sparks of daily life as they are burning up from internal combustion. Few of them have the felicity of the good Negro woman who said, "When I works, I works hard; when I sits, I sits loose; and when I thinks, I goes to sleep."

But modern anxiety is different from the anxiety of previous and more normal ages in two ways. In other days men were anxious about their souls, but modern anxiety is principally concerned with the body; the major worries of today are economic security, health, the complexion, wealth, social prestige, and sex. To read modern advertisements, one would think that the greatest calamity that could befall a human being would be to have dishpan hands or a cough in the T-zone. This overemphasis on corporal security is not healthy; it has begotten a generation that is much more concerned about having life belts to wear on a sea journey than about the cabin it will occupy and enjoy.

The second characteristic of modern anxiety is that it is not fear of objective, natural dangers, such as lightning, beasts, famine; it is subjective, a vague fear of what one believes would be dangerous if it happened. That is why it is so difficult to deal with people who have today's types of anxieties; it does no good to tell them that there is no outside danger, because the danger that they fear is inside of them and therefore is abnormally real to them.

In every human being there is a double law of gravitation, one pulling him to the earth, where he has his time of trial, and the other pulling him to God, where he has his happiness. The anxiety underlying all modern man's anxieties arises from his trying to be himself without God or from his trying to get beyond himself without God.

Let it be not believed that man has an anxiety complex "because he still has traces of his animal origin"; indeed, animals left to themselves never have anxieties. They have natural fears, which are good, but they have no subjective anxieties. Birds do not develop a psychosis about whether they should take a winter trip to California or Florida. An animal never becomes less than it is; but a man can do just that, because a man is a composite of both spirit and matter.

When we see a monkey acting foolishly, we do not say to the monkey, "Do not act like a nut"; but when we see a man acting foolishly, we do say, "Do not act like a monkey." Because a man is spirit, as well as matter, he can descend to the level of beasts (though not so completely as to destroy the image of God in his soul). It is this possibility that makes the peculiar tragedy of man. Cows have no psychoses, and pigs have no neuroses, and chickens are not frustrated (unless these frustrations are artificially produced by man); neither would man be frustrated or have an anxiety

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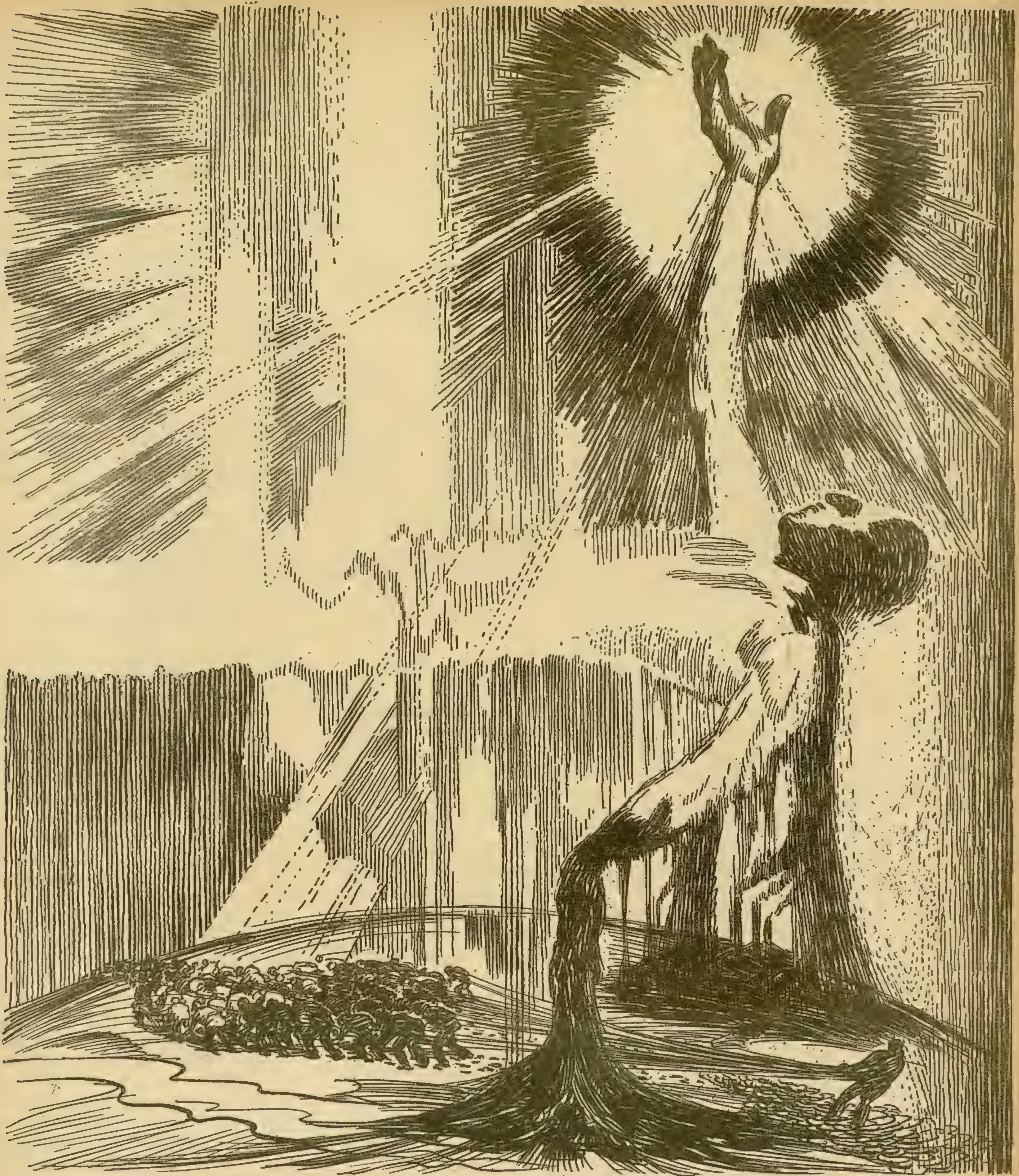


"There is a double law of gravitation, one pulling man to the earth, where he has his time of trial, and the other pulling him to God."

complex if he were an animal made *only for this world.* It takes eternity to make a man despair.

Despair and anxiety are possible because there is a rational soul. They presuppose the capacity of self-reflection. Only a being capable of contemplating itself can dread annihilation in face of the infinite, can despair either of itself or of its destiny.

Since the basic cause of man's anxiety is the possibility of being either a saint or a sinner, it follows that there are only two alternatives for him. Man can either mount upward to the peak of eternity or else slip backward to the chasms of despair and frustration. Yet there are many who think there is yet another alternative, namely, that of indifference. They think that, just as bears hibernate for a season in a state of suspended animation, so they, too, can sleep through life without choosing to live for God or against Him. But hibernation is no escape; winter ends, and one is then forced to make a decision—indeed, the very choice of indifference itself is a decision. White fences do not remain white fences by having nothing done to them; they soon become black fences. Since there is a tendency in us that pulls us back to the animal, the mere fact that we do not resist it operates to our own destruction.

Just as life is the sum of the forces that resist death, so, too, man's will must be the sum of the forces that resist frustration. A man who has taken poison into his system can ignore the antidote, or he can throw it out of the window; it makes no difference which he does, for death is already on the march. St. Paul warns us, "How shall we escape if we neglect . . ." (Heb. 2:3). By the mere fact that we do not go forward, we go backward.

There are no plains in the spiritual life; we are either going uphill or coming down. Furthermore, the pose of indifference is only intellectual. The will *must* choose. And even though an "indifferent" soul does not positively reject the infinite, the infinite rejects it. The talents that are unused are taken away.

The unbeliever's god can be things by which he seeks to remedy his own sense of nothingness. Some men seek this compensation in wealth, which gives them the false sense of power. External luxury is pursued to conceal the nakedness of their own souls. Such worship of wealth leads to tyranny and injustice toward others, and thus is born the sin of avarice.

Avarice is the material expression of one's own insufficiency and a challenge to the sublime truth that "our sufficiency is from God." It was only after Adam and Eve fell that they perceived themselves to be naked; when their souls were rich with original justice, their bodies were so suffused with its reflection that they felt no need for clothes. But once the Divine-internal was lost, they sought a compensation in the material, the external. Excessive dedication to temporal security is one of the ways a society's loss of eternal security manifests itself.

The quest for wealth and luxury can be infinite, and for the moment it satisfies the godless souls. A man can reach a point of marginal utility in the accumulation of ice-cream cones, but not in the accumulation of credits, for there is an infinity to these ambitions. Thus does man seek to become God in gratifying limitless desires for riches, when he impoverishes himself from within.

Pride, lust, avarice; the devil, the flesh and the world; the pride of life, the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes—these constitute the new unholy trinity by which man is wooed away from the Holy Trinity and from the discovery of the goal of life. Love of self, love of person, and love of property are not in themselves wrong, but they do become wrong when they are made ends in themselves, are torn up from their true purpose, which is to lead us to God.

Quite apart from Christian motivations — even viewed from a purely natural point of view, it is wise for man to renounce some desires, simply because the soul cannot find satisfaction in fulfilling them. The desire for wealth is one of these. There are two kinds of wealth: *natural* wealth, which takes the form of the necessary food, clothing, and shelter to sustain the life of the individual or family; *artificial* wealth, which is money, credit, stocks and bonds. It is possible for a man to satisfy his desires for natural wealth, because his stomach soon reaches a point where it can consume no more food. But there is no limit to the desire for artificial wealth. A man who has a million is never satisfied with that million. There is a certain false infinity about artificial wealth because a man can always want more and more of it. Because natural wealth imposes its own limitations, farming and gardening are among the most satisfying experiences of human life.

If we desire possessions, we never have enough of them. We become frustrated. There is a psychological difference between "frustration" and "renunciation." Frustration occurs only when man feels himself a passive victim of extrinsic forces, against which he is powerless; renunciation springs from man's own free decision. Parents recognize this difference: a child who has got hold of something he is not allowed to have is told by his parent, "Give it to me, or else I shall have to take it away from you." Often the child will renounce the thing rather than be compelled. The words addressed to the child have left him this way to safeguard his dignity and independence: he does what he must do in any case, but he does it with at least the semblance of freedom. And this freedom makes all the difference.

If man can convince himself that he does not truly need this or that (although he may desire it), to abandon his striving will not frustrate him. It is only if he is forced to renunciation that he feels frustrated.

Everyone has anxiety; fortunately, everyone does not have an anxiety complex. The difference between peace of soul and discontent comes from the *kind* of anxiety we have; the broadest division of all is between anxiety over the things of time and the values of eternity. Of the first, Our Lord said, "Be not anxious, for your Heavenly Father knoweth you have need of these things" (Matt. 6:8). The second kind of anxiety is normal because it is bound up with human freedom and is a result of our creatureliness. This anxiety is a restlessness with anything short of the perfect happiness, which is God.

Peace of soul comes to those who have the right kind of anxiety about attaining perfect happiness, which is God. A soul has anxiety because its final and eternal state is not yet decided; it is still and always at the crossroads of life. This fundamental anxiety cannot be cured by a surrender to passions and instincts; the basic cause of our anxiety is a restlessness within time which comes because we are made for eternity. If there were anywhere on earth a resting place other than God, we may be very sure that the human soul in its long history would have found it before this.

◆ God is not hard to find, for He may be quickly discovered by reason, or by our strivings, or by His own gift.

God is the most obvious fact of human experience. If we are not aware of Him, it is because we are too complicated and because our noses are lifted high in the air in pride, for lo! He is at our very feet. We need only to "turn a stone and start a wing." The grace of God comes to man in just the degree that man opens his soul to it; the only limit to man's capacity to receive Him is his willingness to do so.

It is hard to believe, but we have the Divine warrant for it that some "men love darkness rather than light." The added tragedy of sin is that after we do wrong we may not let God help us do what is right and good. We keep Him at arm's length because we refuse to be loved. We are drowning and will not clutch at His helping hand because in our pride we say that we must "work this thing out for ourselves." The truth of the matter is not that God is hard to find, but rather that man is afraid of being found.

The truth is that, in each heart there is a secret garden which God made uniquely for Himself. That garden is locked like a safety-deposit vault: it has two keys. God has one key; hence the soul cannot let in anyone else but God. The human heart has the other key; hence not even God can get in without man's consent. When the two keys of God's Love and human liberty, of Divine Vocation and human response meet, then Paradise returns to a human heart. God is always at that Garden Gate with His key. We pretend to look for our key, to have mislaid it, to have given up the search; but all the while it is in our hand, if we would only see it.

◆ There has been no single influence which has done more to prevent man from finding God and rebuilding his character, has done more to lower the moral tone of society than the denial of personal guilt.

Through the ages, man has always tried to find something to blame besides himself, *e.g.,* poverty, environment, systems of economics, politics, or society in general. But all these failed wholly to convince—they were obviously too unrelated to the person, for all of them are extrinsic. Recently the materialists hit upon a new scapegoat—not in nature, nor in society, but inside of man himself, namely, his unconscious. The fault was now, not in the stars, but in that part of ourselves which could not be held responsible. Furthermore, it was claimed that the trouble could be controlled solely by lifting the unconscious quirk to the level of consciousness through psychoanalysis.

To prevent a misunderstanding, let it here be stated unequivocally: there is nothing wrong, there is even something commendable about a psychological method which cures *mental disorders* by making the unconscious conscious. And, even apart from true derangements, men may be disturbed by a complex which has no ethical or moral cause; in treating such cases, medical science has a vast area in which it can legitimately operate. We are concerned, and concerned only, with methods of treatment which deny all moral responsibility and attack the patient's admission of personal sin and guilt by telling him that the idea of sin induces morbidity or a guilt complex and makes him abnormal.

Such psychiatrists would make all people *nice people,* complacent in their freedom from guilt or sin. By one magic stroke the world would be rid of *nasty people,* or those who recognize they are sinners. This conception shows a shocking ignorance of human nature. The truth is that there is an increase of mental disorders largely because too many people think they are nice, when really they are nasty.

If the blind deny that they are blind, how shall they ever see? The really unforgivable sin is the denial of sin, because, by its nature, there is now nothing to be forgiven. By refusing to admit to personal guilt, the nice people are made into scandalmongers, gossips, talebearers, and supercritics, for they must project their real, if unrecognized, guilt to others. This, again, gives them a new illusion of goodness: the increase of faultfinding is in direct ratio and proportion to the denial of sin. (The *nasty* people do not like to gossip about the failings of others, because they are only too conscious of their own failings.)

It is a fact of human experience that the more experience we have with sin—our own sin—the less we are conscious of it. In all other things we learn by experience; in sin, we unlearn by experience. The sinner becomes so accustomed to sin that he fails to recognize its gravity. This was the sinister idea behind Satan's temptation of Eve: Satan told her that if she possessed the knowledge of good and evil, she would be like God. Satan did *not* tell her the real truth — that God knows evil only negatively, intellectually, as a physician who has never had pneumonia knows it as the negation of health. But a human being, knowing evil at all, must know it experimentally, *i.e.,* evil would enter into his system and become a part of him.

Every man and woman alive experiences a sense of guilt when he breaks a natural law. Guilt over unadmitted sins accounts for many of modern man's psychological ills. Yet it would be unsound to say that the moral factor is *always* behind mental disorders; for it is not. Mental diseases, using the phrase in the strict sense of the term, may have physical causes, such as organic alterations of the brain, disturbances in the endocrine glands, malformations of the central nervous system, and the like. We criticize only those psychiatrists who, acting as philosophers, go beyond their proper medical or scientific sphere to deny the possibility of guilt and sin.

The sense of sin is a reality all men know. It is more than just a violation of law; its poignancy would not be present except for man's intuition that sin also involves a breaking of a relationship between persons. Some people who steal from a great corporation do not feel that they have done anything very wrong (although they actually have), because they cannot think of the corporation as anything but impersonal. They have a flickering intuition of a truth—that the essence of sin is not a negation of a code but a rejection of a person toward whom one feels bound through his goodness and his love. Sin is an affront by one spirit against another, an outrage against love; that is why there is no sense of sin without the consciousness of a personal God.

◆ Because sin is the breaking of a relationship with Love, it follows that it cannot be treated exclusively by psychiatry. (We are not here saying that all mental disorders are due to a sense of sin. They are not. But there are some that are; and when materialist psychiatrists assume that distresses due to sin can be treated in exactly the same way as other nervous and psychic diseases, with no reference to spiritual resources, they are adding to the complexities, derangement, and frustration of the patient's life.)

It is not enough to *analyze* the sin in order to break down the consciousness of sin or to cure it. If the dentist learns that the decay in the tooth is due to eating candy, it does not follow that the tooth immediately becomes healthy. Psychic diseases may arise from repressed complexes; but sin must be regarded as an act of the will that implicates the whole personality. Mere intellectual comprehension will not destroy its effects or restore the patient's health.

There is *no evidence whatever* to sustain the position of some modern psychiatrists that consciousness of sin tends to make a person morbid. To call a man an escapist because he asks God for forgiveness, is like calling a householder whose home is on fire an escapist because he sends for the fire department. The greatest refinement of pride, the most contemptible form of escapism is to refrain from examining oneself lest sin be discovered within.

Nice people must see themselves as nasty people before they can find peace. When they exchange their proud and diabolical belief that they never did anything wrong to a hope for a Divine remedy for their mistakes, they will have attained to the condition of normality, peace, and happiness. The *nasty* people are the convertible people; aware of their own imperfections, they sense within themselves an emptiness. They have a hunger and thirst for something not of themselves. This sense of sin in them does not beget a forlorn despair, but a creative despair, when once they know that they can look beyond themselves for loving relief.

Our Blessed Lord was very fond of nasty people. He told so many stories about them. One of the charges the enemies made against Him was that He ate with nasty people and with sinners. It is very likely that if we could look up into Heaven we should see some sights that would scandalize us. We should say, *"Well,* how did that woman get there?" or "How did *he* get in? I knew him when . . ." But the greatest surprise of all will be to find that we are there ourselves.

◆

Nasty people may come to happiness this side of Heaven, too; their humility makes it possible. Many who come to the fullness of Christ, when asked why they embraced the Church, answer, "I joined the Church in order to get rid of my sins." Those who refuse to admit their sins, who deny that they are sinners, will find this very difficult to understand. Indeed, it is difficult for the nice people to understand, for they fail to realize there are two very devastating things that happen to those who come into contact with Our Lord — an overwhelming sense of shame, and a glorious feeling of liberation.

There is not a person who denies personal guilt who is happy, but there is not a person who has admitted it, and been forgiven, and lives in the love of God, who is unhappy. A sense of moral unworthiness has never saddened a soul, but many souls are made sad and frustrated by their own self-love. The greater the consciousness of our own misery, the greater our confidence in the goodness and mercy of God. God could not show the attribute of mercy unless there was misery. Unless nasty persons had existed, He never could have shown His sweet Mercy for our sins.

There are many stretched out on psychoanalytic couches today who would be far better off if they were on their knees instead. The very passivity symbolized by being stretched out on a couch is symbolic of the patient's irresponsibility. It is in striking contrast to the humility of a man who, kneeling, says, not "Oh, what a fool I have been," but "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

◆

A few decades ago, nobody believed in the confession of sins except the Church. Today everyone believes in confession, with this difference: some believe in confessing their own sins; others believe in confessing other people's sins.

The popularity of psychoanalysis has nearly convinced everyone of the necessity of some kind of confession for peace of mind. This is another instance of how the world, which threw Christian truths into the wastebasket in the nineteenth century, is pulling them out in isolated, secularized form in the twentieth century, meanwhile deluding itself into believing that it has made a great discovery. The world found it could not get along without some release for its inner unhappiness. Once it had rejected confession and denied both God and guilt, it had to find a substitute.

The consciousness of something wrong—of a sin clamoring to be expelled—may be repressed, and many men and women use such a concealment to escape self-reproach. Both from a psychological and from a spiritual point of view this repression is very dangerous, affecting the health of both body and mind. Some try to escape their uneasy consciences by the denial of their particular guilt, while others believe that if they abandon themselves to evil and forget all moral "totems and taboos," they will have joy. But they are grossly deceived: nothing in the whole realm of psychology is more destructive of personality than the notion that moral restraints *cause* unhealthy repressions through preventing the release of animal instincts and primitive urges.

Destructive impulses *should* be repressed; knowledge of our faults should not. Individuals who have reversed this healthy rule have invariably wound up many times more neurotic than before; indeed, the suppression of the ethical self to permit untrammeled indulgence of the animal self is one of the principal causes of mental disorders in modern man. The widespread repression of guilt (instead of the proper repression of rage and hate and lust) has had such serious consequences that the modern world has finally come to see the necessity of avowing, or confessing, some of the hidden causes of disturbed mental states.

The Church opposes repression on all levels. She has always said, "Confess your sins; tell them; get rid of them; avow them." Modern psychology has at last seen the wisdom of Christian teaching, and it now says, "Do not repress your complexes. Repression of the mind's contents is bad." Repression of even a physical disorder is dangerous to the body, as repression of a moral disorder is dangerous to the soul. If a piece of glass gets into the hand, the hand will first try to expel it by bleeding; when it cannot get rid of the glass, it then proceeds to surround the glass with fibrous tissue to prevent it from harming the rest of the body. When the doctor later operates and digs out the piece of glass to prevent infection, he is doing what nature first intended.

In the moral order, Our Divine Lord said that repression of sins was dangerous; if we covered them up, they would cause an irritation with eternal consequences. So He asked His Apostles to go around the world preventing repression by hearing confessions and forgiving sins. Now psychiatry has seen the wisdom of doing for the diseased mind what doctors have always done for the body and what religion has done for the soul from time immemorial—get a release, get a confession.

A patient confides his physical or mental sickness to the doctor, as a student offers his ignorance to the teacher; why should not sin also have its *confidante?*

The memory of wrong-doing, if kept to oneself, will do one of two things: Either it will become a temptation to repeated sin, or its remorse will paralyze our moral efforts toward betterment with such despairing words as "Oh, what's the use?" What the hand is to the eye in providing relief from the speck, that the tongue ought to be to the heart in providing release from sin.

◆

No person likes to have his mind excavated according to a fantastic, unscientific theory that sex must be at the bottom of all his problems. This was one of the most general complaints of soldiers during World War II against mental examinations;

some Army doctors assumed that continence was abnormality. Even in the occasional case where sexual conflicts are really to blame, no one is made better by having someone else tell him how queer he is or how rotten he is. Everyone wants to do his own telling, for he knows he can be made better only by avowing the guilt himself. "Let me tell it" expresses a primary right of the human heart.

The individual alone has the right to repudiate a part of himself as the condition of betterment. He resents probing and analysis by alien minds. He wants to swing open the portals of his own conscience; he wants no one breaking them down from the outside. The very uniqueness of personality gives him the right to state his own case in his own words. No soul likes to be studied like a bug. No trial is complete unless the defendant has a chance to take the witness stand to testify in his own case.

◆ Sex has become one of the most discussed subjects of modern times. The Victorians pretended it did not exist; the moderns pretend that nothing else exists.

In order to understand the proper role of the sex instinct, consider the true nature of man. Every man is looking for perfection. He is constantly trying to transcend himself, to get out of himself, in some way to expand himself, to escape his self-limitations. There is a kind of holy impatience in us all. The "I," the "Me" in each of us feels limited; it craves for expansiveness; it finds the earth too small, even the stars too close; the possessed makes us hungry where most it satisfies. We want to be perfect; but we are only in a process of realization. Not being able to find peace within ourselves, we seek to atone for our limitations by extending ourselves in one of three directions—through the mind, through the body, or through things.

Self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature, and it implies a legitimate self-love; for if we did not love ourselves, we could not continue to live. Our Divine Lord reminded us to love our neighbors *as we love ourselves.* Self-love, knowing it cannot exist by itself any more than the stomach can exist without food, extends itself in one direction by the acquiring of knowledge; and the more we know of the truth, the more our personality is developed.

The quest for perfection of the self reaches to the infinite. No one

"For lo! He is at our very feet. We need only to 'turn a stone and start a wing.'"

has ever said, "I know enough." That is why we hate to have secrets kept from us (men hate this just as much as women). We are incurably curious; we were made to know.

We escape the limitations of the body in another direction by the expansion of our flesh in procreation of other personalities. Love always tends to an incarnation. In order that human life might be preserved and continued, God implanted two great appetites and pleasures in man. One is the pleasure of eating to preserve the corporal life of the individual; the other is the pleasure of marriage to preserve the life of the race.

Just as we are free on the inside because we can call our soul our own, so we want to be free on the outside by calling possessions our own. Personal or private ownership is natural to man; it is the economic guarantee of freedom, as the soul is its spiritual guarantee.

◆

The sex instinct, which is good, can be perverted. In the days of pagan Rome some corrupt individuals attended banquets, gorged themselves with food, tickled their throats, disgorged the food, and then went back and ate more. This was wrong because, as reason told them, one eats to live and the pleasure must not be separated from its function. In like manner, when the fires of life are aroused deliberately, not to light new torches of life, but to scorch the flesh, there is the sin of lust.

The sex drive in man is *at no moment* an instinct alone. Desire from its beginning is informed with spirit, and never is one experienced apart from the other. The psychic and the physical interplay. Just as the idealists, who deny the existence of matter, sin against the flesh, so the sensualists and carnalists sin against the spirit. But to betray either aspect is to invite revenge.

Sex instinct in a pig and love in a person are not the same, precisely because love is found in the will, not in the glands—and will does not exist in a pig. Sexual desire in a person is different from sex in a snake because, in the human being, it promises something it cannot completely supply. For the spirit in man anticipates, which a snake does not: man always wants something more than he has. The very fact that none of man's passions for knowledge, love, and security can be completely satisfied here below suggests that he might have been made for something else.

It is the Christian position that the sex instinct is the *reflection* of love in the spiritual order. The sun comes first, then its reflection in the pool. The voice is not a sublimation of the echo, and neither is the belief in God a sublimation of a carnal instinct. All love and all perfection and all happiness are first in God, then in things.

It takes not two, but three to make perfect Love, whether it be in the flesh (husband, wife, and child), or in the spirit (lover, beloved, and love) or in Divine Nature (Father, Son, and Holy Spirit). Sex is duality; Love is always triune.

It is this fullness of Love that every heart in the universe wants. Some suspect it not, because they have never lifted the blind of their dark hearts to let in the light of God; others have been robbed of the hope by those who cannot think of love in any other terms than the concourse of two monkeys. But others see that, as the golden streaks across the waters of the lake are reflections of the moon above, so human love is but the crushed-out reflection of the Heart Divine.

How life changes its meaning when we see the love of the flesh as the reflection of the Eternal Light shot through the prism of time! They who would separate the earthly sound from the heavenly harp can have no music; they who believe that love is only the body's breath soon find love breathes its last and they have made a covenant with death. But they who see in all earthly beauty the faint copy of Divine loveliness, they who see in fidelity to every vow, even when the other is untrue, a proof that God loves us who are so unlovable, they who, in the face of their trials, see that God's love ended in a cross, they who allow the river of their rapture to broaden out the blended channels of prayer and worship—these will, even on earth, learn that Love was made flesh and dwelled amongst us.

◆

About seven hundred years ago, one of the most learned men who ever lived, Thomas Aquinas, wrote a treatise on the passions which to this day has never been surpassed. Treating of anxieties, he said, "Any idea which is hurtful to the mind does harm in just the proportion that it is repressed. The reason is: the mind is more intent on a repressed idea than if it were brought to the surface and allowed to escape."

The nineteenth century (which was already four centuries removed from the Christian practice of confession and repentance) began to see the terrible effects of the general repression of anxieties, guilt, sin, and worries. But the new writers gave a slightly different twist to the old idea that repressions are dangerous. Because God, morality, and the possibility of personal guilt were all denied, the new philosophy affirmed that the repression of *passions and instincts* was wrong. (It was the repressed *idea* against which Thomas Aquinas warned.) This psychology affirmed, "Be self-expressive. Religion and morality are destroying your personality." All restraint, authority, and discipline were viewed as harmful to the character. Such a philosophy could not stand up against sound reason.

If a man is really made better and saner because he gives way to his sexual instincts and is uninhibited by the Christian law of lifelong marriage, why should not a man be better because he gives way to other instincts, such as the hunting instinct? Why not organize a "kill your enemy" hunt, uninhibited by the moral taboo of a Fifth Commandment? If we were logical in allowing the same self-expression to the fear instinct as to the sex instinct, then we ought to praise a soldier who, in the midst of battle, deserts his post, just as some writers now praise a husband when he deserts his wife.

If the sex instinct is not to be bound by moral taboos, why should the pugnacious instinct be bound? Why should not an aggression be allowed to assert itself by punishing the people who get ahead of us at a bargain counter—especially if they are smaller? If arrest followed this demonstration, why not plead that the civil law is only a moral taboo which originated among African head-hunters and is, therefore, destructive of human personality, with no binding force in this enlightened twentieth century?

If the repression of the sex instinct is abnormal, why should not the repression of the hunger instinct be abnormal? Why not condemn dieting? No one has tried to convince the body cultists that a religious totem and taboo are responsible for a fourteen-day diet.

This theory of license is founded on the false assumption that a *psychological* complex can always be cured by giving it a *physiological* outlet. This is as silly as saying that the way to cure a worry about your debts is to drain the blood out of your heart. The mental and the physical, the spiritual and the carnal are not on the same level. One might as well say that the psychological urge some people have to kill others could be cured by giving them a machine gun or that the mental impulse to commit suicide could be cured by a plunge off the Brooklyn Bridge.

In regard to the sex instinct, self-expression can hardly be the cure it is said to be—for those who are most abandoned to the gratification of these instincts are not only the most abnormal but also the most unhappy of people, and they constitute the greatest menace to society.

◆ There is nothing so dangerous for a civilization as softness, and there is nothing so destructive of personality as a want of discipline. Arnold Toynbee, the historian, tells us that, out of twenty-one civilizations which have vanished, sixteen collapsed because of decay within. Nations are not often murdered; they more often commit suicide. That is the sinister meaning of our present mood of selfishness and love of pleasure, our affirmation of our own egotism, our widespread refusal to discipline the self.

Although two world wars have imposed upon us many sacrifices which we have accepted willingly, even these have not been sufficient to make us perform the greatest sacrifice of all—to give up the illusion that a man is most self-expressive when he allows the animal to gain mastery over the spirit.

We are scandalized at seeing what the release of the subhuman has done to the Fascists, Nazis, and Communists. Yet we have not learned that the same deleterious effects can be present in the individual who, starting with the philosophy that he is only a beast, immediately proceeds to act like one. To just the extent that a man is unmortified in his selfish passions, it becomes necessary for some external authority to control and subdue those passions. That is why the passing of morality and religion and asceticism from political life is inevitably followed by a police state, which attempts to organize the chaos produced by that selfishness. Law gives way to force; ethics is replaced by the secret police.

The totalitarian regimes are symptomatic of a disease which has also attacked the men and women in countries that are free. It is the disease of disorder within man. The atomic bomb is a perfect symbol of the disintegration of the modern personality. Every gain in mastery of the forces of nature becomes a potential danger unless it is matched by an equal gain in man's mastery over his animal impulses.

◆ To just the degree that a materialist psychologist interprets self-expression as the release of the animal instincts, he contributes to the world's present woe and disorder. Animal-guided men cannot conduct a civilization. They are more at home in war than in peace. We of today can be united against a common enemy through hate; it takes spirit and a common purpose to bind us together when peace comes.

Peace is a fruit of love, and love flowers in the man oriented toward God. The greatest privilege that can come to man is to have his life God-directed; this follows when he has remotely paved the way by disciplined self-direction.

God cares enough for us to regulate our lives—and this is the strongest proof of love that He could give to us. For it is a fact of human experience that we do not care very much about the details of other people's lives unless we love them. We are not deeply interested in hearing more of those individuals whom we meet in the subway and in the street and on the highway. But as soon as we begin to know and love any of them, both our interest and their happiness increase.

It is like this when we bring ourselves into the area of God's love: there is an increasing Divine guidance of the details of our life, and we are ever being made more sure of the depth and reality of His love. To the extent that we abandon our personality to Him, He will take possession of our will and work in us. We are no longer ruled by commands coming from the outside, as from a cruel master, but by almost imperceptible suggestions that rise up from within. We feel as if we had wanted all along to do those things He suggests to us; we are never conscious of being under command. Thus our service to Him becomes the highest form of liberty, for it is always easy to do something for the one we love.

The principal cause of all unhappiness is unregulated desire—wanting more than is needed or wanting what is harmful to the spirit. The modern world is geared to increase our desires and our wants by its advertising, but it can never satisfy them.

God has promised men pardon if they are penitent, but not if they procrastinate. Sin will wear out mind, heart, and soul, but it will not wear itself out—it will have to be purged out.

The secret of peace of soul is to combine detachment from evil with attachment to God, to abandon egotism as the ruling, determining element in living and to substitute Our Divine Lord as the regent of our actions. What is anti-God must be repressed; what is Godly must be expressed. Then one will no longer awaken with a dark brown taste in the mouth or a feeling of being run-down at the heels. Instead of greeting each day with the complaint, "Good God, morning!" he will say, from the happiness of a soul in love, "Good morning, God!"

◆ Even when a client has his psychoanalyst's encouragement to laugh off the possibility of moral evil or a sense of guilt as the cause of his worries, his rejection of ethical standards is still a form of escapism. In such cases, it is vain for the frustrated soul to say that he will work the problem out "for himself." For the soul that relies upon itself is unrealistic. Cure is conditioned upon the realization of two basic facts: there is some evil in the soul; and the perfection and cure are not to be sought in the person himself. Just as medicine must come from outside of the body, so moral healing must come from outside of the soul. Yet many modern men run to the ends of the earth to escape the one source of health and recovery.

Escapists refuse to face the fact that their own lives are disordered; or else they try an "easy" way out of their misery which lands them in confusion worse confounded.

Some of the "easy" ways out are the escapism of scandalmongering, which seeks to find others who are worse than the self and thus make the self seem good by comparison; the escapism of ridicule, which makes fun of the virtuous and religious to avoid the reproach of their goodness; the escapism of noise, of drowning oneself in excitement, crowds, collective trances, so that the sweet, low voice of conscience, through which God speaks, is never heard; the escapism of Communism, an anarchical revolution by which one covers up his own need of personal, inner, spiritual regeneration by revolutionizing everyone else. For by pointing out the wrongs of others, the Communist avoids the need of righting himself; by spreading the ideology of class conflict, he creates the illusion that the evil he hates is not within himself, but in the social system.

The social conscience thus dispenses many men today from any compulsion to set right their individual consciences. There is also the escapism of calling religion "escapism": this atheistic riposte is the most wrong-headed of them all—to throw it at a distraught friend is like telling a man whose house is on fire that he is an "escapist" if he calls the fire department.

The real escapists follow many different routes, but none of them are humble enough to admit that there is some evil in them; all of them are too proud to admit that they need outside help to cure their misery.

By denying any guilt, they show that they are cowards; by denying any perfection outside themselves, they become snobs. The last, desperate stage of escapism is religious persecution; hatred of religion is projected self-hatred. It is not easy for normal persons to understand how goodness and truth can be hated, but they are. Truth can be hated, because it implies responsibility. Goodness is hated, because it is a reproach.

Escapism never succeeds. In every sinner whose frustrations and neuroses are due to a burdened conscience, there is a latent contradiction. He is pulled in two directions. He is not so much at ease with sin as to be able to make it his definite vocation, nor, on the other hand, is he so much in love with God as to disavow his faults. The dualism arises from a desire of God, on the one hand, and a turning from God, on the other. Such men have insufficient moral energy to be bad or to be good; they have not enough religion to find true peace of soul, yet quite enough of it to intensify their sense of frustration after they have sinned.

◆

Men who live in this moral twilight between faith and lack of faith have rarely a clear notion of the purpose of life. Yet a man must have a goal before he can live. In making a journey, one first decides the destination and then the intermediate steps.

But there are some men and women who, admitting their sins and faults, are still unhappy. Where there is a genuine sense of guilt, release can come only from Divine Mercy confronting human misery. Unless we are ready to ask for the forgiveness of our sins by God, the examination of conscience may be only a vain form of introspection, which can make a soul worse if it ends in *remorse* instead of *sorrow*. For the two are quite distinct: Judas had remorse. Peter had sorrow. Judas "repented unto himself," as Scripture tells us; Peter, unto the Lord. As a psychic malady sometimes results from a failure to adjust self to the right environment, so a moral evil results from the failure of the soul to adjust itself to God. Despair is such a failure—Judas despaired, but Peter hoped. Despair comes from unrelatedness, from the refusal of a soul to turn to God. Such a soul opposes the order of nature.

When there are seven people in a room, few ever refer to the fact that there are fourteen arms present. But if we found a detached arm lying in a corner, it would create consternation; it is a problem only because it is detached. A soul isolated from God is like that arm. Its conscience (to take another example) is like a broken anklebone; it hurts because it is not where it ought to be. The final stage of this sadness resulting from man's unrelatedness to God is a desire to die, combined with a fear of death—for "conscience doth make cowards of us all."

But if remorse is a sense of guilt unrelated to God, it is well to consider other states of mind and conscience from this single aspect. We find that there are several classes of souls, ranged according to the degree of their relatedness to God. There are those who killed their conscience by sin and worldliness and who have steadfastly refused to cooperate with the Divine Action on the soul in order to amend their lives, confess their sins, and do penance; there are those who have awakened from a state of sin; there are those who followed conscience and the laws of God for a time and then turned away from God; and, finally, there are those who kept their baptismal innocence and never defiled their conscience. The second and the fourth are very dear to God.

There are thus two ways of knowing how good God is: one is by never losing Him, and the other is by losing Him and finding Him again. Souls who have strayed and returned, Our Lord said, rejoice the Angels in Heaven more than the steadfastly faithful. This is not difficult to understand: a mother with ten children rejoices more in the recovery of the single sick child than in the continued possession of health by the other nine.

◆

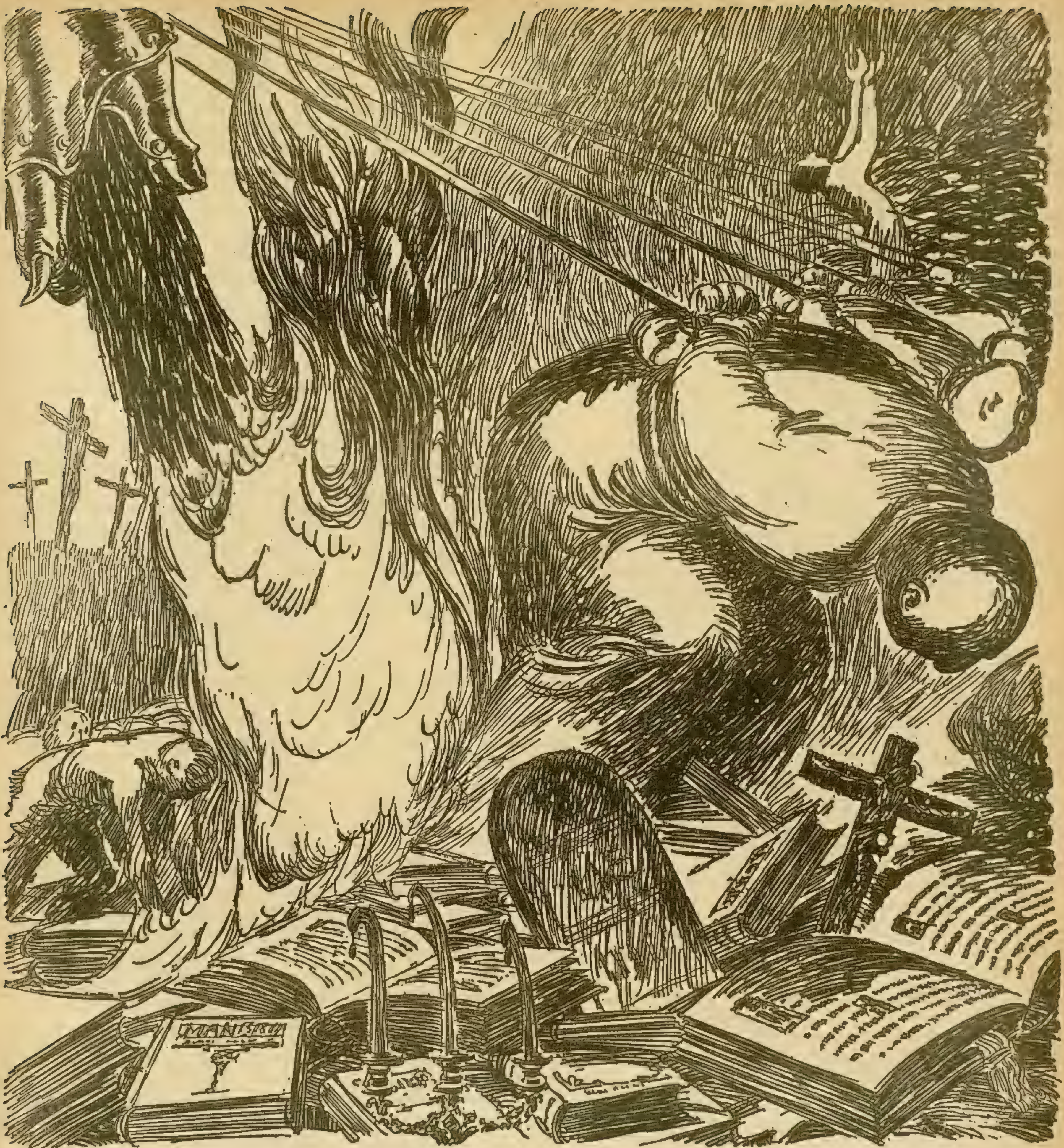
There is no limit to man's demands, once the earth is made the be-all and end-all of living; soon people are willing to use every means available to possess as much of it as they can win. The real cause of such unbounded lust for what is often called "security" is fear of the eternal void within. Never before in history was the Gospel warning about God and Mammon as clearly fulfilled as today—for the soul that has lost its God must worship Mammon.

From this clutching at goods results a fear of death, a dread that we may lose whatever we have accumulated, that our temporal security will vanish into eternal insecurity.

This fear of death, suffered by the modern pagan, differs from the fear of death of the faithful in several ways. The pagan fears the loss of his body and his wealth; the faithful fears the loss of his soul. The believer fears God with a filial fear such as a devoted son has toward a loving father; the pagan fears, not God, but his fellow man, who seems to threaten him. Hence the increase in cynicism, suspicion, irreverence, strifes, and war; the neighbor must be killed, by word if not by sword, because he is an enemy to be dreaded.

The modern man takes lightly those things which the Saviour warned us to fear; but he trembles at those things which the Saviour bade us not to fear. Sometimes his unhealthy fear is hidden under a cover of silence: this is particularly true of the fact of death.

The modern man seeks to forget about death altogether or—if he cannot do that—to conceal it, to render it unobtrusive, to disguise it. He feels awkward in the presence of death, does not know how to console or what to say. Everything in his attitude contradicts the Christian injunction, "Remember thy last end." For he regards all discussion of death as morbid; yet he will laugh at a comedy in which a dozen people are killed and will stay awake half the night reading a detective story,



"The last desperate stage of escapism is religious persecution."

about a murder. This, too, is *death*, and it enthralls him; but he concentrates upon the circumstances by which death comes, rather than upon the eternal issues of death, which alone are all-important. This modern insensitiveness to death is an insensitiveness to personality, to the moral order, and to destiny.

Many factors today build an unnatural attitude to death. Vain indeed are the pagan's attempts to turn death into comedy or to obscure its meaning by laughter, for when death is a personal threat, modern man is afraid to look upon its face. Physicians no longer warn their patients of the imminence of death; they act as if there were no preparation needed for eternity. Even the family of the imperiled man plays a part in the great game of self-deception. Today's morticians make death look like life; they pretend that all that it involves is a little sleep, after which everyone will wake up on an eternal shore which has no passport regulations. The cult of staying young contributes to the macabre pretense that death will never come—first it denies the seven ages of man of which Shakespeare spoke, then it turns men's minds away from the fact of judgment which confronts them at the moment of death.

◆

Those who try to ignore death sometimes say that it is a fear of dying that makes men religious. Certainly this fear has something to do with faith. It is one of the factors of religion because it brings man face to face with the mystery at the heart of life—Why? Whither? Wherefore? Ignore it, deny it, laugh at it, but each life runs up a bill which some day must be met, and with strict justice. As the merchant in the evening pulls out from his cash register the slip on which is written the debits and credits of the day, so, too, an hour will come when life's business is done, when the Great Judge will pull out conscience, the record of our rights and wrongs: “It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment.”

It was the Devil who said, “You will not die.” To rouse men out of the spirit of that lie, Christianity has enjoined them to ask themselves, “For what are you living today? It is for that that you will die tomorrow.” It tells them, “Where the tree falleth, there it lies,” and “Watch and pray, for you know not the hour nor the day.”

It is no answer to the fact of death to say that life is like a match which has been struck, which will burn for a moment and then cease to exist. If our life were like a match, death would have no terrors for us, as it has none for animals. But even the analogy of the match does not provide a case for man's mortality; for although the match is blown out, its light still travels through space at the rate of 186,000 miles a second and survives somewhere in the universe.

Nor can we show the transience of man's life by saying that we are like the fruit on a tree, that clings and ripens and then falls and dies; for while the fruit clings to the skin, and the skin to the pulp, and the pulp to the seed, it nevertheless remains true that, although the ripe fruit falls and the birds peck at it for a time, there is still at the heart of it a seed that will live for another generation and provide its immortality.

Yet death is a fact. Animals die, and so do men, but the difference is that men *know* they *must* die. By that very fact, we men surmount death, we get above it, we transcend it, look at it, survey it, and thus stand *outside* it. This very act is a dim foreshadowing of immortality. Our mortality is frightening to us largely because we can contemplate *immortality,* and we have a dim suspicion that we have lost the immortality that once belonged to us. We ought to have it; yet we have it not. Something has interfered. We are not all we ought to be.

If death were merely a physical *must,* we would not fear it; our fear comes from the moral fact that we know we *ought* not to die. We fear death because it was not part of the original plan laid down for us. And we also fear it because we have made so poor a use of our years of life. When the sense of sin is keen, this fear of facing our own failures may become paradoxically acute, so that the individual wants to lose himself in order not to have to live with himself. This is suicide and nihilism.

◆

The meaning of life can become apparent only in judgment and valuation. Personal judgment at the moment of death is a revelation of the meaning of personal life, and the cosmic judgment at the end of time is a revelation of the meaning of social values. All the catastrophes, wars, revolutions and toppling civilizations are reminders that our ideas have been found wanting, our bad dreams have been realized. If these thoughts of ours had been true and sound, they would not need to be destroyed, for truth is eternal; death comes only to life which has not fulfilled its inner meaning.

All men share a profound intuition that their deaths can serve a triumphant purpose. Why is a man less willing to die in a train wreck or an automobile accident than he is to be killed on a battlefield or as a martyr to his faith? Is it not because death is less terrifying and more meaningful as soon as we rise above the level of the commonplace and lift ourselves into the realm of eternal values where, alone, death has meaning?

Death is the end of evil; we see this revealed in the faces of the dead, which are often more harmonious than they were in life, as the sleeping face is more restful than the waking. Ugly feelings and hates, eccentricities and discords disappear in the presence of the dead, so that we even say, “Of the dead say nothing but good.” In the presence of the dead, we give praise and adulation; we resurrect the good things and the charities, kindnesses, and humor of our friend.

The best qualities are what are recalled posthumously, making us wonder whether death itself may not be a thrusting to the fore of the good which we have done, a disprizing of the evil. Not that both of them will not be recalled—they will. But as life revealed the debit side of our character, so death, too, will show forth the credit side. Death is thus bound up with goodness.

And death is also bound up with love, or, rather, love is always bound up with death. He who accepts love, accepts sacrifice. Surpassing all minor sacrifices is the complete love which is willing to accept death for the beloved, as a soldier dies for his country. Whoever attaches too much value to life and runs away from death also runs away from perfect love: “Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend.” The acceptance of death is thus a manifestation of our love of God.

Death will individualize and personalize all of us. Because it separates the soul from the body, it finds out each and every one in its search; it will reveal the *real me* as against the *surface me.*

◆

The body in relationship to the soul might be likened to a person driving an automobile. One man drives through life in a broken-down jalopy, another in a 20-horsepower motor, another in a 50-horsepower motor, and still another in a 200-horsepower motor, but when there is a traffic violation of the law, no one is judged by the kind of car he is driving but by whether or not he broke the law.

In the same manner, at the moment of death, when the soul leaves the body, we shall be judged not by the earthly advantages that we had—beauty or talent, or the wealth that accompanied the body, or the social advantages—but only by the degree to which we responded to Divine Love.

Death confronts self with self in its great moment of mental awakening in the morning of the afterlife. In that tearing away of all illusionment, the soul will see itself as it really is. It still drags a train of experiences behind it; it has the memory, that storehouse of habits good and bad, of prayers said, of kindnesses to the poor, as well as the refusal of grace, the sins of avarice, of lust, and of pride.

Since we are faced with this inevitable event, how shall we meet it?

The pagan as he lives moves progressively closer to death; the Christian moves backward from it. The pagan tries to ignore death, but each tick of the clock brings him nearer to it through fear and anxiety. The Christian begins his life by contemplating his death; knowing that he will die, he plans his life accordingly, in order to enjoy eternal life. There are two stages in the pagan's experience, human life and human death. In the Christian's, there are three, human life, human death, which is a gate to the third stage—Divine life.

Christianity has always recommended the contemplation of death as an encouragement to a good life; and this is actually effective, for although we cannot go backward in time, we can go forward in time. A man can therefore say to himself, "What I am living for today, that I shall die for tomorrow."

If we think about death, we shake ourselves out of our fantasy that the universe is not a moral one. In treating schizophrenia, a violent electric shock is sometimes applied to the head of a patient; the schizophrenic is so alarmed, so threatened, that in order to escape what seems like dissolution the mind puts off its fantasy and the patient is thrust back into the real world. Meditation on death has something of that effect on the spiritual system. It breaks the spell which made us think that pleasure is everything, that we ought to go on making more money or building more buildings, that religion is for the feeble-minded, and other such illusions.

Each of us comes into life with fists closed, set for aggressiveness and acquisition; but when we abandon life, our hands are open; there is nothing on earth that we need, nothing the soul can take with it that could not be taken away after any shipwreck—its own works. Because meditation on our final end takes the mind off the present self, it destroys excessive egocentricity and lessens our fears and anxieties. For fears diminish as we cease to think of ourselves in our immediate aspect and adjust our minds, instead, to the larger landscape of eternity.

Death can be robbed of its greatest fearfulness if we practice for it. For every death should be a great masterpiece, and, like all masterpieces, it cannot be completed in a day.

A sculptor who wishes to carve a figure out of a block uses his chisel, first cutting away great chunks of marble, then smaller pieces, until he finally reaches a point where only a brush of hand is needed to reveal the figure. In the same way, the soul has to undergo tremendous mortifications at first, and then more refined detachments, until finally its Divine image is revealed.

When we die to something, something comes alive within us. If we die to self, charity comes alive; if we die to pride, service comes alive; if we die to lust, reverence for personality comes alive; if we die to anger, love comes alive.

Death is meant to be our true birth, our beginning.

◆ As one goes up the hierarchy of nature, one finds an increasing capacity for adaptation. H_2O is capable of assuming the three forms of ice, water, and steam; plants have adaptability only to seasons and local conditions; animals have additional powers of moving from place to place, but each one of them still remains more or less fixed in type. Man has the greatest capacity for change of all, because he who is born of flesh can also be born of the spirit; he who is only a creature can become a child of God. Man alone is convertible. He alone can become something he is not.

Just as plants and animals die when they are out of touch with their proper environment, so, too, souls die if they fail to live in union with God, Who alone can make them realize the fullness of their personalities.

The great pity of life is that so many minds fail to make an acquaintance with the whole of their environment. There are some who can enjoy the barking of a saxophone but have no appreciation for the overture of a Beethoven. There are others who discover the world of science, but have not mental telescopes strong enough to discover the world of poetry. There are men satisfied to conquer a world of business, without the desire to conquer the world of philosophy. There are many who enter into contact with the world of credit but fail to enter into contact with the world of faith.

Such minds are content to know a part of their environment but not the whole. They are very much like the deaf, who are dead to the great environment of sound—to children's laughter, the voice of a friend, the song of a bird, the sweet flow of poetry, the thrill of music, the sigh of the winds, and the sadness of a waterfall. Though sound and harmony constitute one of the greatest pleasures of this world, the deaf know of the world of sound as a vast and undiscovered realm. And the blind are dead to the great environment of beauty—to the gesture of a friend, the flash of an eye, the earnestness of a visage, the beauty of a rainbow, the twinkle of a star, and the fall of a meteor. Visual beauty is one of the sources of life's pleasures, but there are some as dead to it as if they had never been born.

Over and above the world of sounds and visible things, over and above the world even of science and philosophy, there is that still greater environment of life, the truth, love, and beauty of God, Who alone can satisfy the infinite aspirations of man.

One of the sad and regrettable features today is the fact that there are some people in this world who are dead, not only to the world of poetry, music, philosophy, but to the life and love of God. They form a class we may call the "Deity-blind." Such men are often alive to the temporal environment: their words are correct; their sense of propriety shows in the embellishment of their homes and their choice of amusements; they are worldly; they are rich; they are sophisticated; they are successful; they are at ease; they are honored; they have eyes, but they are blind—blind to the beautiful environment of God and the Incarnate life of Christ.

◆ But no one is at peace until he is in proper relation to Divinity. Acquiring this might be called "Deoversion," or a turning to God. This kind of conversion means a substitution of Christ consciousness for ego consciousness; a transformation of the personality through the love of God in Christ; a surrender of the will so as to obey Christ above all things and at all costs. True conversion has nothing to do with emotional "uplift" or with a moral veneer of social action; it is a hard game, an arduous battle, a travail of soul from which emerges a new dedication of self.

The soul becomes the battlefield of a civil war during a conversion. It is not enough that there be a conflict between consciousness and unconsciousness or self and environment, but such tensions can be simple psychological phenomena without profound significance for the soul.

So long as the conflict is only psychological, so long as it is capable of being manipulated by the mind itself or by another human mind, there may result an integration or sublimation, or so-called "peace of mind," but there is no Deo-version, or peace of soul.

The tension or conflict is never very acute when the dueling forces are contained within the mind itself; conversion is not autosuggestion, but a flash of lightning from without. There is a great tension only when the self is confronted with the non-self, when the within is challenged by the without, when the helplessness of the ego is confronted with the adequacy of the Divine.

Not until the tug of war begins, with the soul on one end of the rope and God on the other, does true duality appear as the condition of conversion. There must be in the soul the conviction that one is in the grip of and swayed by a higher control than one's own will; that, opposing the ego, there is a Presence before Whom one feels happy in doing good and before Whom one shrinks away for having done evil. It is relatively unimportant whether this crisis, which results in a feeling of duality, be sudden or gradual. What matters is struggle between the soul and God, with the all-powerful God never destroying human freedom. This is the greatest drama of existence.

◆ It is possible that the decline of reason in the modern world may drive more and more souls to investigate the disparity between what *they* know and what is knowable. Only by seeking for what is above the human can the human mind preserve its dignity; either its reason mounts to Wisdom, or its emotions enchain reason and man becomes a beast.

As carnality and comfort become the common goal of modern life, those with intelligence will fight harder than ever for the deliverance of their reason and will finally come to see that, without a *Divine Logos* behind the universe, there would never be reason in the universe. Pascal's belief that there are only two kinds of reasonable people may indeed be true—those who love God with all their hearts because they have found Him, and those who search for God with all their hearts because they have not found Him.

When a soul in sin, under the impetus of grace, turns to God, there is penance; but when a soul in sin refuses to change, God sends chastisement. This chastisement need not be external, and certainly it is never arbitrary; it comes as an inevitable result of breaking God's moral law. But the entrenched forces of the modern world are irrational; men nowadays do not always interpret disasters as the moral events they are. When calamity strikes the flint of human hearts, sparks of sacred fire are kindled and men will normally begin to make an estimate of their true worth. In previous ages this was usual: the disordered individual could find his way back to peace because he lived in an objective world inspired by Christian order.

But the frustrated man of today, having lost his faith in God, living, as he does, in a disordered, chaotic world, has no beacon to guide him. In times of trouble he sometimes turns in upon himself, like a serpent devouring his own tail. Given such a man, who worships the false trinity of (1) his own pride, which acknowledges no law; (2) his own sensuality, which makes earthly comfort its goal; (3) his license, which interprets liberty as the absence of all restraint and law—then a cancer is created which is impossible to cure except through an operation or calamity unmistakable as God's action in history. It is always through sweat and blood and tears that the soul is purged of its animal egotism and laid open to the Spirit.

It would be wrong to imagine that historical catastrophes are necessary because there is one side of the world where men are good and another side where men are wicked. When a germ gets into the blood stream, it does not isolate itself in the right arm and spare the left; it is the whole body that is stricken. So with humanity. Being one body, everyone who belongs to our race is sinful to some degree. It is *our* wicked world, not *theirs*.

◆ All of us stand in need of redemption. The more Christian a soul is, the more it sees itself responsible for its neighbor's sins.

We are being taught in this century that the divisions that sever men from men are very frail. Physical calamity breaks down these barriers. Modern warfare destroys the boundary line of combatant and civilian—not that it should do so, but, at least, its violations reveal that in a crisis the peril is not mine nor thine, but ours. When enough devout souls transfer this oneness of men from the physical to the moral and spiritual order, the world will be reborn.

Catastrophe can be to a world that has forgotten God what a sickness can be to a sinner; in the midst of it millions might be brought not to a voluntary, but to an enforced crisis. Such a calamity would put an end to Godlessness and make vast numbers of men, who might otherwise lose their souls, turn to God.

After a succession of hot, sultry days in the summer, we sense that there must be a storm before the cool days come back again. Similarly, in these days of confusion, there is an intuition of impending catastrophe, a feeling that some immense preternatural disturbance must bring the evil of the world to ruins before we can be set free again. It is not a question of the end of the world, but the end of an era—a manifestation of the sublime truth that the denial of Christian morality and truth brings us all to the edge of catastrophe, to the very rim of dissolution.

It has been said, "In time of peace, prepare for war." But we had better revise this and say, "In times of turmoil and dissolution, prepare to meet God!" The crisis is upon us all, whatever our condition and whoever we be.

◆ Psychiatry is able to give a certain measure of peace of mind, for it adjusts the mind to the mood and temper of the world; but it never inquires whether we *ought* to adjust ourselves so completely to the present society. Peace of *soul* is a different and a finer thing: it results from justice, not from adjustment; from rebirth, not from integration to the values of the moment. Justice implies the subordination of the body to the soul and of the whole man to God and to neighbor. On the other hand, adjustment is to become acceptable to those around us, whether they are good or bad, wise or foolish, saints or such men as a saint would rather flee than emulate.

Peace of mind rests principally on what is called "sublimation," which psychology describes as a redirection of an instinct, passion, or energy from a crude, impulsive form to a creative activity which is social and to some extent, ethical. There is nothing very new about sublimation except the name, for, throughout the ages, all wise teachers have recognized that it is important to divert man's interests from the base to the noble.

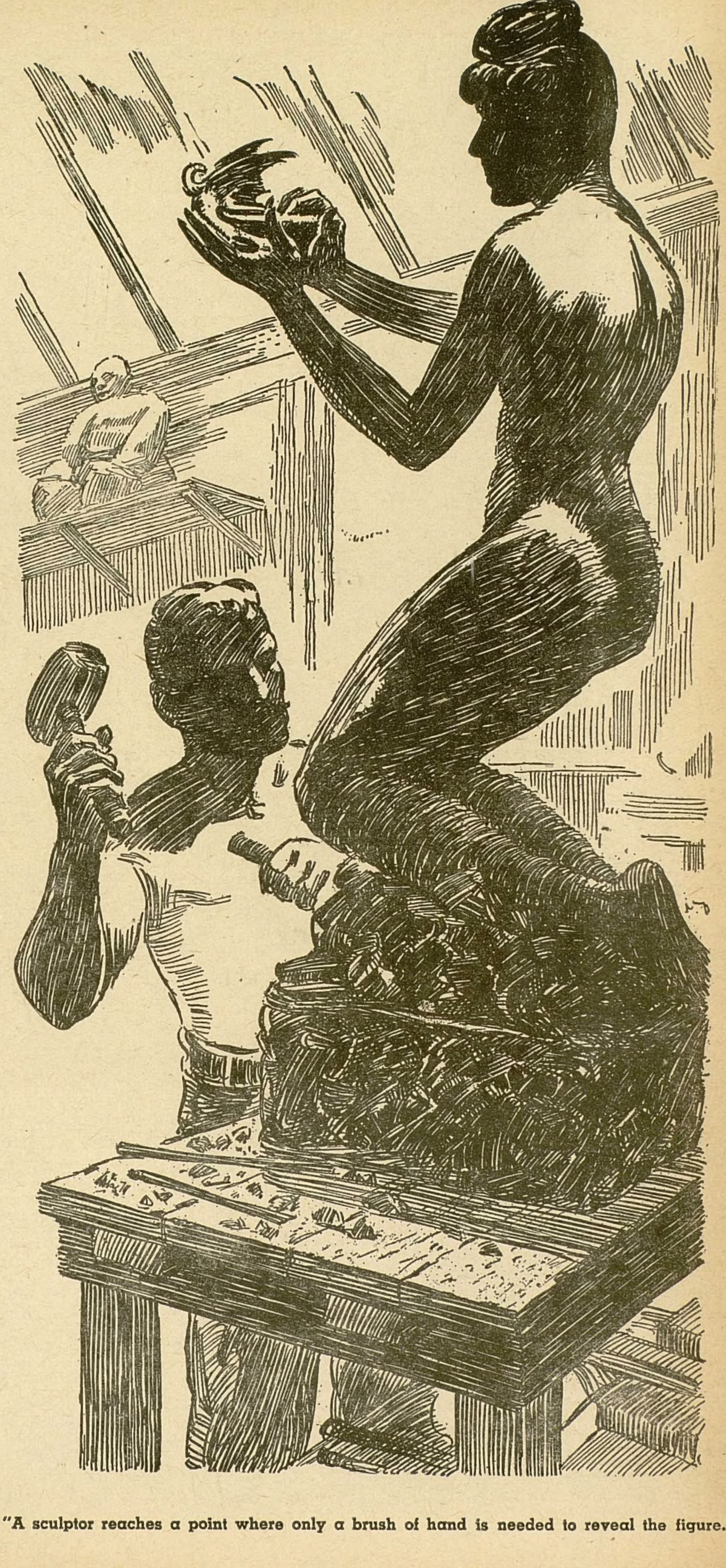
Educators have always known that a child who is unduly curious can often have his curiosity sublimated into a healthy interest in science or history; the pugnacious instinct is sometimes sublimated through debating societies; the lawlessness of a boy can be sublimated by putting him in charge of a group, where he has to enforce the law. Such sublimations, useful as they are, can never give peace of soul, because this comes *only from God.* Psychological attempts to make man create this sort of peace—which he has no potentiality to create—are like trying to get a spinning top to begin spinning in the other direction.

No flat tire can fix itself, and no frustrated, unhappy person can get well without the introduction into his nature of something that is not already there. Something more is needed to cure a man than his own libido or instinct. Water can never rise above its own level, and no amount of drainage from the unconscious to the conscious can make the stream of thought clearer, cleaner, or stronger.

If a man is physically sick, he does not try to cure himself by expecting medicines to develop within his own body. Neither can a soul spiritually sick completely heal itself by its own efforts, without an energy and a power brought in from the outside. The sick man's own will is not sufficient; it is because the will and the instincts are at odds that he is suffering. Nor can human ideals alone cure him—they make no provision for the conflicts of those who cannot attain to them. Even the noblest of abstract ideals are of little use to a person who feels himself a failure, shut off from the possibility of success and too weak to achieve virtue.

◆ It is precisely because many individuals are painfully conscious of their weakness and frustration that they yearn for a compulsive system of life which will dispense them from all responsibility. That is why they turn to totalitarianism in the vain hope that its anonymous collectivity will deprive them of the burden of choice.

The prodigal son was right in being hungry and wrong in feeding on husks. The modern soul, too, is right in hungering for a law higher than its own will, wrong in taking that law from a dictator. With the denial of God, eternal destinies, and



"A sculptor reaches a point where only a brush of hand is needed to reveal the figure."

moral righteousness, it has become disgusted with its own inadequacy, its own unworthiness to serve as a proper object of narcissistic devotion. Like the child in the progressive school, it asks, "Must I always do whatever I want?"

When one meditates upon the number of individuals who, in the midst of their frustrations, try to find healing without the aid of a Divine Physician, without an energy more powerful than themselves, one is reminded of the words of Carlyle, "The tragedy of life is not so much what men suffer, but rather how much they miss."

The greatest opportunity they miss is that of becoming something more than a man. For it is possible for a human being to live on one of three levels. The first level is the subhuman, or the animal, in which a man is content to live only for his body, for his flesh and its pleasures.

Man can also live on a second, or higher, level, the rational; here he will pursue a good pagan life and will defend the natural virtues, but without great enthusiasm. Under the inspiration of reason alone, he is tolerant, philanthropic; he favors the underdog and contributes to community enterprises, but he refuses to believe that there is a knowledge beyond the reach of his own intellect or a strength exceeding his own will. For high above these two levels there is a third, which is the Divine level; in this, man, thanks to the grace of God, is elevated to the supernatural order and is made a child of God.

◆ These three levels might be compared to a three-story house: the first floor is hardly furnished at all; the second has some comforts; but the third is orderly, luxurious, and full of peace. An individual who lives for purely animal pleasures will take as sheer nonsense the suggestion that there is a level of reason above the first floor, where he lives according to his lusts. And to suggest to those who live on the second floor of reason that there is still a floor above, where peace of mind becomes peace of soul, is to invite them to ridicule the supernatural order.

Those who dwell on the second floor have no understanding whatever of the supernatural; they regard it as a pious extra, as unessential as frost on a windowpane or frosting on a cake. They are willing to admit that there is assimilation in the universe and that the progress has been upward and vertical from the chemical to man, but when it comes to the development of man himself, they refuse to admit a continuation of the same vertical process. They see the past in terms of an upward process until man was produced; from that time on, they insist that it moves only on a horizontal plane and that man's progress is to be measured by his growing skill in the manipulation of nature and wealth and the acquiring of better material conditions—all of which are external to man.

Those who refuse to mount to the third floor from the second are much like the two tadpoles who were one day discussing the possibility of a realm higher than that of the tadpoles. One little tadpole said to the other, "I think I will stick my head above the water to see what the rest of the world looks like." The other tadpole said, "Don't be foolish. You don't mean to tell me that there is anything in this world besides water!"

Some people in backward countries refuse vaccination; they fear to be saved by a mystery they do not comprehend. Some sick people do not want to see a doctor; they are afraid that he may advise an operation as a condition of recovering their health. In the spiritual realm, too, we can refuse to be healed. We cannot initiate our own salvation—for the first movement of regeneration comes from God—but we can prevent it by our refusal to cooperate. Grace and human freedom are related like the two wings of a bird: both are needed for flight. Grace is a gift, and any gift can be rejected. Love is never imposed—to impose it would be to destroy love.

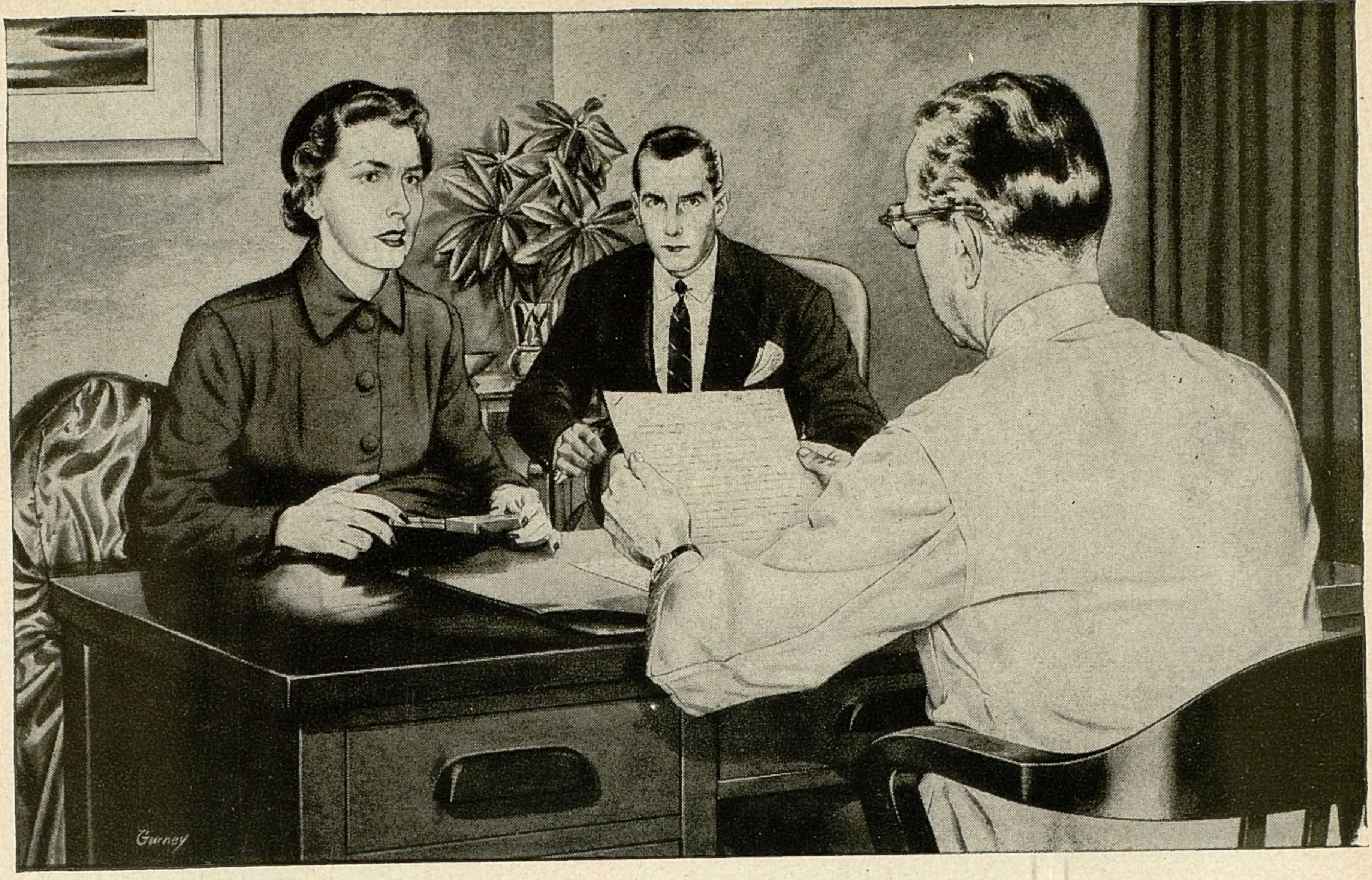
Because the acceptance of grace is a free act, implying a choice, it follows that some men will always be unwilling to accept it, especially since it invariably demands a sacrifice. The rich young man in the Gospel went away sad because he had great possessions; St. Augustine, at one time in his life, said, "Dear Lord, I want to be good, but later on, not now." The great problem, facing every human, concerns, not sublimation, but elevation. Is he willing to surrender the lower to find the ecstasies of the higher? Does he want God enough to overcome the obstacles that keep Him away?

The refusal of God's supernatural gift is the most tragic mistake a man can make. Its acceptance is called conversion. Contrary to the common belief, a conversion is not caused by the emotions; emotions reflect only a mental state, and this change concerns the soul. Conversion, again, has nothing to do with sublimation; that process, too, is restricted to the order of nature. Conversion looks upward, not inward. Conversion is due to the invasion of a new power, to the inner penetration of spirit and spirit, to the influence of the changeless upon the fluid character of man.

◆ Everyone in the world is looking for certitude, peace of soul, and freedom of spirit. In the quest of every pleasure, even in the pursuit of the unlawful, all men pursue their ceaseless quest of the Infinite. *Where* they look for God is the only question on which men differ. In this they are divided, as music lovers are: the music we love is the music we already have in our souls. The disordered soul likes discordant music; the unregulated will enjoys unregulated dissonances and rejects the finer, better orchestrated symphonies. It might take considerable education and self-discipline to make jive-loving minds appreciate the "Leonore," No. 3, overture, or any work of Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven. Yet the love of some kind of music is in everyone; it is in the *kind* of music one loves that the difference lies, and no one enjoys good music without training and discipline.

Everyone wants the things that only a love of God will bring to him, but most men today seek them in the wrong places. That is why no one comes to God without a revolution of the spirit; he must stop seeking his good in Godlessness. "And this is the judgment: because the light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than the light: for their works were evil. For everyone that doth evil hateth the light, and cometh not to the light, that his works may not be reproved" (John 3:19, 20). Anyone who turns his face toward the light will be converted; but the turning must be done of his own free will. One can bribe tyrants, coax Quislings, flatter dictators, but there is no way to win God's love except by love.

There is one simple way of beginning a conversion: cease asking what God will give you if you come to Him, and begin to ask what you will give God. It is not the sacrifice it sounds, for, in having Him, you will have everything besides. ◆ ◆



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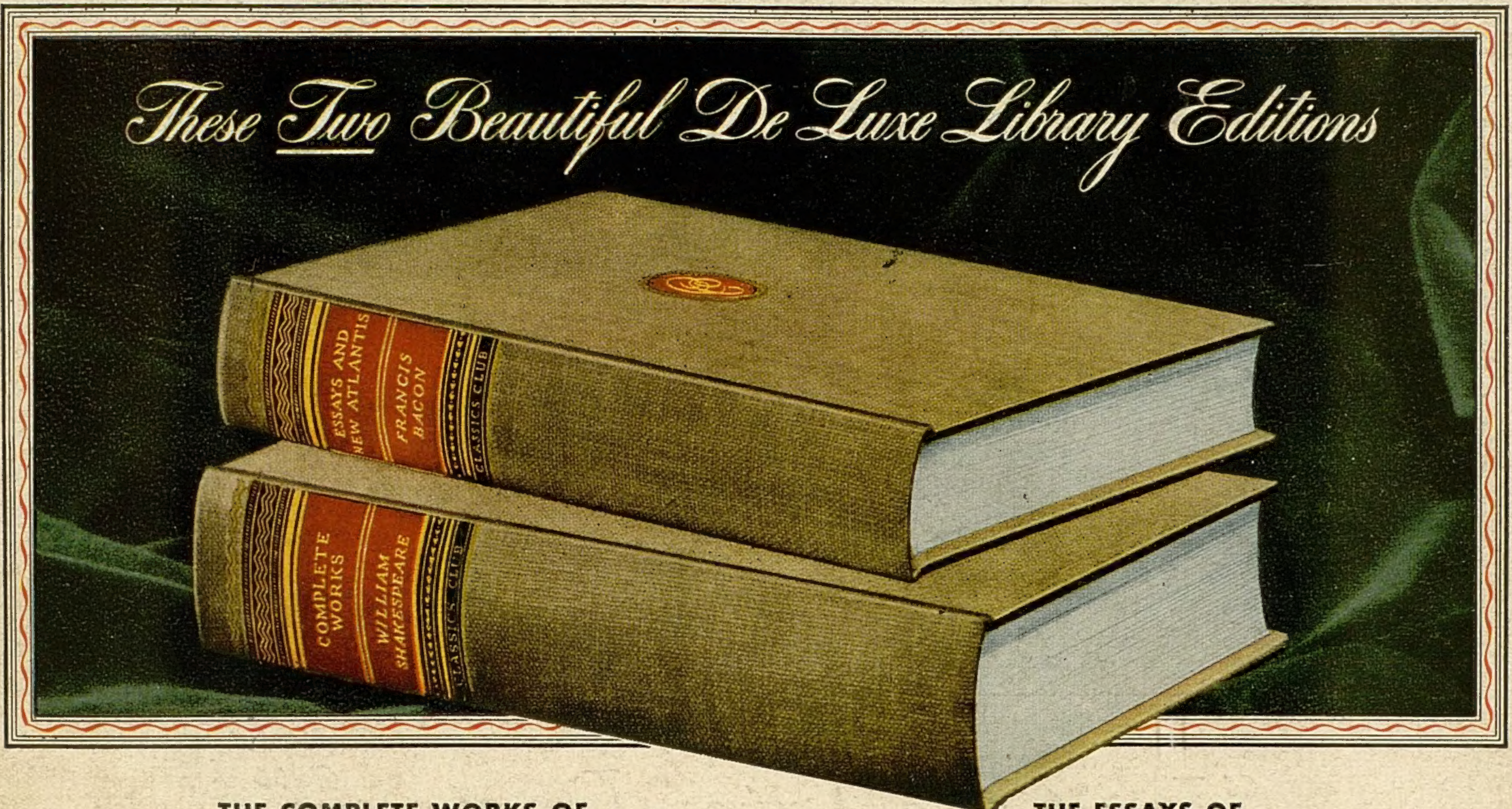

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